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# The FORUM

A Magazine of Constructive Nationalism

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### AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE:

*The FORUM'S Editorial Representative, Severance Johnson, is in Paris. He will send some important articles for the February FORUM. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Hon. Henry Morgenthau, Com. Gen. of Immigration Caminetti, Galli-Curci, Frances Starr, Herbert Hoover, and others—February FORUM.*



# The FORUM

For January, 1919

## CAN GERMANY BE RE-GENERATED?

The Coming Struggle Between the Thinking Majority  
and the Organized Minority

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, LL.D.

[PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY]

*A clear historical analysis of German psychology, bearing upon the war, the present, and the future. Dr. Hart holds that all the German people were in the war and they as a nation must attain a new horizon.*

THE present social, military and political condition of Germany is little short of incredible. Four years and five months ago there was upon the face of the earth no structure made with hands which seemed so solid, so impregnable, so eternal as the German Empire. It had been two hundred and fifty years in the making, from the Peace of Westphalia, which loosely grouped the shattered fragments of the ancient Holy Roman Empire, through Prussia's great Elector, and King Frederick the Great, and the smash by Napoleon, and the painful half century of readjustment for Prussia. Then came the triumph of Bismarck in a united Empire, and the change of that Empire from an association of weak and poor states into a well-knit, commercial and industrial nation, with ships on every sea and warehouses and investments in every country. The foundations were as the great Chancellor roughly put it, laid in "blood and iron."



To the eye of outsiders who, like the writer, visited portions of the country a few months before the European War, it seemed as stable as any aggregation of human beings in the world. The governments of the Empire and of the various states were carried on in a prudent and economical fashion by a trained bureaucracy. The army was drilled and exercised to the utmost and was directed by the most highly trained general staff in Europe. The country enjoyed a magnificent railway system and despatched splendid ocean liners to all parts of the globe, which aided and fostered a highly profitable foreign commerce. Its schools and universities were always notched up to the highest speed. The cities were clean, well built and well administered. A titled aristocracy, rising from the commonplace "vons" to the princes of the blood, was admired by most of the population and patiently endured by the rest.

#### HER SUPREME EGOTISM.

AT the summit was the Emperor William, whose claim to be the viceregent of God Almighty was hardly criticized by his very faithful subjects. The Empire was infused with wealth, power and absolute belief in its superiority to the rest of the world. No enemy could enter Germany, the German armies and navies could go anywhere that they were ordered. Not the Tower of Babel, not the Pyramids of Egypt, not the mountains of the Hartz or of Thuringia seemed more absolutely beyond the possibility of overthrow. —Today that proud structure is a mournful wreck. The land itself has been exhausted by four years of desperate war. Cities, farmsteads, railroads, factories, ports and wharves have run down. Between two million and three millions of the strongest manhood of Germany lies beneath the sod; and we know not what other losses of population have been brought about by disease and famine.

The great Empire, the citadel of Teutonism, the heaven-defying fortress, has been taken. Notwithstanding the recent jaunty assurance of the temporary socialistic head of the government to the returning troops that they were not de-



feated, they actually gave ground on the hotly contested western front every day for four months, and saved themselves from the wholesale surrender of an enormous army only by actual surrender of territory, of military stores and of the power to make military movements, without which an army is nothing but a mob. The Germans were taught that whatever happened Germany could never be invaded; but it is at this moment invaded. On the east the province of Posen is in the hands of the Poles; on the west English, French, Belgian and American troops have invaded and are in possession of German cities and the key fortifications of the Rhine defense. If they find it necessary to penetrate still farther, there is no force or organization left in Germany which would prevent them from occupying Frankfort or Munich or Berlin.

IF THE GERMANS SHOULD GO TO WAR WITH THEMSELVES.

THE internal organization of the nation is in the same state of collapse. Nearly every sovereign at the head of the twenty-two monarchical states has abdicated or been catapulted out of his throne. The great cities are in the hands of what appears to be a small lot of irresponsible people—here committees of soldiers and workmen, there the remnants of the old government, elsewhere confusion. The Germans have lost much more than the war—they have lost their Emperor, who was the king-pin connecting the states of the federation. They have lost more than the Empire, for they no longer show the political cohesion which is the mark of a real nation. They have lost their foreign trade, and more than that have apparently lost control of their manufactures and transportation. In comparison with Germany, Serbia is a centralized nation, and shattered Belgium is a world power.

It is a great thing for the world that the German army should be defeated and that the navy which had not the pluck to risk defeat should be meekly surrendered. It is also for the advantage of mankind that the German nation should face the bitterness of failure, should learn that above the



super-Teutons are super-Britons and super-Gauls and super-Yankees; should realize that no nation is big enough and strong enough to impose its will upon the rest of the world. Nevertheless it is not to the advantage of the world that Germany should remain in this disintegrated and helpless state. For hundreds of years that part of Europe was subdivided into weak and warring states who drew their neighbors into causeless wars. No union, no responsibility, no progress. Down to the founding of the German Empire in 1871, Germany was in a condition something like that of the Balkans at present, in the midst of a struggle to find out what state was to be the leader. There can be no permanent peace if the Germans go to war with themselves.

#### WILL THEY TAKE THEIR PLACE IN AN ORDERLY WORLD?

**H**ERE on that segment of the earth's surface which reaches from the Baltic to the Alps, lives a body of about seventy million to seventy-five million people (if the Germans of Austria and the Tyrolese be included), who speak German, eat and drink German and think German. They are industrious, capable, educated people, as productive in proportion to their numbers as any nation in the world—always excepting the United States. They and their descendants will live upon this area indefinitely. The only way to get rid of the Germans would be to make use of the German-Turkish method applied to the Armenians and Greeks of Asia Minor—the method of wholesale massacre. The rest of the countries of the world do not wish to see a starving or an anarchized Germany. Nothing would please the world better than to have the Germans take their place in an orderly world, exchanging with the rest of mankind the products of their hands and the discoveries of their brains.

#### HOW THE INTELLECTUALS PLOTTED

**O**NLY, that means the regeneration of Germany, which demands, first of all, a new type of political organization, and after that a fresh variety of German people. Here at the outset we strike the greatest difficulty in the reconstitu-



tion of Europe. At the beginning many of us believed that the autocracy of Germany made the war, and the people were swept into it, ignorant, deluded and helpless. President Wilson clung to that impression down to our own entrance into the war. We now know that it was a people's war. The evidence accumulates from day to day that the intellectuals of Germany were delighted to be organized into a non-military army which devoted itself to the secret and dirty part of the campaigning.

We have learned from our own Secret Service within a few days that high-bred and highly educated gentlemen—professors, jurists and publicists—were assembled, schooled and dispatched to foreign countries to engage in a propaganda which was not illegal if it had been done above board, but was tangled up with a machinery of false names, secret intelligence, bribes and chicanery. We now know that the polished gentlemen who publicly presented the case of Germany in the United States, the Dernbergs and Alberts, were at the head of a gang of tricksters and spies who were directed to make every effort to buy up Americans whom they thought they might make useful in their business. Some accepted the bait, others at this moment take great satisfaction in having refused to sell their pens, their influence and their good name to German agents.

#### WERE UNITED IN A CAMPAIGN OF BOMBS AND MURDER

THE revelations of this propaganda in the United States, which was closely allied with a campaign of bombs and murder, go on all-fours with the behavior of the intellectuals in Germany at the beginning of the war. Together they bring about the conviction that the first thing Germany needs is to clean house by emancipating itself from its leaders of thought. Who can forget the ~~seventy-six~~ German professors, clergymen and scientific men who united in a memorial justifying the German war? Probably they were self-convinced on that point; later events proved that they not only favored war, but the peculiar type of German war which has



outraged humanity. Not only did the nobles, the junkers and the wealthy commercial men back up the army in its worst excesses, there is no evidence that any conspicuous men or women or associations of men or women ever recorded a protest against the murder of Edith Cavell or the slavery of the Belgians or the bombardment of the cathedral of Rheims, or the daily, habitual pollution of helpless women.

The Germans thought lust a necessary part of war. When in the Philippine war "Hell-roaring Jake," an American general in command, allowed his soldiers to administer the water cure to Filipinos, popular objection made itself felt instantly in the United States, and the hell-roarer was punished. That is what we expect of decent people anywhere. So ingrained seems to be the German doctrine of frightfulness that the returning German troops were officially informed a few days ago that they had protected their country from "flames and the destruction of the population." They seem to think that there is no other way of carrying on war. Ask any veteran of the Civil War, who had months of campaigning in hostile country—they will all bear the same testimony, that from 1861 to 1865 they never heard of a case of violence to women by soldiers of either army.

#### THE GERMAN IDEA OF THE "STATE" AS A LIVING ORGANISM

**H**OW can we expect a safe government in Germany so long as no large element in the population so much as tries to separate itself from responsibility for these horrors? Liebknecht did protest at one time during the war like a man, and was duly punished.

In like manner there is as yet no evidence that the Germans have abandoned that theory of the State as a living organism, made up to be sure of a mass of human beings, but without mercy, or humanity, or regard for the weak. The interests of the State were supposed to require the looting of Belgian factories and the wiping out of part of the Serbian civilian population. Therefore it was done! Naturally the "State" seemed to the Germans a good thing when it con-



quered the Danes and the Austrians and the French in swift wars; but why adhere to a "State" which is completely defeated by sea and land? which not only has failed to extend the German power over other parts of the world, but has been unable to protect the land of which it has proved the Frankenstein? Nobody cares to split logic over political terms, nobody minds the philosophizing of Nietzsche or Treitschke, until they are transformed into a vital principle which justifies Germans in enslaving and murdering other people or taking away their countries. The mere yielding to the Allies of Alsace-Lorraine and Posen and perhaps of Schleswig, under superior force, is no proof that Germany has abandoned the will to conquer.

Democracy, the rule of the people! Is Germany regenerated, or regeneratable in that direction? It is a country which has been built up on distinctions of social prestige and rank, where a small elevation by the particle "von" is coveted, where poor boys cannot expect to get the gymnasium education which is the gateway to the professions and to desirable public service, where Grand Dukes and Kings and an Emperor were ornaments much valued and beloved by the common people. The failure of the German colonies is due in considerable part to the arrogance of the official class out there toward the commercial and farming classes. How far is that distinction between the ordinary man and the "Herrschaft" weakened? Would the Germans today, if they were free to do what they liked, restore the privileges of the junkers and the supreme overlordship of All Highest?

#### THE POSITION OF THE SOCIALISTS

WHETHER the majority so desires or not, the thing cannot be done, because the Socialists will not permit it. Who are the Socialists? Originally followers of Karl Marx and other apostles of a system of government which, if carried into operation, would be hardly less autocratic than imperialism. Then they became the only effective party in opposition to the autocratic idea. Bismarck recognized



the danger and in 1878 pushed through the Reichstag an act for breaking up their organization and driving their leaders into prison or out of the country. When William came in as Emperor, he caused the anti-Socialist laws to be dropped, but nothing could stop their movement, and in the last open election—that of 1912—the Socialists elected 110 of the 400 members and cast over one-third of the total vote. That meant that a large number of persons who were discontented with the government by Emperor and Reichstag joined with the professional Socialists in the only protest that was possible.

When the war came on, they did try for a short time to prevent the war by public meetings and demonstrations; but most of the Socialist members of the Reichstag supported war because they supposed it would succeed, and they were not willing to be put in the position of the only party that was unwilling to fight for its country. All those Socialists of military age were swept into the army. When Liebknecht from his seat in the Reichstag declared that the military methods of the Germans in Russia were “barbarism” his party repudiated him. Subsequently he was arrested and punished by sending him into the trenches. As a party and as a group the Social Democrats of Germany did not during the war enroll themselves as opposed to its worst excesses.

“GLOOMY” BECAUSE LONDON WASN’T DESTROYED

THEY, like other Germans, seem to have been overwhelmed by the characteristic German idea that whatever Germany wants must be done. An excellent example is a remark of the once well-known German agent and propagandist, Von Mach. One day, in the spring of 1915, he met the writer, who had previously in public forums disputed Von Mach’s defense of Germany. “I feel very gloomy to-day,” said the pro-German. “Why?” asked the writer. “Oh, the destruction of London.” “London isn’t destroyed yet; cheer up!” “Oh, but it’s going to be.” “Is that so, when?” “About the fifteenth of May.” “How?” “Zep-



pelins—a fleet of twelve. They are going to attack on a foggy night when it blows hard.” “Hold on, there are fogs in London sometimes, and there are winds, but they never come together.” “Oh yes they do, they must have such a night.” “Why” “So that the firemen can’t put out the fires.” That was the way a German mind worked. If the Germans needed a fog and a high wind at the same time, they expected God Almighty to furnish them with the desired combination.

This is the foundation of the “law of necessity,” which the Germans made the basis of their destruction of non-combatants, including women and children, by submarines. Otherwise how were they going to cut off supplies to Great Britain? International law, neutral rights, the hostility of the United States, the horror of mankind—those must all give way to the victory of the Germans! They declared it was a matter of life and death for them to make Belgium a highway into France—as though it were not a matter of death and life to France that the pledged neutrality of Belgium should be observed. The same characteristics came out in the German propaganda in America. If Americans would manufacture munitions for the Allies, the factories must somehow be put out of business. If ships would sail with cargoes of food, then bombs made by German marine officers on board a ship which had the hospitality of our ports must be placed on board. How else was Germany to win?

#### CAN THE HONEST, GOD-FEARING SUBSTRATUM PREVAIL?

**N**OBODY who has ever known the Germans or lived among them can doubt that there is a substratum of honest, God-fearing and merciful people—else whence have come the millions of loyal German-Americans in the United States? Even here the German head mole-workers succeeded in organizing several hundred thousand secret aids and agents—we trust that most of them were unnaturalized Germans. The real question of the regeneration of Germany depends upon how far those honest and God-fearing people



will have power and continuance. The throwing off of royal authority is an immense step, not only because it looks toward the breaking down of all artificial distinctions of rank, but because the heads of the German states were close linked with the German emperor in the Bundesrath, which was the actual instrument for concentrating German power in the war. As Henry Van Dyke puts it:

“God said, ‘I am tired of kings.’” On this point the German people coincide with the Almighty.

Furthermore the Germans are very anxious to get back to their office hours. They are a practical, hard-working, money-making people, who have been fearfully drained of money and movable property by the war; who have suffered frightful losses of man-power. Give them a chance and they will drop international politics and settle down to their farms and their factories and their ships. They do not like to be licked, and they have naturally lost confidence in a Grace-of-God Emperor and a military aristocracy and a wealthy commercial class which could not prevent their being licked.

#### THE THINKING MAJORITY VERSUS THE ORGANIZED MINORITY

WHO stands in the way of an industrial regeneration which will ease the progress of political regeneration? The Germans say it is the Allies, who do not permit them to get food and raw materials and shipping. The real difficulty, is, however, internal—it is the uncertainty as to what are the real, dominant forces in Germany. The old theory was that a citizen army was bound to be against war. That had not been the case in Germany, but the returning citizen army plainly has the physical power in its hands to set up and support a national government. Part of that army, however, is strongly Socialist in sentiment, and some regiments are supposed to have imported principles of anarchy from Russia. At present the strife is between extreme Socialists headed by Liebknecht, who probably would deny that they were Bolsheviki or Anarchists, and more moderate Socialists.



Germany is a great country for “*der kleine Mann*,”—what we call the “common people.” But Hans on the farm and Karl as a railroad man, and Josef in his little shop, and Andreas at the forge, have not yet been heard from. It seems incredible that the extreme people who are now at the helm have behind them the majority, or even a considerable minority of the thinking people of the country. The question in Germany, as in Russia, is, how can the opportunity be given to the thinking majority to carry out its will over the heads of a tightly organized minority that has seized the rifles?

Unless Germany shows more speed in finding, organizing and proving this majority of well-meaning people, who are willing to give up not only conquest, but the spirit of conquest, the Allies will be obliged to furnish the necessary opportunity.

#### THEIR OWN WORST ENEMY

THE whole purport of this article is that the Germans need a different horizon, different aims in life, a different conception of the proportionate importance of Germany as against the world, and of an individual German as against the citizen of another country. There cannot be seventy million criminals among the Germans—most of them must recognize that the day of pride and pomp and dictation has gone by for them. Throughout the war, the worst enemy of the Germans are the Germans themselves, because they have so clearly revealed what they consider German virtues. The time has now come for the German people to befriend the Germans by showing a moderation of thought, a chastening of spirit, a willingness to recognize that they have been traveling on the wrong road and must now turn a sharp corner—that is the first necessity of German regeneration.



# JAPAN'S PART IN THE WAR

Her Military Advance With the Allies in Siberia

By DR. TOYOKICHI IYENAGA

[PROFESSORIAL LECTURER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO]

WE are now facing the supremely important moment in the history of nations—the time when justice is to be rendered to the wronged and punishment inflicted upon the evil-doers; when the efforts of each member of the Allies for the common cause are to be carefully weighed and due recognition given in accordance with their merits.

The world owes an immense debt of gratitude to Great Britain, France, Italy and the other Allies which stood for four terrible years against the onrushing tide of German aggression and have at last successfully rolled it back, and especially to the United States, which by its tremendous weight of man-power and resources and its dogged determination to win the war at any cost has finally turned the scales on the side of justice and civilization.

Japan's contribution to the allied cause, too, has by no means been small. The position Japan occupied in the war was unique. It has few parallels, if any, in the history of belligerency. Japan entered the war for reasons quite different from that which drove to arms Great Britain, Russia and France, whose territories and national existence were threatened by German invasion. Nor was the ground of Japan's joining the war the same as that which forced the United States to unsheathe her sword. America unsheathed her sword to vindicate her honor, after her patience and long-suffering had been exhausted by the ruthless violation of her rights, by the outrageous murder of her citizens, by the contemptuous disregard of her protestations against submarine warfare—all committed by the autocratic government of Germany and the military machine she had created to attain her monstrous ambition and greed—and to crush



once for all this arrogant militarism, and thus ensure the reign of democracy in the world.

Japan, on the other hand, entered the war in obedience to the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which imposed upon her the duty of conducting military operations in common with her Ally in the region of Eastern Asia and its waters. We need hardly emphasize that this fulfillment of the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was in perfect accord with Japan's national interests, for the German aggressive designs in the Far East stood as a constant menace to her security and welfare.

Since that duty to her Ally was thoroughly discharged by the complete destruction of German power in the Far East, however, Japan has for the past three years been apparently standing aloof from the great conflict. While blood and treasure were being expended by her Allies on the European battlefields with a prodigality that staggered the imagination, the Oriental belligerent presented a strange anomaly of a bystander.

#### WHY JAPAN STOOD ALOOF

IT is, then, well for us to fully understand the ground for this aloofness of Japan, as well as the part she has faithfully and loyally played in the war. The terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and her national interest limited Japan's war activities to the Orient. It was for this reason that at the beginning of hostilities she agreed with her Ally to confine her naval and military operations to the Far East and its waters. True, the sphere of Japan's naval activities was gradually extended. It was at first extended to the South Seas, then to the Indian Ocean, then to the Cape of Good Hope, then to embrace the whole Pacific, and, finally, a fleet of destroyers was sent to the Mediterranean to co-operate with the allied fleets in operations against the enemy submarine.

So far as land operations were concerned, however, the first agreement remained intact. This explains why Japan



did not send an expeditionary force to Europe. It was neither the wish of her Allies nor that of Japan that she should thrust herself upon the European stage, for it is none of her part to play therein. Such an undertaking, unless it be executed in an extreme emergency, was entirely out of harmony with the wise and far-sighted policy that should guide Japan, for in so doing she was bound to face the dilemma of either impairing her hard-won military prestige or of reawakening the cry of "yellow peril," which is now, fortunately, on the point of being committed to oblivion.

How the Occidental peoples felt loth to bring into play the Japanese troops on the European battlefields is sufficiently demonstrated by the hesitation of the American government to entrust the sole task of Siberian expedition to the Oriental associate. Again, there were almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of despatching an expeditionary force from Japan to Europe. The most formidable was the transportation problem. In transporting a million Japanese soldiers by sea—and nothing less than this number would have proved of any effective value in the gigantic conflict—with all the necessary paraphernalia of war, it would have required four millions of tonnage.

In other words, 1,000 ocean-going ships of 4,000 tons each. Were Japan to commandeer for the purpose of transportation the entire fleet of her merchant marine fit for ocean voyage, not only would much time—according to reliable estimates it would have taken two years and a half—have been expended before the completion of the transportation program, but in the meantime the commerce of the Far East with America and Europe would have been completely paralyzed. The foregoing reasons are sufficient to explain why Japan did not send a fighting force to Europe.

#### HOW JAPAN DESTROYED THE GERMAN POWER IN THE EAST

SO far as it lay within her sphere and power, however, Japan did her utmost to further the Allied cause. The story of the destruction of German power in the Far East can



be briefly told. Soon after the declaration of war, Japan despatched an army to the Province of Shantung, and, in conjunction with the British troops under the command of Major General Bernadiston, reduced the German stronghold of Tsingtao on November 7, 1914.

Japan also despatched the First and Second Japanese fleets and other squadrons to blockade the harbor of Kiachow, to hunt out the enemy warships roving the adjoining seas, to capture their bases in the South Seas, and to convoy the troops of Australia and New Zealand to Europe. The Kiachow campaign was, of course, but child's play compared with the colossal battles fought on the Eastern, Western and Balkan fronts of Europe. Nor did the work undertaken by the Japanese navy prove so arduous as the task imposed upon the allied fleets in European waters, although the vast extent of the sphere of activity allotted to the Japanese fleet and the consequent enormous length of the cruises they made are not generally known. The details of these naval efforts, together with the losses sustained by the Japanese navy and merchant marine, which were heretofore kept secret because of military necessity, will no doubt soon be made public.

The real significance of Japan's participation in the war will, I hope, stand in clearer relief if we let the imagination play a little and picture to ourselves the contingencies that might have arisen had not the Japanese army and navy been mobilized against the Central Powers. Would the channel of communication and of commerce between Europe and the Far East, with all that its security means, have been as safe as it had been for the last four years? What part of the Allied fleets, in addition to those already despatched, must of necessity have been withdrawn from the home waters to safeguard the road from Aden to Shanghai? Would not Germany, with her strong base at Kiaochow, have played a formidable role in disturbing the tranquillity of China, to the great detriment of the Allied cause? Would not German propagandism, once so active in stirring up revolt in India and in the Straits Settlements, have seen some measure of success, to the prejudice of British interests in her Asiatic



dominions? In short, how was peace in the Far East and the Indian and Pacific Oceans, covering almost half of the globe, preserved during the past four years, and the interests therein of the Entente Powers safeguarded? In laying stress upon these points it should not be understood that I am belittling the great deeds of a part of the British fleet, with which the Japanese fleet co-operated, in keeping vigilant watch over the Oriental waters and discharging their allotted duties.

#### JAPAN'S PART IN LOANS AND MUNITIONS

**F**URTHERMORE, Japan subscribed to the loans of her allies to the full extent of her financial capacity. The sum of about one billion yen, rendered serviceable in one form or another to the Allied cause, is no meagre contribution on the part of the Japanese nation, whose wealth is but one-twentieth of what the American people possess. Japan also supplied the Allies with much-needed munitions and other war materials, and especially to Russia did she assure a continuous flow of ammunition, guns, clothing and food-stuffs. Because of the Russian inefficiency to provide transportation facilities, these urgently needed materials did not reach the front on time.

I should not fail to emphasize here that the Japanese women, too, were not slow to participate enthusiastically in the war work. True to the nobler instinct of the gentle sex, they showed profound sympathy toward the sufferers from the war among the Allied peoples, and initiated plans of various description for relief work. They opened bazaars and amateur theatres to collect funds for the relief of the afflicted in Belgium, Serbia and Italy; organized clubs and societies, where they busied themselves in making bandages for the wounded, and knitted articles of comfort for the men in the trenches. They sent these articles on barge after barge to the front. In co-operation with the Japanese Red Cross, Japanese women have had the satisfaction of sending from their midst a few representative nurses for the wounded



and the maimed in some of the Allied countries. Under the inspiration of the Japanese women, the society entitled "The Japan Association for Aiding the Sick and Wounded Soldiers and Others Suffering From the War in the Allied Countries," collected a fund of 1,940,000 yen and distributed it in due proportion in Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Serbia and Rumania. Speaking of it, the then Japanese Premier, as the official spokesman of the nation, said: "Those who receive the gift from Japan may well look upon it as the widow's mite, which means more than all the offerings of the rich."

The last contribution of Japan to the Allied cause—destined to have been the greatest had the war continued—was the aid given in co-operation with the United States and other Allied countries to the Russian people for their political and economic rehabilitation. Japan's move in Siberia should not be put in the same category as that of sending an expeditionary force to Europe. Siberia lies at Japan's door. She has, therefore, most vital interests involved therein. Moreover, as the guardian of peace in the Far East, Japan could not regard with indifference the gradual spread of chaos and anarchy that followed on the heels of the Bolsheviki and were bound to upset the existing order. Above all, it would have been criminal on the part of Japan and disastrous to have permitted the steady filtration of German influence into the Pacific littorals. These are the reasons that led to the decision of Japan to send an expeditionary force to Siberia.

#### THE ALLIED EXPEDITION IN SIBERIA

FOR a considerable time a decision as to what should be done for Russia was not reached. The situation was not only confused but extremely delicate. The glorious name of Democracy was used by the newly constituted Russian government to mask intolerable wrongs imposed upon the ruins of Czarism. While the Allies delayed, Germany was making every effort to fasten her yoke upon the distracted



country. When the Bolsheviki overthrew the Kerensky régime they promised social equality and peace, but inaugurated instead a reign of terror, based on class hatred in its vilest forms. They treated as "a scrap of paper" Russia's solemn pledge not to make a separate peace; discarded other treaties into which Russia had entered; repudiated Russia's national debt, and entered on a career of robbery, brigandage and murder. As willing tools of Germany, the Bolsheviki leaders spread demoralization throughout the once splendid armies of Russia—armies that had put to rout the invading forces of Germany and Austria—causing their defeat and disintegration. Great Russia, that until recently overawed the world with her might, presents today the saddest spectacle of disorganization that history has recorded. With these Bolsheviki the Allies continued to flirt for some time.

The atmosphere began to clarify with the recognition by the American Government of the Czecho-Slovaks as a belligerent nation and the American intention to aid them in the accomplishment of their aims. It was a step tantamount to the declaration of hostilities against the Bolsheviki Government. It clearly defined the alignment between foes and friends in Russia, and opened a way to the Allied expedition to Siberia.

The American and Japanese governments, in concert with other Allied administrations, decided to undertake the expedition about the end of July. On August 2 the Japanese Government declared to the effect that they had agreed with the American Government to despatch troops "to relieve the pressure weighing upon the Czecho-Slovak forces," who, "aspiring to secure a free and independent existence for their race, and loyally espousing the common cause of the Allies, justly command every sympathy and consideration from the co-belligerents." The declaration concluded in these words:

"In adopting this course, the Japanese Government remain constant in their desire to promote relations of enduring friendship, and they reaffirm their avowed policy of respecting the territorial integrity of Russia and of abstain-



ing from interference in her internal politics. They further declare that upon the realization of the objects above indicated they will immediately withdraw all Japanese troops from Russian territories and will leave wholly unimpaired the sovereignty of Russia in all its phases." The American Government made a declaration to the same effect on the same day.

#### THE JAPANESE ARMY OPERATIONS

THE Twelfth Division of the Japanese army reached Vladivostock on August 11. The American contingent, composed of the 27th and 31st regiments stationed at the Philippines, landed at the Russian eastern port on August 16. Great Britain, France, Italy and China each sent a small force to join the expedition. The warm reception accorded to these troops by the inhabitants of Siberia at once dispelled a fear long entertained that the Russian people might rise *en masse* against such an expeditionary force.

For our present purpose we need not enter into the details of the Siberian campaign. Its broad outline is here given. The Allied expeditionary force, under the command of General Otani, began its operations in the middle of August. One column, whose main strength was the 12th Division of the Japanese army, moved from Vladivostock northward along the Usuri. In the region between Nikolsk and Iman, on the Usuri railroad, the Allies defeated the enemy who had been pressing hard upon the Czecho-Slovaks, pursued him in his northward flight, and entered Khabarovsk, capital of the Primorsk Province, on September 10. After the occupation of this important junction of many lines of communication, the 12th Division, co-operating with the American and Chinese troops, turned west along the Amour railroad with the object of clearing the enemy on that road and joining hands with another Allied column coming east from Chita. In this operation the Japanese naval force also co-operated by steaming up the Amour on enemy gunboats captured at Khabarovsk.



In the meantime, the 7th Division of the Japanese army had been set in motion by way of Harbin with the object of extricating the Czecho-Slovaks, who were cornered by a superior enemy force near the shore of Lake Baikal. The approach of the 7th Division tended to relieve the pressure and enabled the Czecho-Slovak forces on the west to join hands with their comrades on the east. The enemy gradually withdrew northeastward along the Amour railroad. Thereupon, the 7th Division sent one contingent from Chita to move eastward along the railway in conjunction with the Czecho-Slovaks and the Cossacks under General Semenoff, in order to ensure the complete occupation of that important line of communication and to make a junction with the Allied force coming from Khabarovsk. Another cavalry detachment belonging to the 7th Division was also despatched from Tsitsihar to strike directly north and meet the Allies at Blagoviechensk.

At this strategic center on the Amour the enemy had resolved to make a strong stand, but the three converging movements of the Allies above described proved a complete success. The enemy, finding itself entrapped, after a feeble resistance, dispersed in various directions, while a large number surrendered or lost themselves by disarming amidst the civilian population. The Allies entered the city of Blagoviechensk in force on September 18 and 19, and shortly after other important towns and positions on the Amour fell into Allied hands. Peace and order were thus restored in the regions east of Lake Baikal.

#### PROTECTING THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

THE Japanese troops have already entered Irkutsk, while the French troops have gone as far west as Omsk. The program of the Allied Siberian expedition, the avowed purpose of which was to protect "the eastward-moving Czecho-Slovaks," has been successfully carried out, so far as it embraced the zone east of Omsk. The Czecho-Slovaks



operating in Greater Russia are, however, far from being out of danger. They are hard pressed by superior Bolsheviki forces and lack munitions and other supplies. President Masaryk and others have, therefore, made an urgent appeal to the Allies for help. Will the Allies heed the call?

After all, the Russian question remains a vast, unsolved problem. Doubtless it will be one of the most knotty questions facing the peace negotiators. The outstanding fact is that no government exists in Russia which has received recognition of the Allied governments. The Soviet republic is, of course, at odds with the Entente Powers, but none of the several governments established at various centers of the old Czardom has sufficiently demonstrated its stability and strength as to secure recognition. In fact, Russia is no more! She is divided into too many independent entities. With no status as a state, Russia can hardly expect to be admitted to the peace conference. Without such representation, Russia's plight would be that of the Prodigal Son left to the mercy of the generously-minded patrons. True, America has pledged her assistance to Russia, and other Allies have also evinced ample proof of their solicitude to give aid to the sane and sound elements of the Russian people. But how can such aid be effectively given, so long as non-intervention in Russian internal affairs remains the guiding principle of the Allies? Here we find the dilemma, exit from which awaits the wisdom of the Allied leaders.

The satisfactory settlement of the Russian question is the *sine qua non* of the peace treaty. Japan, as a neighbor, is profoundly interested in the speedy rehabilitation of Russia, political and economic. Japan has done and is doing everything within her sphere to give assistance to her former ally. She has already despatched an economic mission, headed by Baron Megata, to ascertain what service she can render in the line of material reconstruction of Russia.

In the great war, Japan has conclusively proved her loyalty to her allies. In the sublime hereafter she will remain steadfast to the Bushido, for therein lies her heart and future greatness.



# DANGERS THAT LURK IN GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

Are Political Parties to be Subordinated to an Autocratic Socialization?

By HON. JAMES E. WATSON

[U. S. SENATOR FROM INDIANA]

**G**REAT questions have the habit of reappearing in human history. They reappear among all peoples and in all races; and since the establishment of this Republic we have been confronted at many periods with a tendency on the one hand to confer greater power upon the President, and the other to confer greater authority upon the majority. It is the larger outlines of this problem in which I am more deeply interested, because, having all my mature life been something of a student of the Government ownership and operation of public utilities and having also devoted some time to the study of the fundamental principles and the underlying policies of socialism, I am profoundly convinced that we are opening the door to that policy which, if relentlessly pursued, means inevitably a change in our form of government.

At the time of the formation of the Constitution the fathers were confronted with innumerable difficulties, but, fortunately for us, fortunately for mankind, they were equal to the herculean task. Gladstone has passionately exclaimed that the men who formulated that document were "great men, not for that time alone, but for any time, for all time."

These men had a most thorough and accurate knowledge of all the experiments in government made in the centuries gone. With profound insight into human nature and human motives, they understood at once the strength and the weak-



ness of all these attempts at government, and they sought to formulate a system that would preserve the one and eliminate the other.

They gleaned from the frightful pages of history that governments in the past had not endured because they had failed to recognize one or the other of the two fundamentals of all stable government—the rights of the individual on the one hand and the rights of the State on the other.

#### THE INDIVIDUAL VERSUS THE STATE

THEY knew that in some countries the fundamental principle of the government established was individual right and individual liberty—the one dominating, overwhelming idea being that the individual was everything and the State nothing. They saw that the application of that theory to the affairs of government ended in a tyranny of the one man so despotic that it could not long be tolerated, and that all such efforts resulted in an utter failure to accomplish the chief end for which government must be designed if it is to endure.

They understood, too, that in other countries the fundamental principle upon which their governments were established was the right and power of the majority—the one undisputed idea being that the State was everything and the individual nothing—and that the State was but the will of the majority as expressed at any given time.

They saw that governments thus established were unstable because the individual was entirely submerged and the minority was given no consideration whatever, and, of course, inasmuch as the man and the minority were deemed to have no rights, there was no provision made in any of these countries for protecting or defending them. Our fathers saw that this led to a tyranny of the majority as despotic and far more dangerous than the tyranny of the individual, for no matter how galling the rule of the one tyrant, the majority can finally overthrow his power and, if need be, destroy him. But who can behead the majority?



No matter how intolerable their rule, what power can stay the hand of the multitude?

And, therefore, our fathers saw that if they would establish a permanent government they must nicely adjust and balance the rights of the individual on the one hand and the rights of the State on the other, giving to each the largest possible sphere of activity consistent with the rights of the other and securing each from indiscriminate invasion by the other.

They knew, as every student of history must know, that the great struggles of the past were to secure the recognition of individual liberty; and they saw, as we, too, must see, that all governments that failed to take this fundamental into account when establishing their institutions have failed and fallen and passed into history.

They learned that because of this failure monarchies were destroyed, kingdoms subverted, principalities ruined, aristocracies overthrown, and that they were all finally swept away by the ever-ascending spirit of individual liberty, which is the white-winged angel of human progress. And yet they learned from a study of the past, as we, too, must learn, that any government founded upon the one overmastering principle of the liberty of the individual cannot endure. And so our fathers were confronted with the duty of recognizing and preserving the rights of the individual on the one hand and at the same time giving equal recognition and preservation of the rights of the State. And they wrought so splendidly, they wove a fabric so enduring, that from that time to this the progress of our country has challenged the wonder and the admiration of the world.

#### THE FOUR PILLARS OF ENDURING GOVERNMENT

**I**N my judgment we are confronted with a condition that in the first place will add to the autocratic authority of one man, and on the other hand will give increasing power to the majority. These institutions of ours are based upon four fundamentals. They are, first, individual rights, and

to preserve these individual rights a government threefold in character—legislative, executive, and judicial. The four pillars of enduring representative government, founded upon a constitution and preserved by its provisions, are, therefore, individual rights—the power of the legislature, the power of the executive, and the power of the courts. If either one of these pillars be pulled down by any blind Samson, the whole edifice will crumble and fall to ruin. Therefore, when we consider the result of giving increased power either to the President of the United States or to the people of the United States, we threaten the invasion of the sphere of representative government from both sides, which, if persisted in, must inevitably bring the whole fabric to destruction.

What do I mean by that proposition? We all know that for many years in this country the inevitable, aye, the well-nigh irresistible, tendency has been to augment the authority of the President of the United States. This has resulted, first, because of the general demand of the people, who almost universally believe in the President and insist on his sole leadership; and, second, because of his being the titular head of the party in power, and the general desire of members of Congress to follow his leadership for political reasons. This policy has been pursued both in peace and in war until now the President wields a power unprecedented in the history of the world.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S POWER UNPRECEDENTED IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY

**H**E has the power; it is now in his hands; and we must trust alone to his patriotism and to his wisdom to use it wisely in the interests of the people and of the Government and not in a manner that will result disastrously to their highest concerns; and we must likewise trust to the wisdom and courage of Congress and the stability and determination of the people to see to it that this temporary power is turned back by the President to its legitimate spheres when the



emergency that has caused its bestowal has happily passed.

We were told that this power would probably never be exercised, that these properties would not be taken over unless the President was compelled to act by the force of some great emergency.

This power was inaugurated when the railroads were taken over; and, unless Congress rose to check the onrushing tide, all the factories in the country engaged in the manufacture of munitions or war supplies would be laid hold of, and all the industries of the nation, save alone agriculture, would soon be under complete governmental control, and that would be so regulated as to be dominated by the bureaucracy at the National Capital.

Therefore, unless we were willing to march to the end along the highway upon which we have set out it would mean a fight to the death with national and international socialism when the tides of war shall have rolled away. Four millions of people on the payroll, four millions of Government employes at the close of the war, four millions of persons under direct obligation to the administration would constitute a tremendous organization to transform governmental control in time of war to governmental ownership in time of peace; and, if we are to credit Secretaries Baker, Daniels and Burleson, this is the avowed object of it all.

#### THE DANGERS IN GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

**I**F it be stated that this prediction is only an idle dream, I answer that this use of these forces has already begun in this country and will become more and more dangerous as the number of industries under Government control is increased. "There is not room enough in this great world for the German flag and the American flag," remarked Secretary McAdoo at El Paso, Tex., to a meeting of railroad employes, on the 17th of April, "and we are going to make the American flag fly over Berlin before we get through." And then he continued: "The railroads must function 150 per cent, for we are not employes of the railroad companies but

of Uncle Sam, enlisted in the great legion of liberty." He asked the men not to become impatient because of the delay of fixing of the new wage schedule, adding that if a raise was granted to the railroad men it would be retroactive and they would then be able to buy Liberty bonds.

Then came this significant statement, which points the moral to my argument, in which he says:

"You are all my boys, and I don't intend to let anyone kick you around, for I will defend you to the limit when you are right, and you won't go wrong I am sure."

That was as straight a bid for control as was ever made anywhere in this land. Suppose there were 4,000,000 of them, cannot anyone see the power, cannot anyone apprehend the danger? And what was the inevitable result? Scarcely had his words ceased to echo throughout the country until there was a perceptible letting down in efficiency among railroad men. This is but human nature, and nothing less was to be expected, for if the men who are employed are told by the man who employs them that, in substance, they can do as they please, and that nobody shall be permitted to interfere, as a matter of course that will result in a greater laxity in the performance of duty.

Everybody knows that this is the situation with the railroads today, and everybody must know, too, that the governmental control of the lines will mean a greater degree of inefficiency in their operation, just as it does wherever the Government controls. And this movement for government ownership, like a ball of snow, gathers force as it is pushed along.

No sooner had the railroads been taken over than wages were increased \$300,000,000.

There was too much of a tendency here and now and always to accentuate class existence in the United States. Some want legislation for the farmers. Some want legislation for the laboring men. Some want legislation for the manufacturers. Others want legislation for the men engaged in some particular calling or vocation. I object to that sort of class legislation. We ought to have laws passed for



the benefit of the whole American people, knowing that what inures to the benefit of one would, if it be a just policy of government, inure to the benefit of all, and that what helps all would, with the proper exercise of industry, help each individual unit of society.

#### CONGRESSIONAL AND PRESIDENTIAL POWERS DEFINED

WHEN we stand upon the seashore and look outward we are all one. Politics in the United States ceases at the shore line. Looking outward we proclaim to all the nations of the earth with many-voiced harmony that as a united America we are resolved to stand by American rights and to vindicate American liberty whenever and wherever assailed by any nation in all the broad circle of the earth. As to that resolution we are all one.

But when we turn our eyes inward and investigate the method by which that object shall be accomplished, we are essentially many men and many minds. While we are all trying to reach one goal, and are determined to reach it at whatever cost, the highway by which we shall travel to arrive at it is as much a matter of my judgment as it is the judgment of the President of the United States. That is up to the individual judgment and the individual conscience of the individual Senator sent to Washington to represent a sovereign State in the greatest legislative body in the world.

The question of the method by which we shall achieve victory, then, is not one for the exclusive determination of the Chief Executive, but a problem for the correct solution of which each individual member of Congress is also responsible.

If it be said that Congress has the right to raise and equip armies, I concur. That is not a presidential function; that is wholly a legislative function. Congress has the right to establish and maintain navies. This is entirely within the purview of Congressional authority. But after we have raised armies, after we have established navies, the only point of contact that the legislative branch has with the Army and

the Navy is to raise revenue to support them. After being raised and established, the Army and the Navy pass over into the Executive sphere of action free from any influence of legislative authority.

But while that is true as to the Military Establishment, it is not essentially true as to the industry of the country. Congress alone has power to regulate commerce. The President of the United States, for instance, cannot take charge of the mines without the authority of Congress. It is the legislative function to regulate them as well as agriculture and manufacturing and transportation and navigation. That is the province of the legislative body. The President of the United States has no more right to invade that sphere without our invitation than we have to invade his sphere and determine upon the location of troops or the disposition of navies.

#### CONGRESS HAS RELEASED ITS POWER

**F**INANCIAL and economic problems are not to be controlled by one man in our system of government, except in the case of most exigent necessity. Congress alone has the right to assume the initiative in dealing with these problems.

Therefore, when the President of the United States sends down word in some indirect and roundabout way that he would like to have control of all the telegraph and all telephone lines of the country, it is up to me to decide for myself as to whether or not that is a wise proposition. I am under no obligation to obey that voice unless it appeals to my conscience and addresses itself to my judgment, because Congress controls the Civil Establishment of the United States.

It is very truth, the present Congress has conferred upon him greater authority than is exercised by any other living man, and, in fact, has transferred to him practically all the power it has, save alone the right to raise revenue.

Under these conditions, with the administration de-



manding and receiving such grants of power, is it conceivable that, if mistakes are made or if errors are committed, that we, the representatives of the people, are to sit still with sealed lips and bridled tongues and offer no suggestion as to improvements or betterments?

And in dealing with problems of such vast moment and consequence, is it thinkable that anyone is to be branded as a traitor or as a copperhead because he does not immediately accept any intimation, however diluted, that may emanate from the White House?

I resent such imputation. It is unworthy of anyone who holds a seat in this exalted place.

But we hear on every hand the resounding cry, "Stand by the President!" and we shall hear more of it in the coming days. But let it be understood once for all that if this means to stand by him as the constitutional head of the Government, it will find a ready response throughout the land. If it means to stand by him as Commander in Chief of the military forces of the nation, it will be indorsed by every patriot beneath the flag. But if it means to stand by him as a politician and a partisan, it will be resented by a multitude throughout the Union who do not believe in taking advantage of so terrible a situation as the present one to reap a partisan harvest. If it means to stand by him as the head of a party organization, I shall oppose it while I have voice to sound forth my protest.

#### WILL NOT STAND BY PRESIDENTIAL PARTISANSHIP

**I** PLUCK no leaf from the laurel wreath that adorns the brow of the great man who sits in the White House, in the loftiest station of the earth; but yet we must all recognize the patent fact that Presidents are but incidents in the history of the land. As President of the United States, as the constitutional head of the Republic, as Commander in Chief of the Army and the Navy, he shall have my unstinted support, and I shall readily accede to any request he makes that appeals to my judgment as a necessity of war. But as the

head of a political organization, or as one who is seeking his own reelection he shall have none of my support.

Men come and men go, but institutions remain. Nations come; they play their part upon the stage and pass into history, but fundamentals abide. I look away beyond Woodrow Wilson as an individual, to the Constitution, the country, and the flag, and when they tell me to "Stand by the President" I construe that to mean to stand by the Constitution, stand by the country, and stand by the flag, and stand by Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States, clothed with executive power, representing them all. That is my doctrine, and by that I am willing to either stand or fall.

We now have the Government control of railroads, and if to that we are to add a like control of telegraphs and telephones, of express companies, and of mines, we shall have on the payroll 4,000,000 of people, subject to all the temptations of American political life.

These people will inevitably organize to help themselves, and to this end they will not scruple to use their power with the ruling administration. The tendency of that administration will undoubtedly be to accede to those demands, to raise wages if there be even a pretext for such a movement and to comply with whatever other demand may be made. This is human nature and cannot be cast aside, and we all know to what extent political parties will go in the heat of campaigns.

But we must not forget that, as we increase the number of Government employes working under the direction of the Chief Executive, we inevitably increase his power; and that, as we increase the number of persons subject to his appointment or removal, we augment his influence over the legislative body, whose members are seeking these appointments.

And, singularly enough, this causes the invasion of the legislative sphere from both sides, for, by placing this greater number under the control of the Government, it makes possible the adoption of the policies of the initiative, the referendum, the recall, and all the other incipient stages of socialism, the inevitable tendency and the express object of



which is to weaken the legislative branch of government.

#### INVASION OF LEGISLATIVE FUNCTIONS LEADS TO SOCIALISM

WE see the manifest results of one phase of such a policy in Mexico, where the right of the majority to rule is unquestioned, and where this unbridled majority is not held in subjection by a powerful autocrat, as it was in the days of Diaz.

We see such results also in many similar efforts in the history of the past, and by scanning the present situation in some of our South American Republics, as well as in Mexico today, where the will of the majority is unquestioned, where individual liberty is set at naught, where individual rights count for nothing, where the minority is ruthlessly trampled under foot by the unscrupulous power of the maddened majority. In those countries, and more and more in this country, the people follow men and not measures; they advocate leaders and not ideas; they crystalize their forces about persons and not parties; the brilliant leader of today will be overthrown by the brilliant leader of tomorrow; the whimsy of this hour will be cast aside by the whimsy of the next hour; and stability, which springs alone from an unwavering adherence to fixed principles of government, and which is essential to progress and prosperity, is unknown.

We see in Germany a manifestation of the other extreme. That country is the most highly socialized nation in the world. The German Government owned all the railroads; it owned all the telegraph and telephone lines; it owned the express companies; it owned or controlled all the lines of steamboats. Their education was all conducted at public expense; their great free laboratories were unexcelled in the world; bounties were paid on every hand, to her inventors, her scientists, and her philosophers. Germany's laws touching workmen's compensation, employers' liability, old-age pensions, and all such similar paternalistic legislation, made for the highest degree of socialization ever before known on this earth.

But how was it all wielded? By the one man at the head of it all, the one tyrant who governed it all and controlled it all, and who wielded that immense organization because this socialized state enabled him to do it.

WE ARE APPROACHING THE GERMAN SYSTEM OF CONTROL

**W**E are coming nearer and nearer every day to that system in this nation, for if we pursue to the limit the policies proposed it will be a question of a very few years until a President will be able to force his reelection for life: First, the autocratic authority of one man; second, the enlarged power of the people, the two acting together and reacting upon each other and constantly weakening the legislative branch of the Government. This is as inescapable as the deductions of logic, and we can no more free ourselves from these manifest results than we can from the laws of nature.

What reason is there why this branch of our Government should be weakened or its usefulness in any wise impaired? Why should its foundations be undermined? No other nation boasts of such progress as ours since this system was adopted. Under these institutions where liberty is regulated by law and where the Constitution guarantees the largest measure of individual rights with the largest measure of community rights, we have gone from success to triumph, and from triumph to glory, and are enabled today to shoulder the mighty burdens of the world. Unless, therefore, there be some very urgent reason, some imperative demand, for a change in our form of government, no excuse can be offered for the adoption of the policy of government ownership proposed by all the socialists of the day.

This control, like the pests of Egypt, is to be brought into our very kneading troughs; it is to reach into every home; and we are to have an army of men going up and down the country nosing into everybody's business, spying into everybody's affairs. It matters not that a man is as loyal to the flag as is the President himself, all his private com-



munications with his friends and neighbors are to be censored by representatives of the Government he helps to sustain. I denounce that as an un-American policy unworthy of the traditions and history of this great Republic; and I shall never give my assent to a proposition that will fill the Republic with spies and interfere with the freedom of communication in the nation.

If the loyalty or patriotism of any man is suspected, let him be investigated, let him be placed under surveillance, let his communications be censored, but do not in order to catch the guilty few inaugurate a universal system of espionage in the country that will prove expensive and oppressive and achieve no results comparable to the mischief it will produce.

I believe that it opens up a highway which, if we tread it, will lead finally to the overthrow of this Republic. Our boys, when they come back, should come back to a republic, come back to a nation which believes in liberty and in equality and in fraternity.

## THE CLEFT

By RUTH MASON RICE

A CLEFT between two ideas that oppose,  
Revolt unbridled at unbridled greed,  
Flung down between the fastnesses of wealth—  
A gauntlet—in the name of Liberty;  
License to kill, as license to exploit—  
Anarchy both, and both autocracy,  
Meeting to fight the last and fatal fight  
For that Democracy which each conceives its right,  
Enunciated loudly as its own;  
Each understandable to each—only in this—  
Each wants the throne.

# REBUILDING OUR FOREIGN TRADE

America's First Duty in Readjusting World-Commerce

By HON. WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

[SECRETARY OF COMMERCE]

**W**E need and are to have a large and expanding foreign trade, free from all restraints save those of economic laws, but the time to rush into our foreign trade expansion is not yet. Patriotism did not cease at 11 o'clock on November 11 with the signing of the armistice.

Upon the spirit in which we first exert our energies to supplying France, Belgium, Poland, Italy and Great Britain with what they sorely need depends the commercial goodwill of America abroad in the coming years.

There are certain things that a gentleman cannot do, and certain things that a great nation cannot do. Certain conditions make it difficult for us to now hurry about reorganizing and expanding our foreign trade. Famine still stalks through Continental Europe, a million dwellings must be rebuilt there, material is needed for roads, bridges, factories, rolling stock for railroads, finished and raw materials; twenty million tons of food must be sent abroad by us during the coming year, and it is also the merest common sense so to proceed that those who owe us largely, and must purchase from us largely, shall have their earnings and therefore their paying power as soon as possible restored.

We were called a nation of shopkeepers, we were called chasers after the almighty dollar by they abroad who did not know us, but in the crisis we supplied freely the dollars needed over there in the great war against militarism, despotism and the world power coveted by a nation that can no longer walk upright amongst the world of nations. Now they know that we are more than shopkeepers, more than chasers after the almighty dollar, they know of our army of four million raised



with miraculous speed, of our army of more than two million sent across, of our sons who, put in the most difficult sections of the battlefield, plunged through against enemy defence that had hitherto been regarded as impregnable, and they know of our many thousand young Americans now sleeping beneath war's wooden crosses.

A dollar-chasing nation now, in the eyes of Europe? No, not that, but the "saviour nation," a proud title fairly earned by us, and, since we are still our brothers' keeper, we must continue to make sacrifices until their scars of war are healed.

Our forefathers had "a decent regard for the opinion of mankind" and we must maintain that regard.

#### OUR PRESSING DOMESTIC DUTIES

OUR foreign commerce can and will be rebuilt all in good time. It will not be so much a matter of reconstruction as of evolution, growing out of the settlement of as yet unsolved National and International problems. We have been discussing the rebuilding of our foreign commerce more than is wise, and as if it could be picked up exactly as we left it at the beginning of the world war. It is not time to rush into this matter. We have even more pressing domestic duties and opportunities. There is urgent need to develop our resources of minerals, to produce potash, to establish more firmly our new industries, to reclaim fertile swamp lands and to find and use their products, to study our native fibres and thus free ourselves from dependence on foreign sources for them, to develop our roads that they may no longer be a national reproach, to set up an effective motor-truck service, to get our waterways made and set at work with modern craft and terminals, to finish our surveys that commerce may safely use all our ports and coast waters, to study and develop the great empire which is Alaska, to find and use the vast resources of the Philippines and Porto Rico, to put our water powers into service, to seek and end industrial wastes, to co-operate further in the great work already done in commercial

conservation and standardizing, and in these and kindred ways to make America truly independent.

All this work must be done and yet our foreign trade must not be left undone. But just now our foreign trade must be along lines that will help our Allies. Our country once looked to London, Paris, Amsterdam and, alas, Berlin and Vienna, for funds with which to operate here, so that many of our large corporations had part of their capital owned in those financial centers. But today our country is the greatest creditor nation on earth. Our great debt owed to Europe has long been paid and Europe now owes us more than \$8,000,000,000 and she will add to this debt from time to time.

When there seemed to be no more available wheat in the world, or else so distant that, with lack of ships, it could not be taken to Europe—when we had used up more than our entire exportation surplus, we took it from our tables, from the daily meals of ourselves and our children, and sent to Great Britain and France more wheat than the visible exportation surplus at the beginning of the export season! With our dollars, our sacrifices of food, our man power, we made our Allies understand America's vast strength, and it is natural now that our European friends will ask: "What is the American heart behind the American power? They have been unselfish thus far, this giant power in the west; they have given their sons and their money and their food without stint, what will they do with the power they have now acquired?"

Some may even whisper the query, "Will America's unselfishness cease now that the armistice has been signed?" America can answer with a most emphatic "No!"

#### GERMANY'S RUTHLESS COMMERCIAL POLICY

WE never approved of the German method of carrying on commerce any more than we approved German militarism—both of which are at this moment crushed and the latter for all time, while if German commerce revives it



must undergo a great change. Some of us believed the oft-repeated phrase, "Germany's superior intelligence has given them great efficiency." Nothing of the sort. German intelligence is on a low scale, her commerce was built up solely to, in turn, supply wealth to build up her military machine that world power might be won. German tradesmen came here backed by a government organization which permitted concerns to pool their losses, which allowed them to sell in one country so that tariffs might be useless and make up the difference by high prices in another land, which gave them preferential rates on railroads and special advantages on government-controlled steamship lines, and their commercial campaign was at times accompanied by a wholesale system of bribing. We did not like that then and we shall never act in a similar spirit. We shall not make of the American eagle what the Germans made of the Prussian eagle—a hog rooting in the mire.

Our commerce must be a constructive force and never a thing destructive. We resented the German attempt at economic conquest backed up by military force, but it would be quite as evil if we allowed the power of economic force, ruthlessly exerted throughout the world, to grasp, for our sole profit, the commerce of the world.

Commerce is not commerce in any just sense unless it benefits all concerned. We must serve the world if we are to be on a safe foundation ourselves. The mere entering of a foreign market by force of cut prices, or of off-quality goods, or by "dumping," or by untruthful advertising, or by force of government aid or political power, is in no true sense commerce, nor can it last. We must not learn the evil lesson from those whose power we have destroyed. We must carry our flag as high in the commercial world as we carried it before our valiant armies.

When our new foreign commerce is evolved—after the needs of our foreign friends have been filled—we are going to play the game like gentlemen and make our methods such as shall survive because they shall always render real service.

If there be any who would now neglect our Allies who are struggling to heal their war wounds and jump in to wage an unequal commercial war it is because they lack two things—patriotism and common sense. The buying power of the world at large has been reduced. Great Britain, France, Italy and other powers are not now in their former favorable position to buy merchandise in the general market, nor are Australia, South Africa, New Zealand and Canada. They have been buying other things, they have other duties now, they have not yet fully paid for all of their vast purchases and they are not able to purchase as they could before the war.

#### WHAT WE MUST DO FOR EUROPE

WE can, in this article, leave aside the question as to whether Germany can feed herself during the coming winter. We do know that perhaps eighty million people in Russia will not have enough food this winter because of the Frankenstein the Bolsheviks built and called "freedom." We must be sure that Belgium, Serbia, Poland, Armenia, France, Italy and Great Britain have enough to eat, hence the 20,000,000 tons of food we must send over.

Devastated Europe must be rebuilt, as I have so briefly outlined. Who is going to pay the bills? We have a debt that would have caused us to sigh heavily a few years ago, and now, despite this, we are going to lend them more and more, for it is right that we should. Shall we allow Belgium to suffer for lack of funds with which to reconstruct Liège? Shall Lille go idle and the looms of Roubaix cease? We must see that these people are furnished the credits to pay. They cannot finance themselves unless we do a large part of it for them. Great Britain, with the marvelous resources of her Empire, can probably finance herself and her sister nations that form that Empire, but France and Belgium, Italy, Serbia and Poland cannot and, in some measure, we must furnish the means.



Thus have we got to feed many and in a large measure furnish them with materials and machinery and equipment to start their commercial lives anew. It was with all this in mind that I wrote at the beginning that there are certain things that a gentleman cannot do and certain things that a great nation cannot do. Our own future prosperity depends in no small measure upon our doing our part to restore the earning power of those who owe us large sums and who have lost heavily in fighting for our cause. It is always good business sense to help a generous, friendly creditor to find his strength again.

None of us want to be the hated creditor of the world. All of us want to be the servant of the world and we can serve through trade if we will. We must do so if our trade is to last. It must not be written of us that we were the world's hardest creditor in the time of the world's greatest need.

We shall get and we shall welcome a normal and growing foreign trade, coming in a normal, unhurried way, but we must help our friends to their feet rather than neglect them in order to hunt present-moment profits.

Beware of the temptation to lay hands rashly upon wages. The responsive power of contented and well-paid labor to farsighted leadership in industry is the greatest force in production, and happy are they who have it behind them. If we rely, as others have done to their cost, on favors or subsidies or other adventitious advantages, we must not object if, in the coming days, our rivals seize hold of similar ways. We must not look to a commercial future won by means of such weapons. The path of safety and peace is not there, but only danger and, ultimately, disaster. Not selfishness, not the sheer desire for personal or even national wealth, must control, but the spirit of profit through service. There, and there alone, is security.

## OURS MUST BE THE GOLDEN RULE OF BUSINESS

THERE is another factor to consider in relation to any attempt to start an immediate foreign commerce campaign, and that is the present capacity of the world's shipping. It is admitted that we have got to feed the world for a while and this will take ships. We must help rebuild the million destroyed dwellings, we must supply manufactured and raw materials and all this will take ships and more ships. The bringing home of a large part of our two million men in Europe is taking still more ships. And we are going to keep a good sized army, at that, over in Europe for a long while. These men must be fed and be furnished with supplies, all of which we must send to them in ships.

We do not know what is behind that Russian veil. A job may need to be done there that we dare not leave undone. We hope this will not be necessary, but we always meet a necessity and this one of the several reasons for maintaining a strong army abroad.

I believe that every ship in the world will be busy every minute for the next two years doing work in which ordinary foreign commerce plays an extremely small part. It is true that many of our ships will be used for our growing and developing South American trade, but these are mostly vessels of a type which it is not economical to send abroad.

In a certain sense we are today at the commercial parting of the ways. An official of an immense manufacturing concern recently said:

"Democracy in commerce would prompt us to recognize our foreign competitors and to seek the welfare of those with whom we trade in order that we may continue to share in a welfare to which we contribute; mutual good will inevitably follows and where good will exists war is impossible. It prescribes the continual exercise of what has been called 'The Golden Rule of Business.'"

It was last August that Mr. Hurley declared in a formal statement:

"It is unthinkable that a nation, fighting shoulder to shoulder with other great democracies, should, after the war,



turn its resources against them for trade conquests of the very kind which were largely instrumental in bringing on the war."

There will probably be needed for the near future some continued measure of control over certain exports, both to see that raw material and equipment are equally distributed among those who have served us well and that we are not drawn dry ourselves. This should, and doubtless will be, limited and temporary.

#### HOW THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE WILL HELP

NEVER must we lose sight of the fact that even our present enemies—and I hold them as such—Germany and former Austria-Hungary, must have trade if they are to have means of paying the obligations that will be imposed upon them. We cannot act in the foreign fields as if we stood alone. But I hold that Government restrictions are not required further than the temporary and limited control suggested, but that economic and financial laws will provide the needed guidance.

The Department of Commerce proposes to help in three distinct ways: by direct propaganda and an enlarged service of information in all lands; by continuing the admirable work of commercial conservation and standardization, involving the stopping as far as it is possible of all industrial wastes; and by placing through its great new industrial laboratories the fruits of science and research at the service of industry.

Prosperity lies ahead for America. There is no doubt of it. But there is yet an unsolved doubt as to what use America will make of her prosperity. When we get beyond the three-mile limit shall we be as far advanced in our thoughts as we are at home? Shall we carry the spirit of American law where the law of America does not prevail? If we do not we shall doubtless become fat and rich and win what? The contempt of the world in so doing.

How will the world feel toward America twenty years from today?

If we can leave to our sons as they go about the earth the knowledge that America rose to a height of marvelous power, financial, military, political, industrial and economical, and that she used that power to her own good always and also always for the good of the world, then our sons can walk as no German can walk, can travel the world over among friends knit to one another with bonds of esteem and affection which cannot be broken.

## SHOULD I FARE FORTH

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

**S**HOULD I fare forth into the ageless dark  
 While earth is radiant with the life of you,  
 I'll find some voice to make your spirit hark,  
 Some star will flash my message through.

The space that living man cannot explore,  
 Your memory shall make me live and feel,  
 My spirit and my flesh shall re-adore  
 And all the earth songs of our love reveal.

I'll write within the shining book of dawn  
 A message that your yearning eyes will see,  
 For while the other waiting dead sleep on,  
 Your memory will stir the heart of me.

I cannot die, while yet your love shall burn  
 A pathway through the iron door of death—  
 My ears shall hear, my sightless eyes discern  
 All life through you, your thought shall be my breath.



# THE EVILS IN OUR DEMOCRACY

Weak Spots in Our National Life That Must Be  
Remedied

By HON. CHARLES S. THOMAS

[U. S. SENATOR FROM COLORADO]

*What is Democracy—can it be preserved? What are its shortcomings?—  
What is our task to preserve it?—as viewed by the able Senator from Colorado.*

**W**HAT is Democracy? Democracy is not militarism, nor anarchy. It is not socialism nor lawlessness. It does not confer absolute freedom, for that is inconsistent with equality of right. It does not require a Republic, for the development of its principles are strangers to many of them while the blessings are enjoyed by the subjects of many Monarchies.

Democracy is synonymous with ordered liberty which respects and safeguards the rights of all. Its congenial structure is Republicanism, and Elihu Root has finely said that Republican government is organized self-control. Henry Ward Beecher declared the real democratic idea to be not that every man should be on the level with every other, but that everyone shall have liberty without hindrance to be what God made him. Any condition interfering with this conception is an unhealthy one. It may be deemed essential to class interest but it is not Democratic.

Democracy finds its natural expansion in social, economic and political development. From the friction thus engendered come the ills which threaten its integrity. These lines of development must now pass through a period of readjustment before they again become normal.

Perhaps the most insidious danger to Republican institutions is the indifference of the citizen to his public duties. The beneficiaries of free government become indulgent and comfortable; their responsibilities grow irksome and annoying. Their vigilance relaxes in their struggle for material things. Their time is absorbed in the pursuit of gain. The

diversion of their energies from the needs of government is the opportunity of privilege, and privilege undermines Democracy. The ills of the body politic will continue until the people awake to a full sense of civic obligation and realize that theirs is the business of government. To bring about this condition is a fundamental factor in the public equation.

#### WHAT THE TAXPAYERS MUST DEMAND

THE war leaves us the legacy of a stupendous debt. It will reach, if it does not exceed, \$35,000,000,000. The annual interest upon this stupendous sum will be \$1,400,000,000. This means a vastly increased rate and radius of taxation. The people will bear the burden willingly, if economy in public administration and the application of every dollar to the public needs shall become the policy of the Government. They will not and should not be content if the gross extravagances of the past continue.

In 1910, Senator Aldrich declared that ordinary efficiency in public administration would annually save the people \$300,000,000. It would now save twice that sum. If the taxpayers of America will unite in demanding a radical revision of our public service, a consolidation of duplicating bureaus, and the institution of the budget system in appropriations, it will be done. If they will also rigidly supervise public expenditures, taxation can be largely reduced. If they fail to do this, our appropriations will keep increasing, for every demand made upon the Treasury is complied with when political or organized force is behind it, and everything in these days is organized except the man who pays the taxes. Moreover, the huge debts of the nations, however well their revenues are managed and applied, will always be a fruitful source of disaffection.

To those possessing none of it, yet paying taxes to meet its fixed requirements, the impulse toward repudiation may ripen into an insistent clamor. Once begun, it may spread like the virus of influenza, from nation to nation, and from public to private obligations. Nothing could be more disastrous to a people than the success of such a movement,



which will inevitably arise, whatever our policy. It is certain to materialize if in our financial administration we do not at all times apply sound principles to taxation and exercise a wise and frugal economy in expenditures. Nothing is more difficult in a Republic than this, if public interest is lax or non-existent.

#### LABOR SHOULD UNDERSTAND ECONOMIC LAWS

**R**EADJUSTMENTS toward normal conditions must inevitably react on war prices and wages. The first will not be disturbing, the last may prove alarmingly so. Lowering of salaries and wages, though absolutely essential to a falling market, is always opposed by the wage earner and frequently to the extremes of violence. The higher these have risen, the more bitter the opposition to their diminution becomes. This inevitable situation should be promptly recognized and every effort made to prepare against it. Labor should be urged to acquaint itself with the economic laws which compel the change, and with its compensation in lowered cost of living. And the change should come as gradually and as universally as possible. These precautions may be taken without difficulty, with little trouble and with less expense. Their importance is self-evident. The most prejudiced and sometimes the most ignorant of men will listen to the persuasive influence of sympathetic discussion if interposed before their resentment becomes inflamed by a sense of injustice.

Our immigration laws have been largely moulded by political and economic considerations. The same is true of those relating to naturalization. Much of our immigration has represented the best of Europe. These have been of inestimable value to the country. They have cast their lot in America for all time, sharing our burdens and responsibilities, and aiding in the great task of building a new nation upon a virgin continent.

But the demand for labor and the need for ballots have flooded our shores with a mass of humanity apparently unassimilable.

The disruption of the Central Powers, followed by the establishment of popular government for their liberated peoples, will doubtless remove all restrictions upon their continued emigration. The burden of debt, coupled with unsettled economic conditions, will encourage the western movement of their population. The added stimulus of the great steamship companies, eager for their old steerage traffic, may rapidly re-establish the high tide of ante-war immigration. If it is to be checked, the dam must be erected on this side of the Atlantic, and no time should be lost in its construction.

#### BOLSHEVISM STARTED IN OUR SWARMING CENTRES

**B**OLSHEVISM has given the world a hideous illustration of the fundamental truth that when liberty is divorced from law, justice disappears. The freedom of unrestrained license is the only freedom of the mob. Under the sway of that many headed despot, crime holds high carnival. It is to this chaos that International Socialism would lead the world. Russian anarchy is popularly ascribed to the oppression of the Romanoff dynasty. That is largely true. Yet it is a sinister fact that excepting Lenine, nearly all the leaders of Russian Bolshevism graduated from the swarming centers of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. Trotsky, Volodarsky, Kritsky, Martoff, are some of them. Their bloody program was formulated here, and here they proposed to test it, when opportunity beckoned, and Russia became their victim. From that Continental slaughter house they salute their accessories in America and urge them to the commission of similar atrocities.

The assimilation of races, so essential to a national unity, cannot be effected under conditions now prevailing. While they continue, our citizenship must be heterogeneous and discordant. A polyglot people, without geographical separation, with conflicting aims and ideals; united, yet socially, morally and economically antagonistic, cannot endure in a Republic. Racial classification is the precursor of racial animosities, and racial animosities imperil the national safety.



But our trend toward class distinctions is not wholly ethnological. It proceeds as well along other lines, and finds expression in trades, in agriculture, in legislation. Our Federal laws bristle with clauses recognizing and favoring them. In matters of penalty, revenue, trusts, transportation and appropriation, we frequently exclude foreigners, workmen, government employees, fraternal organizations and some others from punitive and burdensome enactments. We also extend them privileges not conferred upon others less potential in numbers or influence. The equal protection of the laws will, if this practice be not abandoned soon, be honored more in the breach than the observance.

#### LAWS MUST BE UNIFORM IN THEIR APPLICATION

**T**HE laws are potent for the protection and welfare of the citizen only as they are uniform in their application, just in their mandates, and respected by the people. Laxity in their enforcement and indifference to their requirements have long been a conspicuous and sinister feature of our national life. This is particularly true of the criminal law. The disparity between homicides and convictions will serve to illustrate the assertion. Their proportions are as thirty to one, and those due to labor controversies seldom reach the stage of a formal indictment. The expense of modern litigation, crowded dockets and the law's delays may be largely responsible for the low level of public respect for statutes and constitutions, but whatever the cause, the evil is a serious one. The public safety depends upon the public order; the public order rests upon the sanction and the mandate of the law, and the law is made contemptible whenever its protection is denied to the meanest citizen.

To this condition we must plead guilty, for it is a melancholy fact that the citizen frequently is denied the equal protection of the laws, either by exposure without redress to acts of violence or through the tedious and expensive processes of legal machinery. Both mean a denial of justice, and Burke said that a government not founded on justice

labored under the imputation of being no government at all.

If our organic act means anything, every citizen is free to work according to his own desire. He should be subject only to the limitations of the law. To interfere with this right or permit others to do so with impunity is to undermine the foundations of our political structure. A law which does not throw the shield of its protection around him is worse than useless. It is a wanton delusion. On the other hand, ample punishment for the commission of crimes is provided and safeguards as well for the shielding of the innocent. All that is needed is their vigorous enforcement. If they are not applied, the fault is with the community much more than with the criminal. Let no man therefore justify his contempt for the law by pleading its non-enforcement. For that he is in part responsible.

With all due allowance for considerations peculiarly applicable to the negro, he is entitled to the guardianship of the white man. The great war gave him the opportunity to prove his devotion to his country, and well has he improved it. Who will deny that the negro has earned his right to the equal protection of his country's laws?

#### ENEMIES TO ORDER AND CONTENT

OURS is a land of waste, and waste is the enemy of thrift. Some one has said that with our resources the French would have saved enough since the century began to pay her own and Britain's war expenses. The war has brought us the wisdom and the simplicity of thrift. We should make it a national virtue. It is the best cure for discontent, and grows with its practice. A thrifty man need make no search for something to relieve his needs. He has it. It is a fact of the highest significance that modern socialism discourages thrift. Thrift is the foe of disorder, a virtue that becomes hostage to fortune. Hunger is stranger to it, and hunger never breeds reforms. Hunger breeds riot and bloodshed.

In America hunger is a social crime. Out of our abundance we can feed other continents. The fault lies in dis-



tribution. If private control of transportation cannot solve the vital problem of its distribution, public control must. Democracy requires food and part of her mission is to secure it.

Corporate mismanagement and consolidation, huge issues of fictitious capital, corners in foodstuffs, manipulation of stock markets, fortunes realized over night through financial jugglery, preponderant control of money and credits disfigured the commercial history of the two decades preceding our declaration of war. They constitute a sordid and humiliating chapter of greed and financial profligacy and simply justify the wave of public disapproval culminating in political revolt and codes of primitive legislation.

These practices cannot be too seriously criticized. They have inspired as they have justified every extreme of agitation. They have been condemned alike by radical and conservative. It is not too much to say that they have done more to inflame public sentiment, breed anarchy and stir up socialist propaganda than any single influence of the century. It is the anarchy of capital. It is Bolshevism in high life. Such operations cannot be resumed if we hope to preserve free government in America.

Otherwise than in the fortunate development of mines, great wealth may be suddenly acquired only through sinuous and criminal manipulation. Its frequent occurrence demoralizes the people. It begets discontent and compels imitation. The effort to get rich quick becomes infectious. Men look with disdain upon the slow but legitimate processes of accumulation, and drift from plodding industry to the stock-ticker and the exchanges. And as the vast majority of the seekers for sudden wealth are predoomed to failure, they will sooner or later join the ever-increasing army of the discontented and reproach the social order for their misfortunes.

#### THE EVILS OF THE WELL-TO-DO. CAPITAL AND LABOR

**T**HE well-to-do element of the country is its most influential class. It occupies the great domain of leadership and constructive development. It can ill afford to weaken

the social and economic structure. It cannot commit or countenance methods which breed discontent and unsettle confidence. What it does or abstains from doing, is therefore of great concern to the public and of prime importance to itself. When confidence in its honesty or public spirit is impaired or overthrown, the hour of upheaval will come. I therefore affirm that the suppression of the financial malversations so prevalent during the past quarter century is an insistent and overshadowing duty. Bolshevism and its kindred evils are their legitimate offspring. They supply the soapbox orator with his best ammunition and silence the protests of those who would eliminate him.

The chasm between labor and capital must be spanned. This cannot be done by force, by class resentments, nor by recrimination. Each of these great forces must understand the other's viewpoint. Both must realize that they are complements and co-workers of progress. Without the one the other is moribund. Neither can be discarded from the economies of trade and industry. Co-operation between them is indispensable to the public and private well being. They must become partners in the largest sense, each exercising its legitimate functions for a common purpose. To assert this is a simple performance; to bring it about is a task for Titans. But it must be done.

The perspective is sombre but not at all discouraging. Every generation has its tasks, and if ours is unduly burdensome, its performance will place posterity under a larger obligation. Let us, therefore, one and all, clear the situation and strive to make our beloved country all that its ideals require.

#### WHAT WE MUST DO

WE must institute and enforce a rigid economy in public administration. We must unify our citizenship. We must have a common language with which all men and women must be made familiar. We must bring our institutions and traditions home to the understanding of everyone. We must extend the hand of sympathy and encouragement



to every alien in the land, give him a share in the country's affairs, and imbue him with the spirit of America. We must discourage the community life of the foreigner by teaching him the need for assimilation. We must require him to become naturalized within a fixed time after his arrival or return whence he came. We must make him learn the English tongue and become reasonably familiar with the requirements of citizenship as a candidate of naturalization. We must suppress all associations devoted to the commission of crime and the advocacy of disorder. We must radically change our immigration laws. We must have no ensign but the Stars and Stripes. We can have no companionship with the red flag of anarchy and revolution. We must assert and enforce the equal protection of the laws, do away with the mob and gibbet the lyncher. We must teach the great truth that organized and ordered society is essential to man's existence and that protection of life and property is the basis of all government worthy of the name. We must demonstrate that the strict observance of law is necessary alike to the happiness of nations and the security of communities. We must make treason odious. We must harmonize the discordant factions of industry and commerce. We must, if need be, forget party ties in the stress of tremendous obligation. We may each and all, faithful to our traditions, and reverencing our ideals, struggle as Democrats and Republicans for the supremacy of our convictions, but we must remember that we are above all, Americans, whose first and final duty is to perpetuate the welfare and shape the destiny of the great Republic. The ark of Democracy's covenant was committed to Anglo-Saxon keeping long ago. Our fathers have proven worthy of the trust; we, too, must keep the faith. Henceforth the United States shall be a great training ground for the growth and development of a stalwart and genuine Democracy.

# PROBLEMS FOR WORLD PEACE

The Questions that Confront an International Congress

By HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT

THE international compact which is to follow this war is to be more ambitious than any ever made before.

The world is larger, the nations are more numerous, the field of war has been greater, and the political changes are to be far more extensive than the world has ever known. The only peace comparable with this is that which was made after Napoleon's fall by the monarchs who constituted the Holy Alliance. That was a League of Nations, with a high-sounding declaration of disinterestedness and love of peace. It was a failure because the real purposes which governed its formation and life were wrong and unstable. It rested on the Divine right of Kings, and its objects were to recognize dynastic claims and to establish and maintain them. It took into consideration neither the interest nor the will of the peoples under the governments which it was setting up and proposed to maintain. After it had lived a few years, it became a by-word of reproach. Its example has been used to show the impractical and short life of the League of Nations which we propose. The difference between the Holy Alliance and our League is in the purpose and principle of its formation. Our League looks to a union of the democratic nations of the world, to the will of the peoples, expressed through their governments, as its basis and sanction. It looks to the establishment of new governments by popular choice and control. It is to be founded on justice, impartially administered, and not on the interests of Kings or Emperors or dynasties. It is to rise as a structure built upon the ashes of militarism, and it is to rest on the pillars of justice and equality and the welfare of peoples.



## REARRANGING THE MAP OF EUROPE

I HAVE referred to the Holy Alliance not only to answer an argument, but also as a precedent to prove that a treaty of peace, rearranging the map of Europe, cannot be made without a League of Nations. Think of what this present peace has to compass. We can realize it by considering the points of President Wilson's message of January 8th, which make an outline of the terms of peace which are to be fixed.

In the first place, we are to have some disposition of the German colonies, in accord with the interests of the people who live in them. Germany has made such cruel despotisms of her colonies that it is quite likely the Allies will insist that they shall be put under some other Power more to be trusted in securing the welfare of backward peoples.

Thus we are to set up a new government in East and West Africa, in Australasia, in China, and in some of the islands of the Pacific. Then we are to deal with Russia. If we separate from her the Ukraine and the Baltic Provinces and Finland, there are three or four new nations to establish. Great Russia is now under the domination of bloody anarchists, and we must free her and give to her good people the opportunity to organize and establish a free and useful government. This is a problem of the utmost complexity. In Austria we are to create a nation of the Czecho-Slavs, embracing Bohemia, Moravia and Slovakia. We are to cut this nation out of the Dual Empire, and take it from Austria and from Hungary. We are to do the same thing with the Jugo-Slavs on the south of Austria and Hungary and establish new boundaries there.

We are to settle the boundaries of the Balkans. We are likely to give Rumania to the Rumanians of Hungary and of Bessarabia. We are to establish a new state of Poland out of the Russian, Austrian and German Poland, and we are to give this estate access to the sea. The fixing of those boundaries and the determination of the method of reaching the sea present issues of the utmost delicacy and difficulty.

We are to determine the status of Constantinople and the small tract now known as Turkey in Europe. We are to fix the limits of Turkey in Asia, to set up a new government in Palestine, to recognize a new government of Arabia, to father, it may be, the creation of a new state in the Caucasus and to establish the freedom of Armenia.

#### WHAT WILL BE NECESSARY TO ACCOMPLISH PERMANENT PEACE

THE mere recital of them is most convincing of the intricacy of these problems. The Congress of Nations will probably find it impossible definitely to settle them all. It will have to create commissions, with judicial and conciliatory powers, able to devote time enough to make proper investigation and thus to reach just, defensible and practical conclusions. When the boundaries are all fixed, when the innumerable rights growing out of access to the Baltic, access to the Danube, access to the Black Sea and access to the Aegean, together with rights of way across neighboring states for freedom of trade, are defined, with as much clarity as possible, there still will arise, in the practical operation of the treaty, a multitude of irritating questions of interpretation.

In fixing boundaries on distinctions of race and language, the Congress will encounter the obstruction of racial prejudice and blindness to reasonable conclusions. Neither line of race nor of language is always clearly drawn so that convenient and compact states may be established within them. To attempt in a great world agreement to settle the boundaries and mutual rights of so many new nations, without providing a tribunal whose decisions are to control, and are to be enforced by the major force of the world, will be to make a treaty that will become a laughing stock.

We know that we have got to rearrange the map of Europe, and, in so far as it is practicable in that arrangement, to follow popular choice of the peoples to be governed. But such a flowing phrase will not settle the difficulty. It is merely a general principle that in its actual application often



does not offer a completely satisfactory solution; and after the Congress shall have made the decisions, sore places will be left, local enmities will arise, and if that permanent peace which justifies the war is to be obtained, the world compact must itself contain the machinery for settlement of such inevitable disputes.

In other words, we don't have to argue in favor of a League to Enforce Peace—the nations which enter this Congress cannot do otherwise than establish it. It faces them as the only possible way to achieve their object.

#### JUDGMENTS MUST BE CARRIED OUT BY FORCE, IF NECESSARY

GERMANY and Austria and Bulgaria and Turkey are to indemnify the countries which they have outraged and devastated. Commissions must be created, judicial in their nature, to pass upon what the amount of the indemnity shall be, and then an international force must exist to levy execution if necessary for the judgment upon the countries whose criminal torts are to be indemnified. We must, therefore, not only have, as a result of the Congress, the machinery of justice and conciliation, but we must retain a combined military force of the Allies and victors to see to it that these just judgments are carried out.

Moreover, the Congress cannot meet without enlarging the scope of international law and making more definite its provisions. The very functions which the Congress is to exercise in fixing the terms of peace will necessitate a statement of the principles upon which it has been guided. That will lead to a broadening of the scope of existing principles of international law and a greater variety in their applications. Therefore, whether those who are in the Congress wish it or not, they cannot solve the problems which are set before them without adopting the principles of our League to Enforce Peace in its four planks in our platform—a court, a Commission of Conciliation, enforcement of submission, and a Legislative International Congress to make International Law.

They will have to create such machinery for the administration and enforcement of the treaty as to the Central Powers, the new nations created, and Russia. Having gone so far, as they must, can they fail to extend their work only a little to include the settlement of all future differences between all the nations that are parties to the League? A League for such future purposes will be no more difficult to make and maintain than the League into which they are driven by the necessities of the situation. The stars in their course have been fighting for the achievement of our purpose and the foundation of this League, and the doubters may not escape it.

#### ARGUMENTS THAT ARE SET UP AGAINST A LEAGUE

NOW I want to take up some of the arguments made against the League. In the first place, a good many have created a straw League and have knocked it down without difficulty. They have attributed to us the views and principles held by extremists, who perhaps support our League, but whose extreme views we don't adopt or need to adopt. Thus it is said that we favor internationalism, that we are opposed to nationalism, that we wish to dilute the patriotic spirit into a vague universal brotherhood. That there are socialists and others who entertain this view, and who perhaps support the League to Enforce Peace, may be true, but the assumption that such views are necessary to a consistent support of the League is entirely without warrant.

I believe in nationalism and patriotism, as distinguished from universal brotherhood, as firmly as any one can. I believe that the national spirit and the patriotic love of country are as essential in the progress of the world as the family and the love of family are essential in domestic communities. But as the family and the love of family are not inconsistent with the love of country, but only strengthen it, so a proper, pure and patriotic nationalism stimulates a sense of international justice and does not detract in any way from the spirit of universal brotherhood.



Again it is said that in the League we injure nationalism by abridging the sovereignty of our country in that we are to yield to an international council or an international tribunal, in which we only have one representative, the decision of questions of justice and of national policy. Sovereignty is a matter of definition. The League does not contemplate the slightest interference with the internal government of any country. The League does not propose to interfere, except where the claims of right of one country clash with the claims of right of another. To submit such claims of right to an impartial tribunal no more interferes with the sovereignty of a nation than the submission of an individual to a hearing and decree of court interferes with his liberty. The League is merely introducing into the world's sphere liberty of action regulated by law, instead of license uncontrolled except by the greed and passion of the individual nation.

#### THE RIGHT TO DECLARE WAR AND ARMAMENT QUESTIONS

**I**T is said that we are giving up our right to make war or to withhold from making it. We cannot take away from our Congress the right to declare war, and no one would wish to do so. But that is no reason why we should not enter into an agreement to defend the impartial judgments of the League and to repress palpable violations of its covenants by those who have entered it. The question must always be for the decision of Congress whether our obligations under the League require us in honor to make war. We have guaranteed the integrity of Cuba, we have guaranteed the integrity of Panama. Does that deprive us of sovereignty? Yet we are under an obligation to make war if another country attacks them.

Then the question is as to disarmament. The fourth of the President's fourteen points contains the provision that adequate guaranties must be given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

That represents an aim and aspiration, but it cannot

have immediate and practical operation. We are the victors in this war which grew out of the extensive armament and military power of Germany. It will be a legitimate condition of peace exacted by the victors that Germany shall substantially disarm and leave the Allied Powers in a position with armament sufficient to keep Germany within law and right. How far disarmament can be carried must be determined by experience. Disarmament will be accomplished effectively in great measure by the economic pressure that will be felt intensely by all nations after this war, secondly by such mutual covenants and general supervision of an international council as experience may dictate, and third and ultimately by a sense of security in the successful operation of this League to Enforce Peace. For the time being the people who are afraid that the United States will make itself helpless to defend its rights against unjust aggression are unduly exercised.

Any practical League of Nations will require the United States to maintain a potential military force sufficient to comply promptly with its obligations to contribute to an international army whenever called upon for League purposes. Such obligation may well be made the basis and the reason for universal training of youth, in accord with the Australian or the Swiss system—a system that trains youth for a year physically and mentally and gives them a proper sense of duty and obligation to the state.

#### SHALL GERMANY BE ACCEPTED IN THE LEAGUE?

THERE may be a difference of opinion as to whether we should have such a system, but there is nothing in the League to Enforce Peace and its principles which prevents its adoption, and either that or some other means of maintaining an adequate force to discharge our obligations under a League must be found. While we should lay broad the foundations for a League looking as far into the future as we may, we must trust to the future to work out the application of those principles, to amend the details of our ma-



chinery and to adapt it to the lessons of experience. We know that the real hope of reducing armament and keeping it down is the maintenance of a League which shall insure justice and apply in its aid the major force of the world. As the operation of that League is more and more acquiesced in, the possibility of the safe reduction of armaments in all countries will become apparent to all and will be realized.

Another question that has agitated a good many people is whether we should let Germany into the League. That depends upon whether Germany makes herself fit for the League. If she gets rid of the Hohenzollerns, if she establishes a real popular government, if she shows by her national policies that she has acted on the lessons which the war should teach her, indeed if she brings forth works meet for repentance, then of course we ought to admit her and encourage her by putting her on an equality with other nations and by using her influence and her power to make the League more effective. The long drawn out payment of indemnities will keep her in a chastened condition and will keep alive in her mind the evils of militarism.

I don't now discuss the difference in the obligations of the members of such a League as between the great Powers and the lesser Powers. All should have a voice in the general policy of the League, but it is well worthy of consideration whether with the burden of enforcing the obligations of the League by military force which the greater Powers must carry they should not have larger voice in executive control. As they are the only ones likely to be able to create the major force of the world, they may reasonably claim a right to more administrative power.

#### THE RIGHTS OF THE SMALLER NATIONS

THE rights of the smaller nations will be protected in the Congress in which they have a full voice, and by the impartial judgments of the judicial tribunals and the recommendations of the Commission of Conciliation. There is not the slightest likelihood that the mere executive control

by the larger Powers would lead to oppression of the smaller Powers, because should selfishness disclose itself in one of the great Powers, we could be confident of the wish of the other great Powers to repress it.

One of the difficulties in the maintenance of a League of all nations will be the instability of the governments of its members if the League embraces all nations. On the whole, the greater Powers are the more stable and the more responsible. It is well therefore that upon them shall fall the chief executive responsibility. While the principles of the League would prevent interference with the internal governments as a general rule, the utter instability of a government might authorize an attempt to stabilize it.

The possibilities of many sided world benefit from a League after it is well established and is working smoothly, it is hard to overestimate. For the present, as the result of this Congress of Nations to meet and settle the terms of peace, we may well be content to have a League established on broad lines, with principles firmly and clearly stated, and with constructive provisions for amendment as experience shall indicate their necessity. I verily believe we are in sight of the Promised Land. I hope we may not be denied its enjoyment.



# THE GROWING MENACE OF THE I. W. W.

“Underground” Methods for “Taking Possession of  
the Earth”

By LYNN FORD

THE average citizen doubtless looked upon the conviction of William D. Haywood, and ninety-two other officers and members of the Industrial Workers of the World, for conspiracy to hamper the Government in the prosecution of the war, as the end of that organization.

But this was the mildest sort of homeopathic treatment for the cancerous growth of the I. W. W. Only the keen knife of Government surgery to absolutely remove it can stop its malignant growth.

The exact effect of the conviction of these ninety-three members is best portrayed in one of the I. W. W. organs, “The New Solidarity,” which, as “Solidarity,” was suppressed some time ago but erupted anew after the signing of the armistice. Referring to these convictions, in the first issue under its so slightly camouflaged title, the “New Solidarity” printed:

“The greatest blessing (if the term can be used) was that an acquittal did not follow the ending of the Chicago trials; for it is possible that had an acquittal followed, a conservative policy may have been adopted, carrying with it too much dependence and reliance on the courts of America, and would necessarily have had a tendency to stifle, for the time at least, the real revolutionary thought of the workers.”

Government officers have estimated the maximum membership of the I. W. W. as never above 50,000 at any one time, but more than 200,000 membership cards have been issued and the work of increasing the membership is going on steadily today by means that, according to letters that have been found, do not stop this side of “bumping” the

man who refuses to join. The phrase "bumping" seems innocent enough to the uninitiated, but when it is understood that it means only one thing—murder—it throws a stronger light on the feverish activities today of these people whose one object is, according to their own preamble, "to take possession of the earth."

The resolution presented in November by the Mexican delegates to the Pan-American Labor Conference, aiming at the release from prison of the convicted Industrial Workers of the World, was evidence that the friends of this organization are alert. The adoption of resolutions by socialists calling upon the President to release all "political prisoners" convicted under the espionage act, indicates that ere long there will be a concerted effort to achieve this end.

The right of the I. W. W. to organize in time of peace was not in the least affected by the conviction of their leaders for acts committed during the war. Several states have enacted laws designed to prevent the teaching of syndicalism and sabotage but they have yet to prove themselves effective.

The leaders of the I. W. W. considered the possibilities of legal barriers aimed to prevent their openly organizing. During the cross examination of Wm. D. Haywood, at his trial in Chicago, a letter written by him was introduced, commenting on a suggestion that in case of government interference headquarters be established in Canada or Mexico. "I think the underground route will be better," he wrote.

Questioned by the Government prosecutor, Haywood's replies were as follows:

Q. "What is the 'underground route'?"

Ans. "Well, the underground route is organizing underground."

Q. "Secretly?"

Ans. "Secretly, yes."

Q. "So that the government would not know what you were doing?"

Ans. "So that there would not be anyone excepting the workers themselves——"

Q. "And on Aug. 24, 1917, it was your thought that the underground route, this secret route of carrying on your organization would be better? Doing it right here in Chicago instead of going to Old Mexico or Canada?"



Ans. "Yes."

Q. "But to do it underground."

Ans. "Yes, sir."

Q. (Quoting letter) "'In fact, to tell you the truth, we have already taken steps, and are now perfecting the same, to run the affairs of the organization via the U. G. route if it becomes necessary.' Had you done so?"

Ans. "Yes, sir, I think so."

Q. "Had taken precautions at headquarters and throughout the organization——"

Ans. "We were making some steps toward that end."

This course means the continuation in the United States of a revolutionary organization working secretly for the overthrow of the government.

A part of the "Preamble," or statement, of I. W. W. principles reads as follows:

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among the millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

"Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

"Instead of the conservative motto, 'A fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, 'Abolition of the wage system.'

"It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every day struggle with capitalists, but to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

#### THE I. W. W. KNOWS NO RIGHT AND WRONG

THE history of the organization shows that at one time there was an expressed intent to make partial use of political means to achieve their ends. This point became an issue between the radical and conservative groups and the "direct actionists" under the leadership of Haywood won. All reference to political action was eliminated and with this revolutionary principle of "direct action" as a premise the organization was built.

The methods of the organization are thus set forth by their historian:

“As a revolutionary organization the Industrial Workers of the World aims to use any and all tactics that will get the results sought with the least expenditure of time and energy. The tactics used are determined solely by the power of the organization to make good in their use. The question of ‘right’ and ‘wrong’ does not concern us.”

The I. W. W. from its inception has been a lawless organization, an organization that is a law unto itself.

“An injury to one is an injury to all” is the I. W. W. motto. In the record of the organization there is no evidence that any member was ever expelled for the commission of crime, although hundreds have been convicted on charges varying from vagrancy to murder. Defense funds are continually being raised for the support of members charged with offenses against the criminal statutes. This attitude results in the recruiting of many members who find it advantageous to have the support of an organization that does not desert them when they come in conflict with the law.

Members are taught to regard as martyrs all of their number convicted of crime. They have endeavored to canonize members who have been executed for murder or who have fallen in open conflict with the authorities.

While the I. W. W. has operated from time to time in the East, as at Lawrence and Paterson during the strikes of the textile workers, it is west of the Mississippi that it is best known. British Columbia and Mexico have also offered a fertile field.

One of the largest and most influential branches of the I. W. W. has been the Agricultural Workers Industrial Union. Its membership is enrolled from migratory laborers in the harvest fields of the West. The character of the recruits in this division is typical of that in other branches and will best serve for illustrative purposes.

The problem of labor in the harvest fields is one of which the East knows but little. In the Middle West it is a constantly recurring source of difficulty. The demand begins early in the summer in the more southerly states, cur-



rent wages almost invariably rise and there is an influx of migratory labor. The demand for help on the farms is urgent. The laborers move northward with the ripening of the grain. They are recruited from the most unstable class of manual laborers, and usually are obliged to work long hours with inadequate provision, if any, for their housing. They "beat their way" on freight trains from one place to another on the chance of finding work in competition with their fellows. Between jobs they live in "jungle camps" on the outskirts of the smaller towns in the farming communities. These men are regarded as a necessary evil to be used and gotten rid of as soon as possible. In the winter months many of them seek work in the lumber camps.

#### TOLD TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE EARTH

**H**ERE is a social element which the I. W. W. organizer finds willing to listen to his teachings. The doctrine of syndicalism which they preach is admirably adapted to appeal to these homeless drifters. They do not urge "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work," but council their members to "take possession of the earth——." They maintain also that the law is a thing to be flouted as it is designed to keep them in the mire. The officers are the "hirelings of the capitalists" and their natural enemies. They are told that every employer, no matter how humble, is their enemy and that sabotage is their weapon to be used, wherever possible, to break him.

In considering the future of the I. W. W. there are two distinct elements to keep in mind. One the migratory worker just discussed, a class made up largely of men American born of both native and foreign parentage.

The other, the foreign born laborer who has come to this country, settled in a locality among his fellow countrymen and engaged in the occupation responsible for their colonization. This class depending upon their native tongue, often without opportunity or incentive to learn our language and customs, remain distressingly ignorant. They are open

to exploitation in many ways, and are almost wholly without understanding of the possibilities which our society offers. There are hundreds of thousands of such foreigners in thousands of colonies in this country.

These make a favorite field for the I. W. W. organizer. Many of the same conditions which make the migratory worker susceptible to agitation are present here. The open organization work has practically ceased for the present; but the methods used up to the time of the government's action will be used again.

ADVISE "BUMPING," WHICH MEANS MURDER

**D**URING the Chicago trial it was shown that the I. W. W. organizers include a large percentage of unnaturalized foreigners. These men, sometimes under pay from the parent organization and sometimes remunerated by the various branches, travel about the country seeking localities in which laborers of their own nationality are employed.

When they find any considerable group thus engaged they begin the work of agitation among them. If this prospers, headquarters are opened and from the initiation fees, dues and the sale of literature, the "local" becomes self-supporting and, in many instances, there is a surplus which goes to swell the fund of the parent organization.

Often, when members started to proselyte, intimidation became an instrument. It being the custom for the shifting laborers to ride the freight trains, militant exponents of I. W. W.ism found it an easy matter to go over the trains and coerce the men into joining. The following letter, which was sent by one of the members to the secretary of his branch, is indicative of the method used:

"Well, James, we had a real fast time coming here from Minot last night with the Sissors (laborers not I. W. W.'s). We unloaded eleven of them and beat up one fellow worker for knocking Haywood and calling him a grafter to a bunch of natives which was proven by two fellow workers who overheard the conversation. So we used direct action on him and I think he will perhaps receive some more drastic action in the future. Send all live wires this way immediately, as



they are badly needed here this fall. It seems as if we are the first to come from the West, and we sure are making a showing. Well, Jim, you should have been with us. We sure had some time coming. We did not leave anything half done. We considered ourselves as the Flying Squadron and took a clean sweep. We unloaded everyone that did not have the necessary red card and direct action was the pass word, and we made a clean sweep, and we made some time, too. We caught up to one scab and he spoke to me and called me by name, and wss trying to explain where he saw me and I walloped him and knocked him off the top of a box car. He hit the grit at about a 25-mile clip. His name I think is West, but it doesn't matter. He was lying on the ground when we went around the curve, so I hope him all the future luck that he may find in North Dakota. I also lined up a fellow by the name of Shelly Mosely. He said that he had just come from Spokane. Do you know if he done any scabbing anywhere? If so let me know; I will get the card. I have got his money and if he scabbed, I will give him a receipt for it, because I am going to get revenge on some of these scabs. Say, Jim, do you know if that is so about Frank Little in Butte? We have our doubts about it, but if it is so, we should get all the damn stools that we come in contact with from now on. That is, I mean to get them is to bump (murder) them."

As a coordinate branch of the I. W. W. organization a publishing bureau is maintained at the Chicago headquarters. Since the government raids it has been somewhat restricted in output, devoting the greater part of its activity to defense literature, designed to raise funds for the members being prosecuted by the government.

#### PALLIATIVE MEASURES WILL NOT DESTROY THE I. W. W.

**F**ORMERLY two weekly papers in English were published: "Solidarity" in Chicago and the "Industrial Worker" in Seattle. A staff of foreign editors was engaged at the Chicago headquarters in supervising the publication of propagandist newspapers in Italian, Lithuanian, Yiddish, Hungarian, Polish, Portuguese, Bulgarian, Russian, Spanish, Slavonian, Swedish and Norwegian. These were filled with articles designed to arouse hostility to the government and to implant distrust of our institutions and faith in our society in the minds of the foreign workmen. These papers all enjoyed the second-class mailing privilege

until long after the declaration of war. They were circulated in the foreign settlements and served as an effective medium in the hands of the foreign organizers.

Palliative measures will not be effective in disposing of I. W. W.ism. The root lies too deep. Social "remedies" for the unrest which makes men prey to radical agitation may be reserved for discussion by those who deal in cure-alls. Certain it is that if the drifting laborer is to be estranged from these radical teachings we must secure some more comprehensive and rational handling of the migratory labor problem. To permit this to go on in the haphazard fashion which has characterized it in the past is to insure the future of the I. W. W.

The urgent demand for this class of labor will continue so long as there are crops to harvest, raw materials to be handled and constructive work accomplished incidental to the upbuilding of great stretches of our country. In the West labor undirected often drifts aimlessly. It is not available when wanted or in periods of economic instability it is forced into competition which results in reduced wages and even greater uncertainty of employment than that which ordinarily characterizes it.

The "hire and fire" system must give way to proper and effective supervision of working and living conditions and the transportation and distribution of labor if we are to lessen the dissatisfaction which has resulted in making the migratory laborer willing to embrace the revolutionary propaganda of the I. W. W.

#### BOLSHEVISM AND I. W. W. ARE THE SAME

THE continuation of I. W. W.ism among the foreign population of the United States has become in the light of recent events a subject of international aspect. Officers of the I. W. W. and foreign correspondents have stated that former members of the organization are high in the councils of the present Russian régime.

Many of the leading spirits of the Soviet Government



are men who have lived in the United States and they are familiar with the open and underground channels whereby radical organizations can be fostered in this country. In Germany, Switzerland, Sweden and other countries representatives of the Bolshevik are reported to be busily engaged in spreading their propaganda. These agents are reported to be well supplied with funds and their activities have been a matter for boastful comment. The Bolshevik leaders consider the propagation of worldwide revolution as essential to their future security.

Sympathizers in this country have recently united in urging the recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States. The fact that many of these advocates have been open in their opposition to everything, regarded as essential in making our participation in the war effective, is sufficient to arouse suspicion as to their purpose in this. Certainly with freedom of egress from Russia established numerous agitators may be expected. There are thousands of supporters here who can be depended upon to carry on agitation whether or not agents are sent directly from Russia. Funds can be transmitted secretly. That the I. W. W. will prove a ready instrumentality here there can be little doubt.

Let there be no misunderstanding of the fact that the worst of Bolshevism and I. W. W.ism are identical. It will be largely to the foreigner speaking an alien tongue that the appeal will be made. We have been remiss in devising effective means and urging the education of the aliens among us. The need has been made plain in many ways but in none having a more vital bearing upon our security than the readiness with which this element of our population embraces the teaching of the I. W. W.

# THE WAR'S INFLUENCE ON ART

*An Interview with*

HERBERT ADAMS

[PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN]

*For The Forum*

THE artist always reflects his time. He is as much "the brief abstract and chronicle of the time" as the player or the poet. I believe this war has proven a great inspiration to the American artist. I believe it has made the whole craft more sincere in its aims. I believe it will stop a lot of groping, a lot of striving after false gods; if one can dignify such new emotions as have sprung up within the last decade or so by such a title. I believe we are going to have something fresh; if not absolutely new, to say. We are after all the creature of our period. "The spirit of the time shall give us speed." And the spirit of this great new time will give us new expression.

It were an axiom too trite for repetition did it not smack of the eternal verities, that history repeats itself. I believe that history is about to repeat itself again in art. There is going to be a renaissance of motive, of theme, of expression. The man with the genuine soul of the artist in him is hovering on the borders of a new order of inspiration. It may not appear fully to this generation of us. But it is positive. For it must be so. All great periods of art have been but the expression of their time. Art has come after the event. Not its avatar, but its fulfiller. Not its prophet, but its final concrete message.

The greatest movements in art from the very beginning of the world have faithfully followed just such world movements as we are now passing through. The exquisite art of the Persians was followed by the marvelous and still compelling broader art-spirit of the Greeks, when they had thrown off the shadow of the dominion of Cyrus the Great.



## THE FIGHT FOR LIBERTY—ART'S CRADLE

IT was the Greeks, fighting for world-liberty as we are fighting now, who gave us the splendid ideals which we can never forsake; the might and glory of the human form, to say nothing of those monuments wherein it was enshrined; the Parthenon and the minor temples of Athens. The world waited again for centuries till wars were old; till the last human passion seemed to have been exhausted in the elemental struggle, the unceasing strife that typifies human existence; and again art was born anew. I refer of course to the Italian Renaissance. This was the fruit of a great religious awakening.

The first trend of the revival which is pending as the result of this new upheaval of peoples, *should* manifest itself here in the development of a sound industrial art. We have never had enough art here in America. We do not as a nation understand it. We have been too busy with more apparently fundamental things. Then let us begin here and now. Considering all things that contribute to the real progress of a new formation of human character; looking at matters from a purely material standpoint; it is imperative that every step possible be taken to nourish the artist-artisan.

This is the very foundation of all taste for the beautiful as expressed in the concrete. Heretofore it has been an easy matter to get designers, skilled artisans, masters of their craft from abroad. But these men have given their lives, their souls, in this great struggle. They have flung everything aside in the effort to save home and country. It remains for us as the conservators; the guardians; to perpetuate their work. Our manufacturers have felt this pinch direfully, and if we are going to not only compete with, but continue the taste and skill of our models; if we are going to perpetuate and express in our everyday lives the benison they have bestowed upon us; we have got to make a genuine effort.

## MUST NOT FORGET THE ARTS OF PEACE

WE must build and foster the industrial art-school. We must realize that in the truest sense the arts of peace are as great as the arts of war. "The glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome" can never be ours till we seriously understand these things. The talent is here; it is inherent among us: it goes begging in our streets. We shall never be the nation that God intended us to be till we develop it among ourselves. The greatest emphasis of the fact that we must have a fundamental industrial art: for without art as without vision, the people perish; is that we cannot depend on it from abroad any longer.

Our day as a people has come, has been given to us, to take our place in the van of civilization; and how can we hope for so much as a true beginning without a genuine foundation? What can and must uphold our thought but a genuine knowledge and expression of that sincerity which in all ages has governed mankind; and which in its esthetic expression no matter how common, has been the moulding and the guiding principle of humanity?

So far as this immediate war is concerned we artists of America have not learned so much from it at first hand as might have been our mission. Not for record, not for propaganda, but for the influence on the art of the future. For the artist is a persistent spirit: he belongs in the category of genius: he cannot be denied. Of course I speak as a partisan; but I must say that I think we should, considering the tremendous magnitude of the contest and its natural consequences have had something like an adequate representation "over there."

## MUST WE LOOK TO THE FRENCH FOR REAL WAR ART?

IT may be that with this unforgettable and almost unforgivable drawback we may produce a first-hand war-artist worthy of the great cause for which we have so wonderfully fought as a people. The French are closer to the scene.



And their artists have gone into the trenches to a man—as all their men of genius have done. Must we look for a new Detaille, a new De Neuville, amongst them? Perhaps some true American of genius may come scrambling out of those trenches and give us our stir.

This war has, I repeat, been a great inspiration to the American artist as a whole. It has illuminated and uplifted us as a class. Has taught us to look anew at the serious side of life. And this effect will be cumulative and lasting. One of its most striking results is that it has brought to the front a class of men who have never been popular before. The public had never for instance given a full measure of credit to the poster-man and the illustrator. Their powers have been limited to a narrow range. They have never been called on to go much beyond the depiction in her younger and prettier phases of the “eternal feminine,” especially the illustrator. They are now going to try to take an interest in heroic figures, perhaps, typifying industry; and the more serious aspects of life—the artistic quality that can be found in shapes of men wielding sledges, building bridges, doing the real work of man.

America in art has absorbed all the sugar she needs. She is going to get the rye bread and the cold meat now for awhile. We have never accepted the forceful way in which Europeans, especially the French, make pictures. Their art seems to us to be crude. The French have realized before we have done the artistic possibilities in what we have been calling the “ugly”—something we have always been trying to smother somehow in our delineations of the life about us. So our artists have been getting a training they are now beginning to realize.

#### WAR HAS GIVEN OUR ARTISTS A HIGHER IDEAL

AGAIN, the poster-man had been largely employed in advertising effort: drawing motor trucks, ladies' hosiery, canned food, vegetables, and the like. While his best work has been art, and sometimes art of a very fine grade, it has

never had any general recognition on that plane; because he worked for commercial ends. The war has put the craft of the poster-man on a higher plane, has lifted him to a place where he has had the opportunity of his best powers. It has brought to the front and given international reputation even to several men like C. B. Falls, Forrester and Adolf Kriedler. And the war has taken the whole business of dictating poster-art out of the hands of the lithographing firms. Formerly they ruled the draughtsman; he worked only according to their plans. Now they will listen to him. The war has given him a definite standing as a man of an acknowledgeable craft.

Again, take the case of the cartoonist. He has hitherto been accepted only locally in a few instances nationally; as in the case of men like Rollin Kirby, Winsor McCay, W. A. Rogers, and Tom Powers. Now the cartoonist will have a chance to deal with the broader field of international politics. He will "chum up with" and caricature kings and great men of other countries as well as the last Tammany candidate. With broadened opportunities he will develop a finer responsiveness to his metier. He will deal with a wider humanity.

What I have said about the poster-man and the cartoonist is equally true of the illustrator, to speak of those grades of art which appeal more directly to the masses. The publisher, especially the magazine publisher, has heretofore required from him a certain type of work, largely based on love-making in its various phases. The American girl in all her varying types of loveliness, and her "young man" in all his variety, have been the favorite theme. The illustrator has usually been called on when handed out a story for illustration to pick out scenes in which the love-making was prominent. But from now on there is a very great possibility the publisher will insist on a more serious, a more workaday point of view.

The conventional notion of the artist is that he is a more or less shiftless person with very little business faculty. This war has shown him to have a good deal more common



sense than he is generally given credit for. He has proven great capacity as an organizer, and as a steady producing unit upholding his branch of the war work splendidly. The moral effect of this getting of artists together, of organizing them for war work, will be lasting in its good to the whole fraternity when the war is done. The artist will be far more gregarious with his kind than he ever was before in America—something our own art has greatly needed. As a final word I might say that the artist has profited financially far less by this war than any man of any other trade, craft or profession. He has, as the records will show, literally almost, taken his pay in patriotism. His reward is to come.

## DREAMERS OVERSEAS

By DAVID MORTON

ONE will remember, after lightless days,  
The slanting sunlight, how it touched his hill,  
The purple, drifted dusk, come sweet and still  
Above his fields and wagon-rutted ways;  
And one, the pasture where his cattle graze,  
And one the little Town, all tender grown  
In every tree-lined street and paving-stone,  
The men at market and the passing drays.

So dear the vision comes they scarce can think  
How all of this shall yet be theirs again,  
The quiet things of quiet-hearted men;—  
These be the cups in secret that they drink:  
The white road curving where the fields are brown,  
The gleaming streets, the clean and comely Town.

# PREVENTING FUTURE WARS

## A Plan for Co-operative World Organization

By DR. CHARLES R. VAN HISE, LL.D.

[PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN]

**I**F, when the terms of peace have been concluded, some way has not been worked out so that gigantic wars will not recur, we shall be obliged to conclude that the human being has not traveled sufficiently far along the road of rationalism to learn even by the most bitter and costly experience.

To prevent the recurrence of great wars there is the proposal for a League of Free Nations. This League must be created as an integral part of the terms of peace. The President of the United States and the Premier of Great Britain are definitely committed to it. High officials of France, Italy and Japan have expressed warm sympathy with the idea of the League.

This is the golden opportunity, *today*. If the principle be allowed to slip away and each of the Allied nations again devotes itself exclusively to its own interests, it will then be very difficult to form an effective organization for safeguarding the world's peace. Today when the Allied nations are acting together in all that relates to the terms of peace is the time that they are most likely to agree upon obligations to prevent the recurrence of wars.

As Americans, it is important to consider the obligations that our participation in such an association would bring upon us. They are great. But if we shirk the responsibility, it is inevitable that some time in the future we will again be obliged to intervene in a war for which we are in no way responsible and the initiation of which we had no means to control.



Because of the intimate international relations, now existent, if a world conflagration again starts, it is almost inevitable that we shall be drawn into it precisely as we were into this. With the end of this war, the great nations involved find themselves with mighty armaments upon land and sea. They have maintained these armaments by borrowing enormous sums of money. With the termination of the war, the current expenses for any country must be reduced to the income derived from taxation. That income must in addition provide for the interest upon the colossal war debt, and if possible some increment toward liquidation.

#### ARMAMENTS MUST BE REDUCED

**I**T is clear that armaments as they existed at the end of the war cannot be maintained. They must be reduced, however jingoistic a nation may be. It is obvious that it cannot be proposed that armaments shall be equal for all nations. It cannot be suggested that Liberia and Great Britain shall have armies and navies of the same size. The reduced armaments should be proportioned to the importance and power of the nations.

As a first approximation toward this, the disarmament should be proportioned, and disarmament under this principle should be carried as far as possible. To illustrate, for the navies: Great Britain, at the end of the war, has a fleet upon the sea substantially three times that at the beginning of the war. To maintain a fleet in times of peace is almost as expensive as during war. The men must be paid; the ships kept in repair.

The British sea-going fleet should be reduced to, say, one-third, one-tenth or any other fraction which may be decided upon of the power of the fleet at the end of the war. The reduction should apply, so far as practicable, to each class of ships. In regard to the ships which are put out of commission, the guns would be dismantled and the ships placed at anchor in the harbors. In case of necessity they would be available rapidly. The proportion agreed upon

would apply to the United States and to all other members of the League.

The proportional reduction of armies is not so easy to illustrate in simple terms, but the principle of armaments in proportion to power and influence should be applied so far as practicable.

It is to be noted under the principle of proportional disarmament that each nation would have the same relative power that it possessed before such action. I am glad to be able to state that Lloyd George supports the principle of proportional disarmament.

Who are to be our associates in the League? In the majority of proposals which have been made it has been provided that all the free nations that desire to enter a League may do so. A League thus formed would consist of many nations. Recognizing the very great difference in the strength and influence of the members of such a group of nations, various schemes have been suggested for proportional influence. All these schemes present insuperable difficulties because of the pride of nations of intermediate power and influence. These nations would claim as their right the same position as the first-class Powers.

#### WHO TO COMPOSE THE LEAGUE?

TO form a League of Nations which shall at the outset include all the free nations that wish to enter is inadvisable. The League should at first consist of the free nations which have borne to the end the larger part of the burden of this war against autocracy, viz: the United States, England, France, Italy and Japan. The organization of such a League, even if it included no other nation, would go far toward ensuring the future security of the world. Even covenants of the English-speaking peoples would be a mighty influence in that direction.

If the League of Free Nations is first limited to the five Powers named, the difficulties in regard to representation are overcome. They will have equal representation. The difficulties of disarmament are largely overcome. These na-



tions have acted together; their interests are common; they are in sympathy. They will work out a plan under the general principle of proportioned disarmament, maintaining in the aggregate a power sufficient to secure the peace of the world. The League of the five nations once formed, other nations would be admitted under the constitution of the League, and they would have the rights and powers given them under that constitution.

A question which immediately arises is: Shall Germany, which country is already committed to the principle of a League, be admitted under the terms of its constitution? As soon as the German people have shown that they are a free people, wholly independent of autocracy, have completely abandoned the evil doctrine of Might and are ready to support the existence of a moral order in the world, Germany should become a member of the League of Free Nations. This would mean that Germany, once admitted to the League, in the matter of armaments as well as others should be treated upon the same basis as the other five Powers. But there should be the strictest guarantees that the agreements should not be surreptitiously disregarded. If Germany is allowed to unduly expand her armies, this will start again in the world the race for enormous armaments.

Another question that arises in connection with the admission of Germany to the League is the economic treatment of the Central Powers after the war. In this matter there are two phases, that of reconstruction and that of a permanent policy following reconstruction. It is possible, indeed probable, that during the period of reconstruction there will be a shortage of essential materials.

#### NO UNFAIR PRACTICES IN INTERNATIONAL TRADE

**D**URING this period the needs of the Allies must have preference, since the restoration of Belgium, France and Siberia has been made necessary in large measure because of the ruthless and unlawful acts of the Central Powers.

Following the reconstruction period, when the world

has assumed its normal condition, the Central Powers should be placed upon precisely the same economic basis as are other nations. Each nation, with regard to tariff and similar policies, will retain its own autonomy; but the League of Nations must see that no nation within the League which has equal treatment with regard to raw materials shall pursue unfair practices in international trade. In short, unfair practices in international trade, illustrated by dumping, must be outlawed, precisely as are unfair practices in national trade. In this respect Germany has been an offender in the past, and only when she reforms completely shall she have the same treatment as other nations with regard to raw materials.

We should be implacable in imposing upon Germany, to the utmost limit she is able to bear them, the full penalties for all actions which she has taken contrary to international law. When peace has been concluded, the sanctity of international law must be re-established. The small nations which have been outraged contrary to international law, so far as possible, must be reimbursed for all the wrongs they have suffered. This position is not taken with the idea of revenge, but from the point of view of justice and the necessity of convincing every German that all violations of international law will carry their inexorable penalties.

The penalty upon Germany having been exacted, the past should be eliminated from further consideration and a course of justice pursued. Only so can there be permanent peace in the world. It cannot be denied that the Germans are a great people, and that if permanently kept out of a League of Nations Germany will be the center of another group of nations. In that event, we would return to the old balance of power between the League of Free Nations and another League of Nations led by Germany. There can be no permanent peace which does not include finally all the great nations of the world in the League of Free Nations.

But we want to know just what responsibilities our obligations in a League will entail upon us; what benefits in turn will be derived. Briefly, how the League will curb war.



## HOW WAR WILL BE CURBED

ALL the proposals that I have seen concerning the League provide for a separation of cases arising between the members of the League into two classes—justiciable and non-justiciable. All agree that justiciable cases should go to a regularly constituted court, either the existing Hague court or a new court formed directly under the League.

For the non-justiciable cases it is agreed that for a difference between two nations which they themselves are unable to settle they shall not go to war with each other until the members of the League have considered the dispute. The grounds of difference will be investigated and recommendations made for settlement by the League. The thought comes that the body created by the direct representatives of the nations in the League would be too cumbersome to handle quickly and deftly the questions of *casus belli* submitted for its consideration. This great body should control policies, but it should create instruments and agents to carry out these policies. The actual work of executing the spirit of these policies as applied to disputes between nations should be done by these instruments and agents. The investigation of any *casus belli* would thus be made by a commission appointed by non-interested members of the League and its recommendation should be final. To require that the recommendations of a tribunal should be unanimous, or after their consideration by the members of the League the League itself shall be unanimous, as has been seriously proposed, would be a decision at the outset to make the League of Nations futile. Warning us against the principle of unanimity, there is the case of the Nobles of Poland, who acted under it with calamitous consequences to that country for more than a century. On the other hand the acceptance by the American people of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, often with a bare majority, upon most momentous questions, some of these between the several states during the early years of the Union, when the states were being cemented into a nation, is conclusive evidence of the soundness of the principle of majority.

But what if a member of the League goes to war, contrary to the recommendation made upon its submitted cause for grievance? What should be the position of the United States concerning such an eventuality that might again confront us with war? How are we of the League to be saved from war?

It has been proposed, indeed strongly urged, by many who are advocating a League of Nations that all members of the League shall bind themselves in such a case to support an attacked state with their armies and navies and also economically. But such a stipulation would automatically hurl us into any war. Better, by far, instead of so pledging its members to strife would it be were the League to agree that any member of it shall be free, if it so desires, to support the attacked state with its army and navy. Let there be that right of decision, but make it obligatory that all members of the League agree absolutely to boycott the offending nation; to have no trade or communication with it in any way whatever, to treat it as an outlaw among the free peoples of the world.

So dependent are nations upon one another in these days of instantaneous communication, rapid transportation, and international commerce, that any nation would be very slow to go to war contrary to recommendations which the League had made upon its case. For to go to war that way would be to go with the certainty that the war would have to be prosecuted entirely upon the attacking nation's own resources, that no help could be in any way derived from any other nation; not only so, but that in relations other than war it will be treated as a leper.

#### WHAT OF NATIONS NOT IN THE LEAGUE?

**A**NOTHER possibility is disputes, bordering upon war, between members of the League and nations not members. In such eventualities, the League should be free to follow the same procedure as if the dispute were between two of its members. That is to say, it should take steps



for the investigation of differences and the making of recommendations. If the nation outside the League attacked a nation within the League before the case was investigated and recommendations made or contrary to the recommendations, then, again, the nations of the League should be free to support their ally with their armies and navies and should be bound to support it by complete boycott of the offending state.

In the case of a controversy between two nations altogether outside the League, probably it is not wise to propose that the League should do more than tender its good offices to settle the difference which threatens war. This offer might not always be accepted, but if it were accepted by one state and not accepted by the other, it is inevitable that the state that was attacked would have at least the moral support and influence of the nations of the League. No war has ever illustrated the mighty power of moral support as has this war which is just being finished.

New states have been created through the disintegration of Russia and will be created by the disintegration of Austria. It will be necessary that these states have a big brother to assist them when necessary until they get on their feet, precisely as the United States served as a big brother for Cuba until she was able to act independently. This is international work. This function should be exercised directly through the League of Free Nations. An organization should be created by it to handle international responsibility in the interests of the world. This will involve the setting up of an appropriate government in each case, the apportioning of the necessary protection and the allocation of the required funds among the members of the League. From time to time, as need arises, a helping hand should be given, but always with the purpose of developing a province exclusively in the interests of its inhabitants, and finally, when the time comes, of establishing self-government. This passage from government by an instrument of the League of Nations to self-government in each case should be the ultimate goal.

## ABANDONING OUR ISOLATION

**B**UT to engage ourselves in a League is a complete abandonment of our traditional policy of isolation. Already in this war, the United States has abandoned the policy of isolation and has acted in practical alliance with the great Powers fighting Germany. It is true that the President has always alluded to the other Powers as our associates in war rather than as our Allies; but in every respect in the conduct of the war the United States has acted precisely as have the other members of the alliance. Indeed the United States has taken leadership in making the alliance stronger and firmer through a common command of the fighting forces, through co-operation in the feeding of the Allies, and through the apportionment of the materials of war.

Even if we had not already abandoned the policy of isolation, sooner or later it would have been necessary to do so under the conditions of the modern world. The policy may have been wise when the Atlantic Ocean was a great gulf between America and Europe. Transportation and communication were so slow that the United States could pursue policies independent of those followed in Europe. However, now that communication is instantaneous and transportation so rapid that goods cross the Atlantic in less than a week, and the trade of each nation depends upon materials derived from other nations, isolation is no longer possible. The world has become one body, and no great member of it can proceed independently of other members. They must act together, and this is only possible through formal treaty covenants.

Moreover, the proposal to join a League of Free Nations is fundamentally different from joining an alliance of the kind which was meant when the doctrine of avoiding entangling alliances was developed. The danger of joining an alliance is that this alliance will get into armed conflict with another alliance. The plan of balance of powers between alliances in Europe, we know has lead to disastrous wars from time to time. If it were proposed that the United States should enter into an alliance with one or two Powers in Eu-



rope, the objection would hold that it would be entering into an entangling alliance. But the proposal is that the United States shall enter a League of Free Nations, which shall at the outset include the great dominant free nations and which shall finally include practically all nations. This is not an alliance, but a step toward co-operative world organization, and therefore World Peace. Not only should the United States enter the League of Free Nations, but she should take the position of leadership in its formation to which she is entitled from the commanding influence which she is exercising at the present time in the councils of the world.

# HOW'S MEXICO NOW?

By LINN A. E. GALE

**M**EXICO CITY is all right! She is carrying on a difficult task of reconstruction, made necessary by almost seven years of revolution, in a sane, intelligent and practical fashion that is full of promise for her future. Resorting to American vernacular, it may be said that Mexico City—and the whole country as well—is “coming back” after having had its full share of “rough stuff.”

It is no exaggeration to say that Mexico, from one end to the other, is experiencing a boom—not a spasmodic, fly-by-night boom, but a steady, gradual one that has all the ear-marks of permanency. This boom extends to every phase of legitimate business activity, and is the logical companion and result of the policy of rehabilitation that President Carranza is putting into operation throughout Mexico.

Right here, let the fabrications about President Carranza's pro-Germanism be put out of the mind once and for all. President Carranza is *not* pro-German and his governmental associates and advisers are not. A few may have been pro-German yesterday, but not today. It is easy for the average American to overlook that the viewpoint of the Mexican statesman is necessarily somewhat different than the viewpoint of the statesman of the United States. This is not saying that there is any inherent conflict between the interests of the two countries. There is not, obviously, but there are such entirely different conditions in the two countries and there has been so much trouble between Americans and Mexicans that a feeling akin to suspicion may naturally remain among some leaders of both countries. President Carranza, in common with other prominent Mexicans, feels that there have been altogether too many capitalists “milking” Mexico, exploiting Mexican laborers and even encour-



aging resistance to the Mexican government for mercenary purposes.

As I have said, Mexico is experiencing a boom. To be sure, all of the damage done during the revolution has not been repaired, and there are not as many Americans here as there were before it. But probably all that was possible under existing conditions has been done in the time since order was really restored. Little remains to show the devastation wrought by the internal strife of a few years ago, and again there is a flux of investors, manufacturers and other business men from foreign countries to the Capital of the Mexican republic. Mexico City is already a "Melting Pot" of no mean importance and every week sees fresh evidence of unfolding prosperity. The city has always contained many Americans and British, it has a small French element, a large number of Russians and a surprising Oriental population, the Chinese and Japanese having frequently intermarried with Mexicans. Of Germans there is also a large colony, most of the drug stores being owned by Germans.

#### MEXICO'S PERMANENT GROWTH

**E**RECTION of many new structures, both for offices and homes, and improvement and enlargement of many old buildings, are signs of the times that are noticeable. One might say that a mild building fever has been in progress for some time and keeps gaining.

New stores, business houses and other enterprises are opening, not in leaps and jumps, but with a steadiness that shows that the growth is normal. The city is developing—that's all. It is beginning to take its place in the world as a trade center as well as the capital of a rich and beautiful country and the scene of some of the greatest marvels of architecture to be found anywhere on the globe. It is acquiring an appreciation of commodities, manufactures and the like, and combining it with the Mexican racial tendency of overlooking more practical and prosaic things while delighting in gorgeous flowers, beautiful parks, spangled gowns and magnificent monuments.

President Carranza has all along shown a real interest in having a more evenly-balanced development in his country. At the present time the Mexican government is giving special attention to the encouragement of new industries.

The Secretary of Industry and Commerce recently called attention to the government's willingness to cooperate, especially in establishing industries for making shoe polish, metal polish, and preserves, for which the necessary glass and tin were formerly not available. In many instances the government has manifested a decidedly socialistic trend by giving substantial aid to new industries that seemed really worth while. Two new auto-tire factories have just been opened in Mexico City.

#### MAY LEAD THE WORLD IN OIL

**I**N oil production Mexico is forging forward rapidly. Figures show that so far in 1918 about twice as much oil has been shipped to the United States as during the corresponding portion of the year 1917. Mexico is now third in oil production and will undoubtedly pass Russia and take second place before the end of the year. In time she may lead the United States in petroleum production and stand first. It has been estimated that if the 65 existing wells in Mexico were allowed to flow freely, they would produce 250,000,000 barrels of oil a year, or almost as much as the United States produces in its innumerable wells. When new wells are opened, Mexico's supremacy in oil would seem almost certain.

Of the world's stock of silver, it is claimed that 40 per cent is mined in Mexico. The country ranks second among the countries of the world in copper production, third in lead and fourth in gold. The chief products of Mexico are in every case articles which are needed in the United States in ever-increasing quantities. The list is topped with petroleum, silver, gold, copper and lead, while zinc, other minerals, cattle, sheep, hides, skins, wool, long staple cotton, sisal and other fibers, coffee, cane sugar, tobacco, rice, rubber, dye-



woods, gums, wax, vegetable oils, cabinet woods, raw silk, tropical fruits, nuts, spices, winter vegetables, asphalt, clays, fertilizers, manufacturing chemicals, medicinal plants and many other products fill out the big Mexican cornucopia.

There has lately been reported a big increase in the coin output of the country and the mints are exceptionally busy. One of the late acts of the government to stimulate commerce, is the opening of the elegant Commercial Museum in Mexico City in which are exhibited samples of all raw materials and manufactured products found in the republic. A vast amount of data is also kept in the museum so that a stranger may learn practically all he may wish to know about any Mexican product or manufacture, even to the names and addresses of producers and manufacturers.

One of the best criterions of the increasing stability of business and other conditions is the extension of banking facilities, and the opening of new banks. Not long ago an American newspaper correspondent, with a fantastic imagination or an erratic pen, wrote of seeing loads of gold coin carted about the streets of Mexico City, toted back and forth in large financial transactions because business men did not dare deposit their money in any of the banks of the National Capital. The tale was enough to make a peon laugh. As a matter of fact there are several American and Canadian banks in Mexico City and they conduct business in precisely the same way as do banks in the United States. Checking accounts are maintained by a large share of business men and by many private individuals.

#### BUSINESS CONFIDENCE HAS BEEN RESTORED

THE revolution, with its conflicting governmental régimes asserting authority at the same time and issuing different kinds of money, naturally destroyed credit for a time, but business confidence is largely restored now. Checks are used extensively again, although, as everywhere, nothing takes precedence over a New York draft—except gold coin. Two new banks have opened in the country in the past few

weeks, the Petroleum Banking and Trust Company in Tampico and the Mines and Metals Security Company in Chihuahua.

International postal money-order service was recently resumed between the United States and Mexico and is again utilized extensively by inhabitants of both countries. Mexican postal service, contrary to the opinions of many in other countries, is efficient and modern. It is interesting to observe that the post-office department in this country has paid a profit for several years, which is more than can be said of the American postal system. Railway and telegraph lines are also operated and owned by the government and both have more than broken even for some time.

Mexico City and Tampico are naturally the leading cities of the country, Tampico being the center of the petroleum industry and having been very properly characterized the second Pittsburgh of America. The growth of the latter city from 30,000 eight years ago to 100,000 at the present time speaks for itself. However, not only in Mexico City and Tampico, but in all parts of the Mexican republic, there is a field of opportunity such as can hardly be rivaled anywhere on earth.

Although hindered by many misfortunes, frequently robbed by foreign capitalists and greatly damaged by internal strife, Mexico is steadily moving forward toward greater peace, progress and prosperity.



# ADMIRAL MCGOWAN

The Man Who Takes Care of Our 300,000  
Sailor Boys

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

“**W**HERE was our Great Battle Fleet operating?”  
Did that question ever occur to you?

“What waters were our fleets of torpedo-destroyers patrolling?”

“Where were our hundreds of submarine chasers?”

“What routes did our transports take?”

“What about our ‘mother-ships,’ our submarines, our naval stations, our hundred and one units of the Great American Navy?”

There is one man in Washington who could answer all of these questions at any hour of the day or night—but it was useless to ask him, for he would not tell. He was too busy supplying them all.

Whatever our Navy should have for its effectiveness; for its larder and its locker, for its coal bunkers and its stores—this man in Washington filled that order instanter.

It was a big job that fell upon the shoulders of a relatively young Fleet Paymaster, an erstwhile lawyer of South Carolina. More than 300,000 men and 1,100 ships must be taken care of day in and day out by this square-jawed Southerner who stands at the head of one of the largest business enterprises of the government, the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, disbursing some thirty million dollars every day of the year.

In his office in Washington Rear Admiral Samuel McGowan, Paymaster General of the United States Navy, speaking of his task remarked: “My rule is ‘A full plate—and a clean one!’ Every man in the Navy can have all he

wants to eat, and gets it, but he must clean up his plate." In other words, no "leavings" are permitted. It's a good Hooverizing rule, these days, which should be a slogan in every home, club, restaurant and hotel. As to clothing and personal needs the Navy has everything necessary at all times, and on every ship there is, in addition, a "store" where may be purchased at a low cost more than ninety different articles from cold cream to catsup, from pipes to pickles, vaseline to ice cream and padlocks to pastry.

#### NO SUCH EXCUSE AS "JUST OUT" IN THE NAVY'S STORE

**I**N "Do-it-now" McGowan's bright lexicon of "Naval Supplies" there's no such phrase as "We're just out." Shops, big and little, throughout the United States may have to use that phrase frequently to their customers but the man in the Navy gets what he needs when he needs it, from the fireman who wants a shovelful of coal to the Jackie who would like a second helping of apple pie.

It is not difficult to make clear why Admiral McGowan may be called a "Do-it-now" man. Admiral Sims, U-boat hunter, can tell you *how* McGowan does it. Every man in the Navy, from the newest Jackie to Secretary Daniels can tell you that there isn't a button or a shoelace lacking in the entire United States Navy, that there isn't a thing needed by it on land or sea but what is to be had for the asking.

The Subcommittee of Naval Affairs discovered, in its investigation, that Rear Admiral McGowan, Paymaster General and Chief of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, has a big job. The members of this committee reported that it is one of the biggest enterprises in the United States and that the man at the head of it "has established and well deserves a Nation-wide reputation for business efficiency."

Members of this subcommittee, in fact, went into several printed pages in its report in an attempt to describe how McGowan suddenly shifted his bureau from a little staff of 128 with only 300 ships and 55,000 men to look out for, to a staff of more than 700 men with 1,100 ships and 300,000



men to look out for, and made the shift without a bump, jar or audible sound and without changing his system.

#### EVERY DESTROYER EQUIPPED FROM BUTTONS TO BISCUITS

WHEN our destroyers went across they were fitted out to the last button and last lump of coal and last drop of oil and last tin of biscuit. They had a big job dead ahead, driving the U-boat scourge from the seas and needed a complete equipment. They got it by means of this system and to make sure that Admiral Sims could keep right on with his day and night task of smashing the enemy subs without a hitch or a moment's delay, McGowan issued an order to the effect that whatever Admiral Sims ordered and whenever he ordered it, such supplies were to be shipped that same day without delay and that the Admiral's wishes were always to be considered the wishes of the Paymaster General.

Admiral McGowan had his own methods of getting goods that he wanted when he wanted them. First of all, prompt deliveries were facilitated in a measure by the elimination from the bidding list of all who were not, previous to bidding, manufacturers of or regular dealers in the articles desired.

The Navy had important business. McGowan knew it, but he wanted the people who were manufacturing the supplies to know it, too; not only the manufacturers, but every man, woman and child employed in turning out the supplies. To bring this about he selected commissioned officers whom he knew to be especially fitted for this work, officers who could say something in few words and with emphasis, who could paint vivid word pictures. He told them their mission and sent them abroad to visit mills and factories and talk directly to the employes. He told them what to say and how to say it and they talked direct to these people. When they were through every employe had a new interest and an added pride in what he was doing. It was work for Uncle Sam and it had been well pictured. They speeded up.

Result:—never a fall-down on deliveries. Consequently when Admiral Sims wanted something, it was already manufactured and ready to be shipped. When anything anywhere was needed it was ready.

Orders for everything needed were placed so far ahead that the supply was never out, and the goods were ready for delivery the same hour that the request came.

#### HOW THE ADMIRAL OF SUPPLIES WORKS

ADMIRAL McGOWAN'S Washington office is unique. There is probably not another like it, certainly not another where such big business is transacted. To spend thirty million dollars a day in providing for 300,000 men on 1,100 ships necessitates some detail. One can easily imagine a mammoth office filled in every corner and crevice with desks and filing cases, shelves and index files. But that isn't McGowan's style of office.

His is a large square room. The floor is of shining parquetry, as clean as a wind-swept battleship deck. At the center, near the wall, there is a flat-topped desk with a correspondence basket, generally empty, inkstand and penholder, blotter and writing pad. At the desk is one swivel chair.

And there is not another chair in that office!

Nor is there another desk, nor any other furniture whatsoever. McGowan never sits down unless he has to sign a letter. He steps into another room to dictate his letters. He goes through the big suite of offices, on two floors, where his staff of more than seven hundred work, consults references, and does other work while standing. And when he has callers in his sanctum he rises and awaits their entrance. The callers almost invariably look about for a chair. There are none. Admiral McGowan is standing. If he can stand of course they can—and must stand.

Then he smiles. It is said that he has more friends than any other man in the country. That smile is hearty and infectious. It has fooled many who would take advantage of it. Frequently men on business would like to "talk all



around Robin Hood's barn." McGowan listens but his replies make the visitor understand that he is to say what he has to say without waste of time.

He will give his valuable time lavishly, like a spendthrift, when it is necessary. When it is not necessary it is easier to get a speech out of the Sphinx than to get an unnecessary minute out of him.

"Ahem," began a pompous visitor one day who glanced severely about the office three times in a vain search for a chair, "are you economizing in furniture?"

McGowan smiled cheerfully and even cordially. "Ah, no, not that. The fact is that if I have chairs in here I am afraid I might take up too much of the valuable time of some of my callers."

The pompous individual stated his business crisply and toddled out with a much bruised ego.

#### DEMANDS THE BEST FOR THE NAVY

THE Paymaster General is a native of South Carolina, but he has strong Missouri traits. He must be shown. When he buys something for Uncle Sam's sailor boys, whether they be officers or enlisted men, he must have first-hand, personal knowledge that it is good enough for anybody, for the best. If it is, then it may pass muster.

Whether supplies furnished the men by the Government, or sold to them from the ships' stores, they must be "first chop." If it is a lot of razor strops McGowan wants to be shown whether they are real leather or composition. There's a way to find out. He passes by the samples and delves into the stock, taking one out here and there and cutting it open full length. If it is real leather, then it is all right for the men. If not, that contractor is through.

The ability to work hard and constantly and with the greatest efficiency is a McGowan characteristic. He achieved the art of working. In his second year in the University of South Carolina he found it necessary to work his way through. He did it and he also put two others through the

University. By that time he had so well acquired the art of working that it became first nature to him. He entered the Navy Pay Corps in 1894 with the rank of Ensign. He is the only officer in the Navy who has made two cruises as Fleet Paymaster of the Atlantic Fleet.

He almost made a third cruise. There was only one reason why he did not, but it was a good one—they wouldn't let him because they wanted him to become Paymaster General.

When the fleet was engaged off Vera Cruz in 1914 a change in paymasters was due and a radio was sent to the Navy Department from the Commander-in-chief, Rear Admiral Charles J. Badger, to the effect that a Fleet Paymaster should be detailed at once and that McGowan was preferred.

#### WHY M'GOWAN WAS SELECTED

**B**UT the Secretary of the Navy had other things in view for McGowan, so he missed his third cruise. The Secretary told the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, in a great many words, just what he thought of McGowan and his work. He declared in his long report that McGowan had been able to subsist the Navy during two years of the European war, despite the great increase in the cost of the most commonly used foodstuffs, at a rate of more than a thousand dollars a day *less* than for a like period before the war.

It was July 1, 1914, only sixty days before Germany tore up a scrap of paper that had been a treaty with Belgium and thus started something that has resulted in an unmourned funeral of Prussianism, that McGowan was appointed to his present office. President Willard of the B. & O., a member of the Council of National Defence, "discovered" that the Paymaster General made things sizzle and snap and hum in getting goods transported when he wanted them as promised. Willard literally took off his hat to the young Naval officer and declared afterward that in all of his years of intercourse with Government institutions he



had never met up with such awe-inspiring efficiency as in McGowan's department.

Dewey, who "did it" at Manila, never dropped from his mind for an instant the welfare of our Navy, knew McGowan and his work and it was during his last illness that Admiral Dewey was discussing Naval affairs as usual and said, "McGowan is a splendid fellow." He paused. The Navy, after all, was above everything else, even friends, for he added, "He's one of the most efficient men that's been in the Navy in my time. Most efficient man that ever handled the bureau."

A friend asked McGowan if he played golf.

"No," said McGowan.

"Dance?" "Not if I can avoid it." "Motor?" "Takes too much time."

"Care for theatre?" "Not at all."

"What in thunder do you do to take up your spare time?" queried his friend.

"Work," said McGowan.

"Wizard" Edison, who works twenty-three and a half hours a day when his wife will let him, said "Admiral McGowan's office is the most interesting in Washington and he is the most interesting man in any office," and after his first meeting with McGowan he sent him his autographed photograph on which he also scrawled:

"To a live wire!"

#### SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS

THE Paymaster General, a member of the South Carolina bar, never defends anyone who has strayed from the beaten path and is up before court-martial unless he is convinced that the man is either entirely innocent or deserves to be let off with the very lightest punishment. He surprised his friends once by defending a sailor up for manslaughter. The sailor got into a brawl with another, knocked him down and the man died. It looked mighty bad for the sailor. McGowan defended him, proved that the sailor could not

honorably have avoided the fight and then proved that the victim's skull was abnormally thin, like that of the Irishman who was killed by a blow and it was proven that his skull was extremely thin, whereupon the prisoner said:

" Oi'll lave it to yer Honor if thot's any sor-r-t av a skull to be goin' to a fair wid! "

It isn't necessary for him to maintain his " Do-it-now " reputation by slave-driving, or by shouting, " Get on to the job." He keeps in touch with his 700 men, however, and the clock-watchers go. His method of speeding up is to say a few words of approval to all who do their work well, and say it in such a manner that they glow with pride and joy for months.

When anyone attempts to put something over on him he makes the English language do such weird stunts that the poor chap hobbles out in mental convulsions, but when he slaps you on the back and grins that hospitable Southern grin from out of his square jaws and says, " Hello, Old Man, it's great to see you! "—why, you just root for McGowan the rest of your days.



# BIG THINKERS ON RECONSTRUCTION

What Leading American Business and Industrial Giants Foresee

By ALFRED E. KEET

[FORMER EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

**I**N England and France where, to a considerable measure, business, industry, and the People are wards of the Government, plans for reconstruction ran counter with plans to win the war.

In our own country individual initiative is the basis of our industrial success as a nation. It is not a habit with the American people to "put it up to the Government." When we have wanted anything done we have done it ourselves—we have thought it out ourselves, as business men, as constructive thinkers and builders. Our Government and our politicians have check-reined the progressive industrial steed, rather than directed its course.

Throughout the country the thinking, progressive Americans, both in Congress, in industries, in the colleges and in the shops, are actively putting into force reconstructive adjustments, so that the machinery of daily affairs in Peace time will get back, or step forward, unhampered by the multitudinous government control regulations and priorities that have been a part of the war machinery.

What are the views of some of our leading thinkers on this question of readjustment which is, according to Secretary of Commerce Redfield, "very largely a state of mind"? Our publicists and our industrial captains are not all thinking alike on this question. For instance, speaking internationally, President Eliot in a public address expressed the belief that the nations of the world must get together, set up no barriers, and adopt a policy of Free Trade. This is a

radical suggestion. Secretary Redfield believes that readjustment is proceeding without much assistance from the Government. President Wilson has given utterance to his belief in a more or less socialistic conception of public ownership. He has said that it would be a disservice alike to the country and the owners of the Railroads to return to the old conditions unmodified.

"It is a question which causes me the greatest concern," he stated in addressing Congress. "I frankly turn to you for counsel. I have no confident judgment of my own."

And William G. McAdoo, Director General of Railroads, says he voices the President's views in suggesting control of the roads for five years more as being the only equitable solution so far as the public and shareholders are concerned.

The question of continued Government control reaches down to the very marrow of our republican form of Government. It touches the wages and hours of labor of several millions of human beings, and it concerns the vital welfare of most American industries, and investments. In one way or another the vast American railroad interests are the most penetrating and comprehensive in the world.

#### VIEWS OF SOME EMINENT RAILROAD AUTHORITIES

**S**HALL we turn it over to the party in power, whatever that party may happen to be? Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, President of the Southern Pacific, is against "regional grouping," as tending to sacrifice values and destroy all competition. But with a modified Federal control, similar to that which has already existed in the past, he sees no reason why the public could not "secure the unquestioned benefits of private initiative and of efficiency as great as, or greater than, that shown by the Federal Railroad Administration," which, Mr. Kruttschnitt says, has made more intensive use of the railroads' methods of securing greater carloading and trainloading at the same time suppressing competi-



tion, and using facilities in common where it was for the public's good.

Thomas De Witt Cuyler, Chairman of the Railway Executives Advisory Committee, declares that the consensus of opinion among railroad men is: "that the railroad companies want a readjustment which will give the best possible system of transportation to the country. They neither expect nor wish to escape adequate responsible public regulation. They want a relation between rates, wages and dividends which will stimulate business adequately, reward labor and attract the volume of new capital needed for expansion. They want, therefore, regulation which is helpful and constructive as well as corrective."

Theodore P. Shonts, President of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York, enunciates the following principles as a solution of the railroad problem:

"A plan of government regulation which will be scientific and not political, which will apply the same point of view to approving rates as to approving the chemical composition of a steel rail.

"Concentration in the regulating authority which adds to the expenses of the roads of responsibility for the rates with which those expenses must be met.

"Provision that initiation of rates shall be in the hands of the carriers; that rates may not be suspended, except upon complaint and after a hearing and that final decision must be made within sixty days.

"Establishment by Congress itself of the fundamental principles to govern the reasonableness of rates, such principles to include fair reward for excellence of service, efficiency of management and prudent foresight in providing new facilities against future needs."

If these were embodied in law he believes the public would gain immense advantage by the promptest possible return of the properties to their owners.

Henry Clews sees danger in government control of public utilities terming it a "socialistic drift" which would put our Government into business experiments for which it is entirely unfitted and which if not checked would completely throttle that spirit of individual enterprise which proved the basis of our national growth.

Some resolutions adopted at a recent meeting of railroad executives were:

"That private initiative, enterprise and responsibility in the creation, extension, improvement and operation of the American railways should, as a matter of national policy, be fostered and preserved, and that government ownership and operation of these facilities is not conducive to the highest economic efficiency of the country.

"That the principle of reasonable, responsible and adequate governmental regulation of these facilities is recognized and accepted, but such regulation should provide for encouragement, protection and upbuilding of the railways as well as for the correction and check of any abuses.

"That a system of governmental regulation or control, to be applicable when the properties are returned, should be provided by Congress, which, while safeguarding the public will provide uniformity of regulation in essential matters, insure a business treatment of the vast interests involved, attract adequate capital and assure the commercial, manufacturing and agricultural interests of the country of transportation facilities which shall keep pace with their growing necessities and deal equitably with questions affecting wages and working conditions of railroad employees."

Congress is already moving in this matter, and a resolution has even been introduced proposing Government purchase of telegraph and telephone properties.

#### RECONSTRUCTIVE FINANCE

**P**AUL M. WARBURG, a former vice-governor of the Federal Reserve Board, urges Americans to aid foreign trade and to form a Peace Financial Corporation to assist nations abroad. In his view:

"Our banks and bankers must be able and willing freely to extend their acceptances for the financing of the world's trade. It is inevitable, if our banks and bankers continue to show the same spirit of enterprise and patriotism they have demonstrated during the war, that in the financing of the world's current trade we shall have a very large share.

. . . To that end the discount rates of the Federal Reserve Banks and the policy of the Federal Reserve Board with respect to acceptance transactions must continue to be liberal. I can foresee the time when American dollar acceptances will be outstanding to the extent of more than one billion dollars in credits granted all over the globe. . . .

"Almost all European countries, allies, neutrals, the liberated nations and even one-time enemies for a prolonged



period will require food, or steel, or copper, or cotton, or machinery with which to rebuild their life and industries. Many of them at present have neither gold nor goods nor services with which to pay us. Individual and banking credit in some cases has been seriously affected, and in others has not yet had sufficient time to establish or re-establish itself. Without doubt we shall consider it our proud privilege to give whatever we can spare to those that deserve our aid, particularly to those who, like France and Belgium, have an undoubtedly valid moral claim on us, and to that end we shall have to continue to reduce our own consumption to the necessary degree."

Mr. George M. Reynolds, President of the Continental & Commercial National Bank of Chicago, sees more cause for optimism than pessimism in the business situation. As to the fear of heavy European inroads upon our gold, he says:

" . . . The amounts owing us, plus prospective purchases from us, will be the lever by which the United States can, in large measure, regulate the outward flow of the yellow metal.

#### INTEREST RATES

"Notwithstanding our strong monetary position, it is my opinion that there will not likely be any considerable drop in interest rates any time soon because the demand for bank accommodations will no doubt continue sufficient to hold rates at or near the present level. While we realize that the cancellation of government contracts and the discontinuance of the manufacture of war supplies will enable a great many borrowers to pay down their bank loans, new government financing will take up the slack. However, there will be enough money to meet all the legitimate demands of business."

#### OUR FOREIGN TRADE AND INTERESTS

**M**R. JAMES A. FARRELL, of New York, talking of economic warfare after the war, says that there should be no ground for misunderstanding America's position.

"An unrepentant Germany, still wedded to her idols of militarism and the relentless application of superior force, can establish no right to demand the raising of the economic blockade which has been a most potent instrument in ending the war. If Germany is to be compelled, as she ought to be, to repay the wanton destruction she has wrought . . . she must have access to the raw materials of manufacture."

As to foreign trade generally Mr. Farrell thinks "there can be no great revival, in the countries where we hope for it most, unless we are ready to provide capital for their development. We must enter into the industrial life of their countries, engage in enterprises with them, and create out of their resources the new wealth from which will come our pay. Europe's economic wants are on a colossal scale, difficult to realize, too vast to be met by private enterprise. Old-time methods of competition sound trivial. Co-operation on large and magnanimous scale and in most sympathetic spirit must be the rule if economic recovery is to be quick and thorough."

In harmony with this spirit of co-operation the U. S. Chamber of Commerce favors:

"Indorsement of the principle of international economic co-operation, which is to include all nations similarly minded; the appointment of a committee for the development of a better understanding and good-will between the United States of America and other industrial nations; a declaration to the effect that the business interests of our country stand opposed to any policy of exploitation, and a declaration indorsing the principle of service as basic to a proper international relationship."

And further suggests the calling of an International Convention, similar to that held in Paris in 1914, at the earliest practicable moment.

Mr. Elbert H. Gary, discussing business and industrial phases of this reconstruction era, predicts that

"The next five years in this country will be the most progressive, prosperous and successful of our history; the results will astonish even the most optimistic of today. We need to be conservative, thoughtful, persistent, fair minded and wise up to the limit of our understanding. . . . Values or prices generally throughout this country are abnormal and unreasonable. We ought to get back to a peace basis as speedily as possible. It should be accomplished in an orderly and methodical manner and with the least disturbance to general business and without injustice to any. This is peculiarly a time for constructive thought and action; for cool heads, for courage, for the exercise of a spirit of fairness; even for sacrifice when necessary."



## PETROLEUM—THE MERCHANT MARINE

**M**R. A. C. BEDFORD, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, thinks that before much progress on a program of reconstruction is in sight American industry must know the extent to which it is to receive the cooperation of the Government, and he wonders

“If American corporations engaged in developing export trade are to be encouraged by the operation of the Webb act, or shackled by the Sherman law? And if the legitimate aims of American industry are to be represented at the Peace conference? We know that the British Government is a partner in the petroleum business and that every advantage gained in the Peace parley will be an advantage gained for British and Allied petroleum interests. On this subject I think we should express ourselves firmly and conclusively.”

## A HUGE TRADE FLEET NEEDED

**M**R. SCHWAB firmly believes that a great merchant marine is necessary for the ultimate success of the United States in plans of reconstruction. Says this “Marshal Foch of Industry,” as Mr. Vanderlip termed him:

“I do not care what plan may be best for the operation of these ships, so long as they are operated economically and the expense of operation is borne by the whole people. No American shipping can be successful or enlist private capital today as shipping is now operated.”

Mr. Schwab declares that the possession and proper operation of this merchant marine would solve the labor problems of our country, by the increase of opportunities to the nation, and this successful operation could “only be permanently and properly maintained by individual ownership and initiative.”

Speaker Champ Clark, too, believes that our future prosperity depends upon our foreign trade. Hence our now immense merchant marine “should be maintained forever, and this can be done only by modernizing our navigation laws, making our seamen the most efficient, and, above all, increasing our foreign trade.”

## CAPITAL AND ORGANIZED LABOR

ON this subject Mr. Schwab denies that he is opposed to unionism. He says:

"I believe that labor should organize in individual plants or amongst themselves for the protection of their own rights; but the organization and control of labor in individual plants and manufactories ought to be made representative of the people in those plants who know the conditions. . . . I seriously doubt that many times in the years gone by labor has received its fair share of the prospects of this great country. We, as manufacturers, have got to open our eyes to a wider vision of the present and the future with reference to our workers. We have got to devise ways and means by which capital and labor, that have so often been termed synonymous, shall share equally, not in theory, but in practice."

In this connection Ex-Governor Hughes recently laid great stress upon industrial cooperation.

"If we are to look forward to the common prosperity, we must give a free course to co-operation in industry. The war has compelled co-operation, and the Government, under this compulsion, has fostered what it previously denounced as criminal."

Mr. Hughes is apprehensive of serious labor troubles during readjustment, and suggests a rapid survey of all the important public work in the various States and municipalities which has been halted by the war and that intelligent effort be made to set it going as rapidly as possible.

Charles H. Sabin, President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, warns that

"In seeking to establish the principle of self-determination for the nations of Europe we should be careful not to overlook the safeguarding of self-determination for the American people and American business interests. . . . The war has taught us that competition and individual action must yield to co-operation and co-ordination.

## GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP—ECONOMIC CHAOS

"Government ownership of railroads would be followed by public ownership of all public utilities, and then of natural resources, and the end of such a program could be only economic chaos, financial disaster and political corruption.



## A LABOR AUTOCRACY?

"Labor itself should be on its guard to forestall such possibilities, for labor has as much at stake, and is just as jealous of our individual and collective liberties, as any other element in our social organization. Capital and labor have shared equally in the profits of the war, as they have shared alike in its burdens. . . .

"And labor, which aided so patriotically and unstintedly in helping to make the world safe for democracy, must surely understand the danger to itself of attempting to establish labor autocracy. . . .

"Labor must make its adjustments to the purchasing value of the dollar, and cannot expect to keep wages up when prices fall, nor should it urge the economic waste of labor any more than of capital."

Big business executives, however, including Mr. Bedford of the Standard Oil Company, see no cause for alarm in our labor situation, as a large percentage of foreign laborers, having saved money out of their big war-wages, are going home to work out problems of reconstruction in their own lands, and it is doubtful if these will be set off by newcomers to the United States.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., sees a new industrial era coming. He is of opinion that the day had passed when industry could be considered as primarily a matter of private interest, and that every thinking man must adopt the view that the purpose of industry is to advance social well-being rather than primarily to afford a means for the accumulation of individual wealth.

## NEW INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS

**H**ENRY P. KENDALL, Chairman of the Committee on Industrial Relations of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, is responsible for the following principles which he believes should govern the procedure of the various committees or adjustment boards:

1. Industrial enterprises should be conducted with a view to the greatest opportunity for all concerned.
2. Regularity of employment must be striven for.
3. The right of workers to organize to be admitted, and collective bargaining to be conceded.
4. Impartial agencies must be set up to interpret and

apply agreements and to make prompt and authoritative settlements of differences.

5. The right of all workers to a minimum living wage is declared.

6. High wages and national prosperity go hand in hand. Therefore, whenever the volume of business declines the last item of expense to be reduced should be wages.

7. A standardized and established wage should represent a standardized measure of performance.

8. In all plants where the number of workers is large a responsible executive should be charged with the superintendence of relations between the workers and the management.

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip does not believe that there is a period of depression or hardship in store for us by reason of army demobilization and readjustment or that wages or prices generally are likely to fall for some years to come, as the great gold reserves here and in Europe would prevent a sudden drop.

Increases in capital for industry, Mr. Vanderlip declared, would not in the future depend so greatly on "bank money," but on direct investment by the people. The bondholders in this country before the war, he added, numbered 280,000, whereas today they numbered over 20,000,000 and constituted a new source of investment-capital of the first importance.

Nathan A. Smyth, Assistant Director of the Employment Service of the Department of Labor, says:

"It has been found necessary to start demobilization on the basis of military units, with no reference to whether or not the men are needed in industry. . . . Among those turned out will be thousands of farm workers, released when jobs on the farm are few and now seeking employment in industries where it may prove hard to withdraw them when the sap begins to run . . . .

"The soldiers are mustered out on a few days' notice. . . . Already they are turning up in the cities, improvident, 'broke.' Unless measures are promptly taken, the sight of stranded, workless, moneyless soldiers will be common throughout our land."

Secretary Houston lately paid high tribute to American farmers and advocated personal credit unions for farmers, the ownership of farms, a close study of the economics of agriculture, the desirability of facilitating land settlements in more systematic fashion, Federal supervision of the pack-



ing industry, agricultural opportunities for returning soldiers, all of which he believes are "concrete principles for the improvement of agriculture and rural life of the Nation."

American engineers will play an important part in the rehabilitation work here and abroad. T. A. Waldron, an engineer, believes that the standardization of engineering products, co-operative effort of legislators and engineers, education of the public to a mental attitude of basic economy and a redistribution of occupations according to adaptability are steps toward "the elimination of useless and unnecessary labor," a necessity in reconstruction.

Summarizing reconstruction plans so far put forward we find a practical unanimity to the effect that we must have:

- Co-operation in world's trade.
- No commercial exploitation of smaller nations.
- No rapid scaling down of prices or wages.
- Private ownership of railroads under constructive Federal control.
- A great merchant marine.
- An international trade convention.
- Financial aid for their development for foreign countries.
- Co-operation between capital, labor and the community.
- Quick Congressional action where needed.

The foregoing give some idea of the trend of public thought in our now peaceful country on this momentous matter of reconstruction.

"Out of the multitude of counsel comes wisdom," and it may safely be prognosticated that the nation which so rapidly and so efficiently succeeded in making the world "safe for democracy," can confidently be relied upon to grapple successfully with the demand of the moment—business, industrial and economic readjustment.

# THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

## *The Theatre "Over There"*

SO much has been said of the horror of war, that it is a relief to hear a returning hero in khaki speak of some of the good things that he had seen in France.

"The best of all, to my mind," he remarked, by way of climax, "was the shows that the American vaudeville people gave us. Say," he waxed suddenly enthusiastic, "we were out in a billet about twenty miles from Paris, and had seen some snappy fighting. Most of the fellows were mighty glad to get a little rest, for it had been rather unnerving to see men you'd chummed with shot up and even killed. We'd been in camp just long enough to get some clean clothes and make ourselves comfortable when the word went round that the Over There Theatre people were going to give us a show. I didn't know what that meant, I guess few of the fellows did, but I took a chance and followed the crowd.

"Man alive, you should have heard that mob go wild when a real live American girl most of us recognized got up on that little platform out in the field and started to sing us songs we'd heard her sing before. The orchestra was an old organ, and she wore her service clothes instead of a good-looking dress, but oh, those songs! I'll bet we gave that little lady the best hand she ever got. And she earned it, for you've got to get more than three thousand miles away from your favorite vaudeville theatre before you really appreciate what a good song and dance act means to a fellow.

"Yep, I saw lots of shows in France, but none of them like that first show the Over There crowd handed out."

Every man might not be so enthusiastic in his praise, but the work of the Over There Theatre deserves a place



with the biggest and most successful of the war relief organizations. Founded in the spring of 1918 by a group of theatrical workers who had been in France and saw the necessity of giving American entertainment to American boys, this league was an instantaneous success among the people of the theatre. When volunteers were wanted to go to France and give performances in Y. M. C. A. huts, in barns, in open fields, in hospitals, at any point where a body of men in uniform might gather, the committee in charge of selection was overwhelmed with applicants. They came from the poorest vaudeville teams and from legitimate players whose ability earned them a thousand dollars a week.

The task of selection was not easy, but the players who sailed in the weeks following the formation of the league were chosen chiefly for the comedy value of their offerings, or their ability to sing character songs. All players wear uniform, but the women are allowed to make one "change," this extra costume being simple enough to fit into the limited amount of baggage carried. The performers are paid two dollars a day and their expenses. This is small when one has been receiving a comfortable four or five hundred a week.

The signing of the armistice has in no way stopped the plans of the Over There Theatre League; to the contrary, it quickened their activities, for the men in France are more in need of entertainment while they wait their return-home orders than ever before. Two or three units are sailing every week (all players travel in units, each unit generally comprising five or six players), while in addition a stock company of leading American actors and actresses has gone over to give current plays to the boys. The term of service in France is for three months, and notable among the players, either in France or returned, are E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, Dorothy Donnelly, Burr McIntosh, John Craig, Elsie Janis, Walter Damrosch, Irene Franklin, and Burton Green, in addition to a roll call that is "all star." This work will be carried on indefinitely, until the body of American troops are safe at home.

*Comedies*

IN Cyril Harcourt's new comedy, "A Place in the Sun," the author of "A Pair of Silk Stockings" has given us a laughable and smart story of London, with a basic theme of caste that might easily be used for a melodrama. In the brief prologue a young aristocrat kisses the pretty sister of one of his tenants, and the tenant, a farmer with literary aspiration, in his anger kisses the sister of the man from the Hall. The body of the play is years later—and something far more serious than kissing is concerned. It must have been amusing to Mr. Harcourt to write comedy scenes where one would naturally expect physical violence. The passage between the farmer, now a famous novelist, and the son of the old aristocrat, who still believes that caste lines can never be broken, is without doubt the most skillfully written and played scene being offered this season. The play is helped to a happy ending through the action of the sister of the aristocrat, who, hoping that her father may see the situation in its true light, goes to the apartment of the farmer-novelist, with every intention that her being there will compromise her good name. This, too, is a brilliantly written scene, and turns the action from expected melodrama to laughable comedy.

The play is particularly well acted, with the author playing a brief but amusing role of a drunken reporter. Norman Trevor is the farmer who turns novelist, and Peggy Hopkins—fresh from the "Follies"—is the young lady of social position who likes to be kissed and decides to be compromised. The best performance of the company, however, is given by John Holliday. He portrays a cad who is likable and human in his unsound philosophy that he cannot marry without money, or his father's consent, no matter how much he loves. Naturally, he changes his mind, and for novelty he shows his prig of a father the door. Merle Maddern, a niece of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, adds to the enjoyment as a smarty society woman, while Jane Cooper, of "Music Master" fame, plays *Rosie*, the little lady from the farm who causes all the trouble.



"A Place in the Sun" is entirely English in its problem, but it is amusing and of unusual construction.

Another comedy that is carried to success by the splendid acting of the members of the cast (we are fast approaching the day when plays with all-star casts will not be notable) is "Three Wise Fools." This newest comedy is from the pen of Austin Strong and has the double theme of the rejuvenation of three elderly men by a girl who becomes a member of their household, plus a second theme which, by making the girl misunderstood by those about her, gives the author the opportunity of lending a note of drama to his comedy.

The story is not particularly gripping; in fact, there is no moment when the audience is in doubt of the ultimate ending, but it is fresh and clean, and that is a relief to men and women who see so much that is sordid in daily life. After all, most of us still believe in fairy stories. The acting of "The Three Wise Fools" is excellent, Claude Gillingwater, the most prominent of the middle-aged trio, giving a perfectly balanced performance. Helen Menken, who has been advancing in her art the past few seasons, is the heroine, and justifies her position. "Three Wise Fools" is made of popular material and will have a lengthy run.

### *Still the War Play*

OF the two war plays that were offered after the signing of the armistice, only one is worthy of serious consideration, and that had the keen edge of its interest dulled because of the previous showing of a play of similar theme. I refer to "The Crowded Hour." It is the story of a chorus girl who finds that she has a soul—perhaps a conscience would be the correct word. When the audience first meets *Peggy Lawrence*, she is frankly disputing her right to the love of a married man with the man's wife, and when her lover joins the service she promptly follows, as a telephone operator, in hopes that she may be near him. The characterization is clever. The girl is not glorified immediately by her service, she thinks only of herself, until there is a moment when she must decide between many men or the

man she loves. Then duty forces her to discard her own affair. All through the moment when she must decide if she is to save the man she loves or a division, she is surrounded by conditions that make her put aside all selfishness; the environment of a war heroism wins. In the last act, with her lover apparently dead, she again meets his wife. This time the wife is triumphant in the duel of love, for *Peggy*, having found that "one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name," renounces her lover, who is not dead, after all.

The acting is again of the "all-star" variety, with Jane Cowl playing *Peggy*. It is not the best part Miss Cowl has ever had, but she is an emotional actress of deep value and carries the play to undoubted success through her characterization. Orme Calara and Christine Norman are also in the cast, which, for further novelty, has a number of French players playing French characters.

The other drama of the war is "By Pigeon Post." It is a play of the old-fashioned English type, with a flock of carrier pigeons as the central interest. The characters are familiar, a general, a colonel, a Red Cross nurse, a society girl turned chauffeur, and, of course, a spy. The play is not of the lasting variety, and it is very likely that by the time this appears it will either be in the storehouse or "on the road" minus its very able company of popular players who have nothing to work with.

### *And Two New Dramas*

A THIRD drama, one that has some distant relation to the war, but more distinctly concerning the clash of faiths, is "The Little Brother," which gives Walter Whiteside an opportunity to do the finest work he has done since the days of Zangwill's "The Melting Pot." The central figures are a Jewish rabbi and a Russian Catholic priest. The dramatic situation comes early in the play when the ward of the priest wishes to marry the daughter of the rabbi and each young person is denounced by the elder guardian. As the action of the play progresses, the audience learns, in a stirring scene,



that the contending men are really brothers, separated some forty years previously by the tragedy of a Russian pogrom. Adopted by kind strangers, one grows to be a Christian, the other a Jew. The result of the final curtain is, of course, obvious, but the drama is thoughtfully written and allows for some splendid characterization. The very best part of the whole play is the note implied in a speech that Mr. Whiteside is making to audiences demanding a curtain speech that the war has partially swept away barriers such as the play builds and that a universal brotherhood is dawning.

Mr. Whiteside plays the Jew and lends to the character a subtle dignity that makes the sympathies of the audience swing in his favor. It is a pleasure to see him in such a notable character part. Tyrone Power, as the priest, is giving a thoroughly clever characterization of the man he is to portray. It is not a part that will prove popular—he is the villain of the play—but he handles it with skill. It seems possible that “The Little Brother” will become a second “Melting Pot.”

It is the fate of all great authors that their works will find their way to the stage. Any number of O. Henry's short stories have been dramatized, both for the spoken and silent drama, and it is notable that in “Roads of Destiny” Channing Pollock has been able to retain all the flavor of a very popular story and yet give the stage a drama that is filled with sustained interest and every good theatrical quality. It is a bit of master play construction.

The story of the new play, unlike the story that gives it foundation, is modern. The action opens on a Nebraska farm, as bleak an atmosphere as one might wish to leave, and the hero travels on the roads of destiny. One act takes him to a fashionable home of the Long Island hunt set, the other to the gambling house in Alaska. Whichever way he turns the result is the same—he finds happiness through the death of one who loves him. In the final act he returns to the Nebraska farm—and the result is identical. Destiny travels the same road, no matter which path we follow.

The play is remarkable in so far as it allows its leading

players to give a variety to their acting that is seldom possible in a popular play. Florence Reed is the featured player, and she is at her best whether playing a smartly-gowned French adventuress, the girl of the gambling hall, or the half-crazed farm girl. John Miltern is equally happy in his characterizations, being the millionaire "villain," the proprietor of the Alaskan "hell," or the brutal brother of the Nebraskan hero. Edmund Loew, best remembered for his work in "The Brat," is the hero, while Alma Belwin makes the fourth of the leading players. These four people meld their abilities to make "Roads of Destiny" one of the most melodramatic successes of the season.

### *The Musical Play of the Month*

THE single new musical comedy of the month is "Oh, My Dear!" It is typical of what has become known through the country as a "Princess Theatre show"—meaning that it is a light entertainment of merit, having little plot, plenty of clever people doing refined singing, dancing, or jesting, and belongs under the theatrical heading of "an intimate review." There is nothing startling about the new production. The plot is the old theme of a young man trying to live up to his reputation—with comic results. Of course, falsehoods are all forgiven as the final curtain falls, and life is the inevitable musical comedy song. In this case the songs are interesting, and some of them may be as popular as were those of "Oh, Boy," or even "Very Good Eddie." The humor is never hilarious. The singing and dancing is well done, with Joseph Santley in the leading part. Ivy Sawyer—who, by the way, is Mrs. Santley—plays opposite him, while another featured player is the very clever Georgia Caine, who has not appeared for several seasons.



# NEW BOOKS

By CHARLES FRANCIS REED

A PUBLISHER of international reputation recently refused to accept the latest novel of one of his most noted authors because "it lacked any reference to the world conflict, and it is impossible to write a successful narrative having its setting in the Middle West, and its time nineteen eighteen, which does not reflect the war."

With this demand it is not unnatural that in looking over a group of books sent for review one should find them all having some bearing on the martial. The most important recent volume seems to be Stephane Lauzanne's "Fighting France." (D. Appleton & Co.) It is a work of manifold interest. The author has been the editor-in-chief of one of the world's greatest newspapers—the Paris *Matin*—since 1901; has had much to do with the international politics of his nation; has served in the defense of his country,—and, having rare ability as a writer, is able to give a vividly interesting account of why and how France fought.

"France fights for two reasons," M. Lauzanne says at the end of an explanatory chapter. "The first reason is because on the third of August at a quarter before seven o'clock war was declared on her; she was forced to fight; her territory was invaded, her cities burned to the ground; her fields ravaged; her citizens massacred. The second reason is because she does not want to have to fight in the future; she does not wish this horror to be reproduced a second time; she wishes, in the immortal words of Washington, 'that plague of mankind, war, banished off the earth.'"

The first chapter is an enlightening picture, but in the chapters that follow the author has collected a mass of facts and figures that are presented in such an unusual manner as to make them truly interesting, and never for a moment dull, as facts and figures are apt to be. To destroy the lie that France is bled white M. Lauzanne merely states, "In 1914, at the Marne, France had an army of 1,500,000

men; today, after four years of war, France has on battle front, in the war zone, an army of 2,750,000 men." An unconfused and convincing statement.

### *An Air Raid Over Paris*

In "Fighting France" there are descriptive bits that have not been excelled in any volume written about the war. The following is typical:

"Sunday, the thirtieth of August, was the first day the Taubes came over Paris. By chance I was guarding one of the city's gates. I saw the airplane coming from a distance. I had not the least doubt about it for it had the silhouette of a bird of prey that rendered the German planes so easily recognizable at that time. For that matter, no one was deceived by it, and from all the batteries, forts and other positions a violent fusillade greeted it. There was firing from the streets, windows, courts, and roofs. I followed it through my field glass, and for a moment I thought it had been hit, for it paused in its flight. But this was an optical illusion. . . . The plane simply flew higher, having without doubt heard the sound of the fusillade and the bullets having perhaps whistled too close to the pilot's ears. When he was almost over my post, a light white cloud appeared under its wings and, in the ten ensuing seconds, there followed a terrible series of sounds, for a bomb had just fallen and exploded very near at hand. But so entrancing was it to observe the flight of this pirate who, in spite of everything, continued in his audacious course, that I gazed at the heavens, trying to determine whether or not I saw once more the little white cloud, the precursor of the machine of death.

"And everyone who was near me—workmen, passers-by, women, children—stayed there too, their glances lost in the limitless sky. No one ran away; no one hid; no one sought refuge behind a door or in a cellar. It's a characteristic of airplane bombs that they frighten no one, even when they kill. The machine you see does not frighten you; only the machine you can't see upsets your nerves.



"However that may be, the curiosity of Paris was insatiable. Even in the tragic hours we were living through at that time, this curiosity remained as eager, ardent and amused as ever. Every afternoon, at the stroke of four, crowds collected in the squares and avenues. The motive was to see the Taubes! Since one Taube had flown over the city, no one doubted that a second one would come the next day. A girl's boarding school obtained a free afternoon to enjoy the spectacle. The midinettes were allowed to leave their work. At Montmartre, where the steps of the Butte gave a better chance of scanning the horizon, places were in great demand."

Not by any means the least interesting portion of the book is the Appendices, which convince the reader of the war aims of Germany. These consist of official German documents, with explanatory notes by the author. One of these documents from Berlin, published for the first time, ends with the paragraph:

"If the French Government declares it will remain neutral your Excellency will be good enough to declare that we must, as a guarantee of its neutrality, require the handing over of the fortresses of Toul and Verdun; that we will occupy them and will restore them after the end of the war with Russia. A reply to this last question must reach here before Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock."

That was how Germany was "forced" into war by France!

### *American Novelists and the War*

THERE are some people who try to pretend that there was nothing funny in the gentle art of beating the Germans at their own game. They are entirely mistaken, and I think after reading the joyful adventures of *Ed. Harmon*, who writes the letters in H. C. Witwer's "From Baseball to Boches" (Small Maynard & Co.), they will be willing to admit that they are convinced of the presence of the real humor of the doughboys.

This book is written in the form of a series of letters from a famous "southpaw" to his friend back home. They start humorously with his quarrel with his manager, his enlistment, and carry him to France, where they leave him surrounded by the glory that has come to so many healthy Americans. "From Baseball to Boches" is real American humor, and might easily have been actually written by one of the lads in khaki who gave up their places in the world of earning their bread and butter and went out to fight immediately after America entered the war. The material which serves as a background for the story is familiar war setting, the story that connects the episodes—they are listed as innings—is decidedly thin, but the book is wholesome, and very laughable.



## The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

*(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)*

### War's Imprint on the Psychology of the Metropolis

WITH New York's heart and mind consecrated to readjustment, the metropolis is returning to its own. One can say of New York what is said in the whole country, that it was a War center only, in a more varied expression of activities.

But, New York has certain habits inherited from its traditions of largess that confuse its stability of war character. Although these coquetries of inheritance, these tendencies to elaborate folly and capitalize it, have been curbed by the chastening spirit of our National crisis the expression of extravagance and gaiety still clings to its identity. Like a woman whose high spirits have been challenged, New York obeys the discipline of the hour, at times and in expression, a bit unwillingly. Her electric magnetism has been falsely accused, her night glamor has been called indiscreet the alluring charm of her brilliant gaieties has been interpreted as neglect of duty. The natural splendor of her physical beauty even, has been jealously assailed. Because she inherits the wealth which is hers, and because she displays the beauty which is hers, the depth and sincerity of her character is questioned. Naturally, she appears to those who accuse her, braggadocio, a bit defiant of her accusers, slow to throw off her temperamental high spirits.

New York is not among the *débutantes*, she is a woman of the world. She is the social leader of the country, the best dressed, the most entertaining hostess and the most democratic. Her serious side has not been adequately reflected, because she speaks in character not understood to the wayfarer. No Ibsen has cared to study her, no Shakespeare

has poetized her, no Longfellow or Browning has touched her emotions. The minstrel who has sung her praises loudest has been George M. Cohan; the man who has best epitomized her sang froid and her wit, is William Collier. The pulpit has exaggerated her errors, and the provincial press has been a quick mirror of her vices. So, New York, the brilliant, smart, dashing, daring, but always democratic metropolitan figure of American life, finds herself challenged with lack of feeling. She has been called heartless. In a possible pageant of cities, New York might impersonate the character of the grass-widow of the Nation.

Why this impression predominates is the result of her great prosperity. As a community, it has been shown that New York is given to dangerous company. It has been suggested that we are not a city of biblical ideals, at least not one of the biblical cities favorably mentioned. It has been said that New York is a city of *thé dansants* and late breakfasts early in the morning.

Once upon a time, we were.

When the best European manners were considered very good, when our foremost citizens who adorned the horse-shoe curve at the Metropolitan Opera House believed that the best part of the world was on the other side of the Atlantic, New York's identity was imposed upon her. New York was regarded as a sort of society high school, for people with money to spend abroad. To New York a lot of other people in the United States came, for a final course in metropolitan education. Many of them had passed through a kind of preparatory school of foreign information, by attending Burton Holmes' illustrated lectures, by reading library books, by discussing Browning with outrageous daring at private literary clubs. To the New Yorker born and bred these people lacked the wider experience of life which New York provided.

#### WAS OBEDIENT TO THE SPIRIT OF THE WAR

**L**IFE in New York used to be a very wide experience, about as wide as the pocket book and twice as long as any other city experience in America. There were many efforts



to suppress the temperament of New York by long-haired reformers, political aspirants, and orators of sacred word. Old fellows like Washington Irving, content to live in dreamy retirement on the banks of the Hudson, didn't consider New York very seriously. It was Washington Irving who christened New York, Gotham. In very serious dictionaries Gothamites are described as "Wise Acres, Simpletons." Even in those early days of Dutch respectability, the New Yorker found it hard to be taken seriously. As time went on it was evident that New York had not gained the domestic confidence of our best regulated homes in America.

In those antique days, before the gas mask was thought of, the uninitiated visitor to New York was entreated not to blow out the gas when visiting Gotham. Police protection was always regarded as essential to safety in New York.

Briefly, these are suggestions that may excuse the almost world-wide impression that New York is the gayest city in this war-ridden world. This may be true, but it has not been at the neglect of any sacrifice demanded for war emergency. The enormous wealth of the city of New York, through its banks and its large financial institutions, has been poured ceaselessly into the United States Treasury. The military quota of New Yorkers at the front confirms the courage and loyalty of the city to our National ideals. The splendid efforts made to impress the light-hearted temperament of New York with the serious prospect of her duty to the war, was one of the executive triumphs of the Governor of the state. New York's allegiance to the war was a matter of anxiety at one time. Her enormous population of mixed views, her international confusion of opinion as to the war, made New York a difficult community to convince. It was soon found, however, that she was an American city without reserve, and that her people were obedient, not merely in the letter of the law, which the Government adopted since our declaration of war against Germany, but also in the spirit.

It has been in the little things of her daily life that New York has seemed to balk. It has been necessary to conserve the former follies of New York in the interests of the great

moral forces of the war—the soldier and sailor. The profligacy of New York's conservation has been one of its astounding features, for outwardly New York does not appear to have changed very materially.

In New York one still needs the money to conserve. People who come to New York from other cities seem to ignore their sense of conservation as soon as they get there. They still come to the gayest city in the country to spend their money, and therefore conservation has simply increased the extravagance of New York. Those who insist that New York is not economizing are not of New York, they are merely in New York. Her gay spots, the theatres, the cabarets, the tea-rooms, the dancing parlors are actually as crowded as ever. The increase of cost of these luxuries, plus war taxes, has not influenced them. Although men on all sides are complaining of restrictions in business, they are not spending less money than they did, they are spending more. One hears these complaints exchanged over extravagant luncheons, whispered at club banquets, openly discussed in fashionable bar rooms. As a man pays his taxes and war taxes for whiskey he tells his neighbor that he is on the way to the poor-house. With all the will in the world to adapt themselves to real economy, to real sacrifice, the New Yorkers cannot do so with the same sober spirit of self denial characteristic of some of our western cities—and of Boston and Philadelphia.

Regretfully this smart city of luxury and extravagance renounces former inclination. It is no fault of the press which has persistently stripped her of wasteful gaiety, has even scolded her tendency to be gay.

There are signs that New York is changing, only she is an aristocrat and slow to betray her elemental instincts. The New Yorker is always slow in his resentment, difficult to arouse from the lethargy of his set habits of city life, but once he has cause to fight, he is dangerous, because the man from New York gets what he goes after. He is quiet, even-tempered, smooth, amiable, poised, confident, shrewd, but above all, determined. He loses or he wins—



with a smile. He is a born gambler, whether the stakes are gold, or woman, or life and death. In the West he is mistrusted because he is cold in business; in the South he is not yet wholly forgiven; in the East he is feared because he drives a shrewd bargain. But, on the battle field he has come into his own, his qualities of physical courage reached the point of heroism.

### Home

WHAT if it is not the same as it used to be? What if there are vacant chairs in the family circle? What if the boy has become a man, the brother a soldier, the sweetheart a sailor, the husband and father overseas? The home still stands intact, loyal, united. In the reverie of never-to-be-forgotten ties, there are no regrets. Remembrances are tender because no other thoughts are akin with the world's war have not consumed the home, they have strengthened the bands, the foundations, the laws of love, upon which the great faith in the ideals of the war, the cleansing fires of home stands. With the arrival of Victory he is coming home himself.

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## NEW CONTRIBUTORS to the FORUM for FEBRUARY

*William Lanier Washington* is a direct descendant of two of General George Washington's brothers and the hereditary representative in the Society of The Cincinnati, of his illustrious relative, he being the great-grandson of Col. George Corbin Washington, whose father, Col. William Augustine Washington, married his half cousin Jane, eldest child of Col. John Augustine Washington, a younger full brother of General Washington. Hereditary influences, and the possession of inherited relics and other material, peculiarly fit Mr. Washington to write on anything concerning the Father of his Country.

*Count de la Fayette* is the great-great-grandson of General Lafayette, of Revolutionary fame. Count de la Fayette served for fifteen years in the French Army and received the Cross of The Legion of Honor for his services in Africa. In 1902 he represented his family as a guest of the United States at the unveiling of the statue of Rochambeau in Washington. He has lived in this country almost continually for the past eighteen years.

*Hon. Albert Sidney Burleson*, Postmaster-General of the United States, served as Congressman from Texas for several terms before his appointment to the Cabinet. He has been a prominent advocate of Government ownership.

*John D. Rockefeller, Jr.*, actively engaged in the management of his father's great industrial interests, has for several years made a deep first-hand study of the Labor situation, forming from his deductions what he believes is a new Industrial Creed.

*Galli-Curci*, soprano, is the musical sensation of the day. She made her debut in the United States in 1916, with the Chicago Opera Company, after several years touring South America and Italy. Her voice has a range of three octaves, and her repertoire includes operas in seven languages.

*Willard Hart Smith* has made a careful study of aeroplane problems both for military and commercial purposes. He is at present making an exhaustive study of the future of the aeroplane in the United States.

*Herbert C. Hoover*, who served as Food Administrator during the war, is at present in Europe, where he is giving his attention to the problem of feeding the Allied and liberated nations.

*Hon. Henry Morgenthau*, former Ambassador to Turkey, served as Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Democratic Party in 1912 and 1916. While in Turkey, Mr. Morgenthau had charge of the interests of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, Belgium, Montenegro, San Marino, Serbia and Switzerland.

*Hon. Charles Evans Hughes*, who was for two terms Governor of New York State, also served as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and was Republican candidate for President.

### *March Announcements*

**HENRY CABOT LODGE'S Views on World Policies.**

**SENATOR GILBERT S. HITCHCOCK on Russia To-day.**

**COMMISSIONER GENERAL ANTHONY CAMINETTI on Immigration Problems.**

**SENATOR BORAH—Our Menace of Militarism.**

**E. C. BEDFORD on Reconstruction.**

# The FORUM

For February, 1919

## GEORGE WASHINGTON'S IDEALS

Revealed in an Unpublished Letter — An Interpretation  
from a Personal Viewpoint

By W. LANIER WASHINGTON

[HEREDITARY REPRESENTATIVE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON IN THE SOCIETY  
OF THE CINCINNATI, AND A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF TWO OF  
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BROTHERS]

WHILE not pretending to have inherited the qualities of character, or the intellect, judgment and vision, that have made the name and fame of George Washington immortal, it is possible that a descendant of his family may have developed lines of thought that have been influenced by association and family tradition, and which may have contributed somewhat to a more or less intimate understanding and appreciation of the processes of deduction which impelled the Father of his Country in arriving at the wise conclusions and decisions that ever characterized his exceptionally clear reasoning.

It is hoped, therefore, the writer may be deemed not presumptuous in the expression of opinions, based on his own conclusions arrived at after a painstaking and life-long study of the character and writings of Washington, as to his belief of what would have been the attitude of George Washington had he been confronted with the complex problems that have arisen in Europe, and in the United States in particular,



since, through her efforts to impose her so-called Kultur upon the free and democratic nations, Germany plunged the world into the most stupendous war in history.

It is a fact well known to those who have studied the life of Washington that he was at heart first of all an Englishman—loyal to the mother country, imbued with its traditions and believing in its institutions, but broadened in experience and in democratic ideals by his pioneer life in England's great American colony. It is also now understood that Washington came of pure English stock, and that his ancestry as far as it has been traced—for several centuries—discloses no strain other than English. Indeed, it has been authoritatively established that George Washington is in the sixteenth generation in direct descent from Edward I, Plantagenet, surnamed "Longshanks," King of England, in the thirteenth century to whom he bore a marked resemblance in physique and in mental and moral characteristics.

With the tradition of this ancestry it is not surprising that England counted Washington one of her most loyal sons, and that he served her with loyalty in her colonial military forces for many years preceding the events that brought about the Revolution.

Those who have been inclined to regard Washington as the leader of the revolution against the mother country should know that it was with expressed sorrow, and only after thoughtful consideration, that he felt compelled to take up arms against a tyranny inspired by a British monarch of German blood and instincts, and a ministry chosen for its pliability to carry out his autocratic purposes. George III was not an Englishman in blood, ideals or instincts, and this fact is more fully recognized and appreciated today than ever before. It is better understood also that his ideas of Colonial Government did not represent those of the mass of the English people and that he was compelled to employ German mercenaries to fight the English colonists who were in revolution against his policies, which were closely identical with those of the recently deposed German emperor.

## FEAR OF EUROPEAN ENTANGLEMENTS

AFTER the American Colonies had secured their independence, Washington, while advising against foreign entanglements, nevertheless strove to bring about an understanding between the United States and England that would insure friendly and close relations. That he was not ungrateful to France for the timely and important assistance that was given, when it was probably a determining factor in the fight for independence, is so well understood as to need but passing comment. It is true also that he sought to establish friendly relations with Germany and all the countries of the civilized world in his endeavor to maintain a government free from entangling alliances, that the new nation in whose foundation he had played so important a part might work out its destiny in harmony with the rest of the world.

Washington was not, however, at any time unaware of the grave possibility that the United States might be drawn into the great conflict that raged on the European continent during his administration. The entrance of the United States as an ally of Great Britain was at times more than a possibility, and was avoided only by the exercise of Washington's supreme restraint and clear head.

In the opinion of the writer, who bases his judgment upon a critical study of the situation, there can be not the slightest doubt but that Washington would have advocated the fullest co-operation of the power of the United States, had a situation developed in Napoleon's ambitious program through which English institutions and the freedom of the world had been imminently threatened.

## WASHINGTON AND THE WORLD-WAR

THESE conditions seem almost analogous to those which arose in 1916, and can there be any doubt that Washington would have advised otherwise than that the United States should throw its full weight, with all its resources, into the fight on the side of the free nations in their heroic



struggle to maintain their independence against an overwhelming horde which sought to enforce upon them an odious autocracy?

Washington's messages to Congress during his administration and his Farewell Address, are pregnant with admonition and warning. Indeed he urged upon the deaf ears of Congress the necessity for adequate preparedness; and forcibly pointed out the imminent danger of the United States being drawn into the European maelstrom.

#### HIS LETTER ON PREPAREDNESS

AMONG the inherited family papers in the possession of the writer is the copy of a letter written by George Washington, addressed to Governor Rutledge of South Carolina, in which he expressed his views as to grave necessity for military preparation. It is deemed appropriate to embody it in this paper, and it is printed in full herewith as it also discloses the easy and dignified style that always characterized Washington's writings.

Mount Vernon, Sept. 9th, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR:

Brigadier General Washington\* called upon me on Saturday evening and went off again on Sunday morning. His anxiety to get to Carolina as soon as possible (having been detained to the Eastward longer than he expected) prevented him passing more time with me. He gave me the model of the cannon† which you was (*sic*) so good to present to me, and by him I wrote a hasty line to you acknowledging the receipt of it, &c.

This morning I had the pleasure to receive, under a blank cover from the War Office, your obliging favor of the 3 of August, and a letter addressed to Brigadier Washington, which I shall forward so as to get to his hands before he leaves this State.

Permit me, my dear Sir, to repeat my thanks for the model of the Cannon, and to assure you of my grateful acknowledgment for the kind and friendly sentiments contained in your letter. No man can wish more sincerely than I do, that we may not be drawn into the conflict in which the European Powers are now involved; but at the same time, no

\* Brigadier-General William Washington who led the American forces at the battle of Cowpens.

† The model of the cannon referred to was inherited by the writer of this paper.

one is more anxious that we should make every possible preparation to meet such an event, if it should be unavoidable. In order to do this, we should embrace the present moment to make our establishments as respectable as circumstances will permit, and neglect no opportunity of introducing into them every improvement in the military art that can be useful, let it come from what quarter so ever it may.

I am sorry to inform you that Mrs. Washington has been confined by a fever for some days past; she seems at present to be a little better; but is still very low. She is thankful for Mrs. Rutledge's kind regards, and most sincerely reciprocates them, in which she is joined by

my dear Sir,

Your Affect. friend & Obed't Ser.

(The copy bears no signature)

His Excellency

Govr. Rutledge.

This letter, written but seventy-one days before Washington died, is penned in the hand of his secretary, Tobias Lear, on the specially made paper that Washington used in his personal correspondence, showing, in the water-mark, the Washington crest surrounded with his name thus, "George Washington." It is endorsed in Washington's own hand "To His Excellency Govr. Rutledge. 9 Sept., 1799."

#### EPISTOLARY METHODS

IT may be of interest to those who are not familiar with the habits of Washington with regard to his correspondence to know that, while a great number of his letters were written in his own hand, he invariably made and retained copies of all of them. Those which were copied by his secretaries, Washington carefully read and compared, folded, endorsed in his own handwriting, with the date and the name of the person to whom they were addressed, and filed them in his library.

In the Library of Congress is a large number of Washington's letters and manuscript, known to be the most extensive collection of the writings of any man in the world. It comprises many thousand pages—all written in a clear, legible hand, and evidencing the scrupulous methodical care with which, throughout his life, he performed all things—even to matters of the slightest importance.



The letter to Governor Rutledge, printed above, does not appear in the fourteen large volumes, of about 500 pages each, of Washington's writings edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford; and was not known to Mr. Ford to whom it recently was submitted by the writer of this paper. It came to light, however, only as late as 1916 when a great-grandson of Gov. Rutledge, who is in possession of the original, permitted its publication in the magazine of the South Carolina Historical Society.

#### HIS FRIENDSHIP FOR FRANCE

**T**HAT Washington's friendship for France and his deep gratitude to the French people for their inestimable assistance given so generously at the time of direst need during the American revolution has many evidences on record in his writings. His admiration for the young Lafayette, whom he regarded with paternal affection, is expressed in beautiful terms in his correspondence with that noble Frenchman who named his only son George Washington Lafayette.

During the French Revolution it became necessary for General Lafayette to exile himself from France. He was held in Austria, however, and was imprisoned for several years at Olmutz, in that country. Lafayette's son sought refuge in America during his father's exile. He assumed for the time being one of his father's given names, Motier.

With his tutor, M. Frestel, he arrived at Boston late in the summer of 1795 and proceeded to New York, where he remained in seclusion for nearly two years. It is said that he was secretly entertained in the home of Alexander Hamilton for a part of this time.

Washington was deeply concerned about the presence in this country of the son of his dear friend and companion in arms. Had he received into his home, as was his desire, the son of a political enemy of the then ruling powers of France, with whom our relations, at the time, were more or less strained, a situation embarrassing to the Administration might have arisen.

However, immediately upon Washington's return to private life, when he retired from the Presidency in March, 1797, the young Lafayette was invited to make his home at Mount Vernon, where he was received as a distinguished guest. He remained at Mount Vernon until he returned to France, in October of the same year, and during his stay he received the same consideration that Washington accorded the members of his own immediate family.

The elder Lafayette before his return to France gave to Washington the pair of pistols which he had carried during the War of the Revolution. They were prized highly by Washington, who bequeathed to Lafayette a pair of his own pistols, as will be noted in the following extract from his will: "To General de la Fayette I give a pair of finely wrought steel pistols taken from the enemy in the Revolutionary War."

#### HIS WILL

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S will was written throughout in his own hand. It covers no less than twenty-nine folio pages, every one of which is numbered and bears his signature at the bottom of the sheet. It is a remarkable commentary and exposition of the benign humanity which pervaded his every act through life, and discloses in almost every line the noble character of the testator. Had Washington left to posterity no other document, his will would have revealed to the world the greatness of his character. It is a model of exactness and clarity of expression of the purposes of his will, and indeed it possesses literary merit of high order.

The first provision devised to his wife "My whole Estate, real and personal, for the term of her natural life, except such parts thereof as are specifically disposed of hereafter." Further in the will he made specific bequests of lands, money, stocks, annuities, etc., to his brothers, nephews, relatives and friends, and there were numerous provisions for the "acquittal" and "exhonoratation" of the obligations of those who were indebted to him.

That the question of negro slavery had received thought-



ful consideration by Washington, who regarded the problem as an evil that could be solved only through humane evolution, is disclosed in the second clause of his will in which he provides for their manumission.

“Upon the decease of my wife, it is my desire that all the slaves which I hold in my own right shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, tho (*sic*) earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriages with the Dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations—if not disagreeable consequences from the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor.”

This item of the will is too long to quote in full, but Washington takes into consideration the hardships that might result to those of his slaves who were in infancy, aged or infirm, or unable to support themselves, so he directs that his heirs shall provide that “they shall be comfortably clothed and fed . . . while they live.” He also directed that these young slaves be “taught to read and write and to be brought up to some useful occupation.” Washington further stipulates:

“And I do hereby expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said commonwealth (Virginia) of any Slave (*sic*) I may die possessed of under any pretense whatsoever. And I do moreover most positively, and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors . . . to see that this clause respecting slaves and every part thereof be religiously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place without evasion, neglect or delay after the crops which may then be on the ground are harvested, particularly as it respects the aged and infirm.”

He also directed that “a regular and permanent fund be established for their support so long as there are subjects requiring it, not trusting to the uncertain provisions to be made by individuals.”

Martha, the widow of George Washington, manumitted all of her slaves in 1801, about a year after the death of her husband. The deed of manumission is recorded in the records of Fairfax County, Va., in Liber CC, folio 323.

Another provision of the will concerns the disposition

of Washington's faithful slave and personal servant, William Lee, who attended him throughout the War of the Revolution and until he was incapacitated, after which he was cared for at Mount Vernon until the death of his master.

"And to my mulatto man William (calling himself William Lee) I give immediate freedom, or if he should prefer it (on account of accidents which have befallen him and which have rendered him incapable of walking or of any active employment) to remain in the situation he is now, it shall be optional in him to do so. In either case, however, I allow an annuity of thirty dollars during his natural life, which shall be independent of the victuals and cloaths (*sic*) he has been accustomed to receive: if he chuses (*sic*) the last alternative, but in full with his freedom, if he prefers the first, and this I give him as a testimony of my sense of his attachment to me and for his faithful services during the revolutionary war."

The above provision is quoted in full in view of the light it sheds on the deep human side of Washington's character.

#### HIS SWORDS AND SOLEMN INJUNCTION

ANOTHER item of the will which illumines the spirit which impelled this great man is that in which he devises "the swords of which I may die possessed" to five of his nephews.

"These swords are accompanied with the injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood except it be for self-defence—or in the defence of their Country and its rights, and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

This last quoted paragraph of the will seems to indicate rather clearly the position Washington would have taken had he been the President of the United States at the time the *Lusitania* was sunk by the German U-boats, with the resultant murder of scores of American men and women. Had he been confronted with the swiftly following events, which threatened the honor and rights of the nation: jeopardizing the lives of its citizens, and the existence and liberty of the free nations of the world, to which we are allied by ties of blood, friendship, obligation and heredity, is it pos-



sible to doubt that Washington would have hesitated to abandon his policy of no foreign entanglements or alliances, or that he would have hesitated again "to unsheath his sword in the defence of his country and its rights, and prefer falling with it to the relinquishment thereof"?

It may be of interest to note in passing that of these five swords the first choice fell to Washington's eldest nephew, Col. William Augustine Washington, the great-great-grandfather of the writer, who selected the sword said to have been sent to Washington by Frederick the Great of Prussia with the message "From the oldest General in the world to the Greatest." The third choice was allotted to another nephew (a younger brother of the wife of William Augustine Washington), Bushrod Washington, who was appointed by President John Adams a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States when he was but thirty-six years old.

#### THE FREDERICK THE GREAT SWORD

**B**USHROD WASHINGTON, who also inherited Washington's home at Mount Vernon, under the terms of the will, died childless, and bequeathed the sword he had received from Washington to his nephew, George Corbin Washington, the son of the before mentioned William Augustine Washington, who thus acquired by inheritance two of Washington's swords, having also received from his father the Frederick the Great sword. George Corbin left them to his only son, Col. Lewis William Washington, of Virginia, the grandfather of the writer.

From his hands, the so-called Frederick the Great sword, which was the most ornate of all of Washington's swords, passed into the possession of the State of New York. It is preserved in the State Library at Albany, and was considerably damaged by the fire which destroyed the Capitol building in March, 1911. The Bushrod Washington sword mysteriously disappeared, several years ago, after it had come into possession of a younger son of Lewis William Washington, who died intestate, and it is not known what disposition he made of it. The writer has made a careful and ex-

haustive study of the history of Washington's swords, their origin, descent and ownership, and has failed after long and painstaking effort to gain the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of this sword which seems to have been lost to the world.

LAFAYETTE'S GIFT

THE pair of pistols, mentioned earlier in this paper, which Lafayette gave Washington, were inherited by his nephew Justice Bushrod Washington, who devised them to his nephew George Corbin Washington. While they were in the latter's possession, one of the pistols met the same fate as the sword that mysteriously disappeared. In George Corbin Washington's will appears the following bequest:

"I also give to my son, Lewis W. Washington, the sword of Gen'l Washington devised to me by my father, and also the sword and pistol (one of them being lost) of the said Gen'l George Washington, devised to me by my uncle Judge Bushrod Washington."

George Corbin Washington, who was a member of Congress, and Indian Commissioner of the United States, was prominently mentioned as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, but it is understood he had no aspiration to that office. It is believed that he was induced to lend some of the relics of his illustrious great uncle for exhibition for a charitable cause, and one of the Lafayette pistols was stolen from the case in which it was shown. The will was drawn in 1854, the year of his death. The lost pistol has not since come to light, and there is scant likelihood at this late day that it ever again will be identified.

The so-called Frederick the Great sword, together with this pistol, which was a large horseman's side firearm, was again destined to further adventure in the cause of freedom. When John Brown made his historic raid at Harper's Ferry in 1859, he sent, at night, John E. Cook, one of his lieutenants, with a posse of his men to "Beall-Air," the home of Col. Lewis William Washington, about five miles distant, who took Col. Washington to Harper's Ferry, where he was held



as a hostage in the fire-engine house at the United States arsenal, in which Brown had fortified himself. At the same time the sword and pistol were taken from Col. Washington's home, and the sword was worn by John Brown during the siege of the engine-house and until his capture. The pistol was in some manner spirited away by one of Brown's men and presented to the Hon. Thaddeus Hyatt, who returned it to Col. Washington. The sword was also recovered after Brown had been captured.

#### IF WASHINGTON LIVED NOW

**I**N Washington's early military career, as has been mentioned, he was an officer of the American colonial forces of England. He accompanied the British expeditionary army, led by the ill-fated Braddock, against the French and Indians in Western Pennsylvania. By a curious turn of the wheel of fate, not many years later the French were his allies against the British in the War of the Revolution. Is not it a remarkable anomaly that the one hundred and eighty-seventh anniversary of the birthday of George Washington finds the world emerging from the greatest war that has ever before beset it and undergoing the greatest national, moral and spiritual changes in all history!

Had Washington lived to see the cordial understanding, friendship and unanimity of purpose and endeavor for the preservation of democracy and civilization that now exists between those three ancient enemies, France, Great Britain and the United States, his most utopian dreams would have been more than realized.

#### THE WASHINGTON ANCESTRAL HOME

**P**RESIDENT WILSON, during his recent visit to England, in declining an invitation of the Mayor of Northampton to visit that town, took occasion to refer to the ancestral home of George Washington in the following language:

"I would, if I could, come to Northampton, not only with pleasure, but with the feeling that I was making a pious pilgrimage to that particular part of England most directly associated with the great manor of Washington; but I would not be entitled to do homage there if I did not act as I suppose General Washington would act and do nothing which took one away from the special duties which brought me across the water."

In July, 1914, the writer had the privilege of visiting, as the representative of his family, the ancient home of the Washingtons, at Sulgrave, a small village in Northamptonshire, England. It was the occasion of the formal presentation of the Sulgrave Manor House by the people of England, acquired through a fund raised by popular subscription, to the people of the United States, as a memorial of the Centenary of Peace that had existed between the English-speaking peoples of the world, and between Great Britain and the United States in particular. The ceremonies were simple, dignified and impressive, being attended by several men important in the affairs of the British government, and by the late Dr. Walter Hines Page, the American Ambassador. When the Duke of Teck, the honorary chairman of the British Committee, handed Dr. Page the key to the Sulgrave Manor House, the writer pictured in his mind the emigration to America of the two Washington brothers, John and Lawrence. The thought also arose that in the vision of these two pioneers of Virginia there could have been not the slightest dream that the great-grandson of John Washington was destined to take so large a part in the foundation of the great American Republic. It was the spirit of these two brave English pioneer brothers, who emigrated into the New World where they sought to establish their families and fortunes in the wilderness of Virginia, that produced the qualities of courage and love of freedom that were so intensely developed in George Washington. Is it difficult to believe that the spirit of freedom and jealous regard for the rights of man which pervaded Washington's ideals was reawakened into forceful action when the great nation of which he has been called the father responded so nobly to the cry of the endangered democracy of the world?



# LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA

The Penalty He Paid for His Democratic Ideas—His  
Personality

By COUNT DE LA FAYETTE

[HONORARY MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI—THE GREAT-  
GREAT-GRANDSON OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE]

THE FORUM has very kindly asked me to write upon General de la Fayette. It is a great honor and at the same time a great obligation. Much, indeed, has been said and written about the difficult task of adding lustre to the well known name one bears. A pen more competent than mine should undertake this. Moreover, the English language is not mine, so I hope that the reader will forgive my shortcomings.

I have written above, General de la Fayette, and not General Lafayette. Indeed, the hero of the War of Independence was known as General Marquis de la Fayette. It is true that later on, at the time of the French Revolution, during the famous night of the "Fourth of August," the General, with most of the noblemen of the National Assembly, in a burst of enthusiasm, gave up his "particule" (the "de"), title and privileges, and for the remainder of his life was known as General Lafayette, that when he visited this country in 1824 and 1825 he was so known and called; but the fact remains, that as a major-general in the American army he was General de la Fayette, and, if I may give a personal opinion, it seems strange that today to many Americans that spelling is unfamiliar. Even the pronunciation of the name has been changed and the French one is almost unknown. If I am not mistaken, a few years ago at a public banquet General Horace Porter made some remarks about that fact, and suggested that the real pronunciation should be taught in the schools.

General de la Fayette after the French Revolution never again made use of his title. His only son and his grandsons

resumed the original spelling of the name, and if the descendants of that only son, who have been authorized to revive the name of de la Fayette, have later on assumed a title, it is only, as I wrote years ago, because the long association of certain titles with family patrimonies is often, as in the present case, one of such a universal acceptance as to seem a traditional part of the name itself.

#### WHAT INFLUENCED LAFAYETTE TO COME TO AMERICA

THE influence of the philosophers and of the encyclopedists of the eighteenth century, of Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau, certainly was at the bottom of the decision the young de la Fayette made to come to these shores and cast his lot with the "rebels." We must not forget, however, that through his distinguished ancestors he had inherited the spirit of adventure and chivalry, and that such a cause did certainly appeal a great deal to his imagination. An impulse of the moment, a "*coup de tête*," as it has been said, is not a sufficient explanation. The youth of France at that time was aroused by the spirit of the times, and to go and fight against the soldiers of a king, principally the soldiers of the King of England, was certainly an incentive to a young man, independent and possessed of a large fortune. De la Fayette as a boy of nineteen did not care for society, was a poor dancer and, contrary to habits widely spread at that time, was a poor drinker. His brother-in-law, Comte de Noailles, used to jest him a great deal on that subject. It is said that one night during a dinner de la Fayette took a little more champagne than usual and his men were obliged to help him to his carriage. But he was so well satisfied with his accomplishment, that he repeated all the time: "Above all, don't forget to say to de Noailles how much I drank."

It was during a banquet given at Metz by Comte de Bouille, Governor of the fortress, to the Duke of Gloucester, brother of the King of England, that de la Fayette heard for the first time of the American "rebellion" and said: "As



soon as I heard of American independence, my heart was enlisted, and I thought only of joining my colors."

These ideas of liberty and justice which were to guide him all through his life, received then their first recognition. They were also the ideas of many of the young officers, one and all noblemen, who came here with Rochambeau, and who had the "*esprit frondeur*" then pervading French Society. For these young and noble men these ideas, so long as they were to be applied to another people, were all right, but so soon as they were to endanger the fortunes and privileges of the French Aristocracy, then they were all wrong. General de la Fayette remained faithful to them, his life with the American people developed them, and when, after the War of Independence, he returned to France, he was thoroughly imbued with them.

#### HATED BY THE NOBILITY

WHEN the French Revolution broke out, General de la Fayette endeavored to apply them to the land of his birth, but could not do so without assailing the rights and privileges of the Aristocracy, which, in consequence, rose against him, causing him to become forever the most hated man of the nobility of France.

Historians, writers, former friends and relatives began to abuse him, not being able to pardon an aristocrat such ideals as he had, and that hatred among certain people is still continued to the present time against the members of his family who remain faithful to his generous sentiments.

There is, indeed, a side of General de la Fayette's life which few Americans realize, the French side, if I may call it so. In the life of all well known men there are such things; that such jealousies and hatred should be continued is a pity, but such is human nature, and it is not for me to say more on that subject.

The part of General de la Fayette in the American Revolution is well known. I shall not dwell upon it. His simplicity of manner, his devotion to the American cause

won him forever the heart of the Americans and the friendship of Washington.

I shall not speak of the sufferings of Valley Forge; nor narrate again the history of the review where General Washington, making some comparison between the splendor of Versailles and the ragged appearance of the American troops, brought forth this remark from General de la Fayette: "I am not here to teach, but to learn."

May I, instead, narrate one or two episodes of that period, which I think are not widely known? Episodes or anecdotes are the salt of History.

#### LAFAYETTE'S TILT WITH "MAD" ANTHONY WAYNE

**D**URING the Virginia campaign General de la Fayette was once in need of reinforcements and consequently sent his aide, Major Anderson, to General Wayne, the "Mad" Anthony, to ask him to join his command at a certain place and date. Major Anderson, on arriving at the headquarters of General Wayne, explained to him the purpose of his mission. Mad Anthony immediately went, as usual, into a great rage and, pacing to and fro in the room, started to curse "that d— Frenchman, that frog-eater," etc. Major Anderson very quietly allowed the storm to pass and then sat down, took out his pencil and started to write. Seeing this, General Wayne asked him what he was doing, to which Major Anderson replied that he was taking some notes to make a faithful report to General de la Fayette. That answer brought forth another outburst, but by and by General Wayne listened to the explanation of Major Anderson and finally exclaimed: "Tell him I'll jine him. By G— I'll jine him!" And indeed, the next day he joined General de la Fayette's command.

When Yorktown's surrender and peace came, General de la Fayette went back to France, but remained faithful to his ideals, as his correspondence with General Washington shows. One of the subjects discussed in that correspondence was the question of slavery and freedom of slaves. To put



his ideas in practice, General de la Fayette bought in French Guiana an estate with slaves and worked out a plan to eventually set them free. Unfortunately, the French Revolution and its consequences in the life of the General stopped that humanitarian experiment.

#### LAFAYETTE'S FLIGHT AND LONG IMPRISONMENT

**D**ARK days were coming. General de la Fayette, in command of one of three French armies which were fighting the European coalition against France, had to give up his command and cross the frontier to escape the guillotine. He left his second in command and reached the Belgian border, accompanied by a few officers of his staff, one of them Major de Pusy. General de la Fayette little knew at that time how intimately the name of de Pusy was to be connected with that of his in after years. Today a de Pusy, a direct descendant of the General, is one of the brilliant cavalry officers of the French army. Soon he was arrested by a patrol of Prussians and taken to the nearest commanding officer, who, among his first questions, asked where he had put his army chest. That Prussian General could hardly be convinced that General de la Fayette had left his command without taking with him all his worldly goods.

The armies of the coalition against France were under the direction of Mons. the Duke of Bourbon, who upon hearing of the arrest of General de la Fayette, could not conceal his unbounded delight, and refused the plea of the General to be allowed to proceed to Holland, thence to America. For, to Kings and Emperors, aristocrats and courtiers, the name of de la Fayette was indeed the symbol of revolutionary ideas and thoroughly abhorred.

The General was sent to the Fortress of Namur, then from prison to prison, thence to Wezel, where he fell dangerously ill and where the smallest attentions were refused him. He was offered some alleviations if he were willing to give information relative to the situation in France. His only reply was: "The King of Prussia is, indeed, impertinent."

## PRUSSIA GIVES LAFAYETTE UP TO AUSTRIA

A COMMITTEE of the Coalition decided that "the liberty of General de la Fayette was incompatible with the safety of the Governments of Europe." He was then transferred to Magdeburg and given up by Prussia to Austria, who sent him to the Fortress of Olmütz, where he arrived July, 1794. To add to his misery, General de la Fayette was gravely concerned as to the welfare of his wife, and the rumors he had heard of the events in Paris and later on of his wife's imprisonment added to his anxiety.

General Washington and the friends of the General in France, even in England, had joined in their efforts to secure his freedom, but they were not successful at that time. In 1794 a Dr. Bollmann from Hamburg was sent to Austria to see what could be done. By a most extraordinary coincidence Dr. Bollmann met in a Vienna café Francis K. Huger. It was on the estate of the father of Francis K. Huger, Major Benjamin Huger, near Charleston, S. C., that General de la Fayette had landed on arriving in America in 1779. Huger and Bollmann heard of the drives which General de la Fayette was permitted to take from time to time outside the fortress and arranged to rescue him on one of these occasions. Horses were secured and all details settled, but through unfortunate circumstances the whole plan miscarried and General de la Fayette thereafter found his prison life even more severe.

The following year witnesses the reunion of General de la Fayette and his wife. Through the exertions of Monroe, who had succeeded Gouverneur Morris as American Minister to Paris, Madame de la Fayette had been released from her prison. She started immediately for Vienna, where the Emperor of Austria granted her an audience, but refused her the liberty of her husband, saying, "My hands are tied." By whom he did not say. On the 1st of October, 1795, the General heard the bars of his prison opened and saw his wife and his two daughters walk into his cell. The meeting can easily be imagined. Madame de la Fayette and her two daughters



found the General at the bottom of a dungeon, with barely any light or air. The food given to him was vile, and even forks and knives were refused him. The General was in rags, wearing still the garments he had on him when he had been arrested, and one of the first acts of one of his daughters was to make for him a pair of slippers out of some old trousers. When night came the two daughters were taken to a separate cell, and it was only at that moment that Madame de la Fayette found the courage to tell her husband how her grandmother, her mother and her sister had all been beheaded in Paris in a single day.

Madame de la Fayette soon thereafter fell dangerously ill and, to her request that she be allowed to go to Vienna to consult a doctor, the condition was imposed that if she left her husband she would not be allowed to return to him. We can conceive what her answer was.

#### GEORGE WASHINGTON ASKS FOR HIS RELEASE

**B**UT the friends of the General were not relenting in their efforts. General Washington in May, 1796, wrote a letter to the King of Prussia, but did not receive any reply. In France Lally Tollendal raised his voice in his behalf. In England General Fitzpatrick, who had met General de la Fayette in England before he went to America, and who was a friend of Lord Cornwallis, introduced a motion in the House of Commons asking the British Government to intercede in behalf of the General. Fox and William Pitt seconded the motion. The great Tory, William Windham, opposed it, and in the sitting of December 16, 1796, pronounced these words, which illustrate the feeling at that time of all enemies of liberty: "I feel very little consideration for the beginners of revolutions. I should not be sorry, indeed I should rejoice, to see such men drink deep of the cup of calamity which they had prepared for the lips of others." The motion was defeated, but the exertions of Washington and other friends of de la Fayette had not been in vain.

The general feeling in Europe was more and more strongly in favor of the release of the General, and when the French Directory, through Bonaparte, opened negotiations with the Emperor of Austria, the doors of Olmütz were at last opened and on September 18, 1797, the General was set free, after five years and one month of incarceration, of which twenty-three months had been spent with him by Madame de la Fayette.

## WASHINGTON BEFRIENDS HIS SON

LET us for a moment abandon General de la Fayette's life and say a few words of his only son, George Washington de la Fayette. He was thirteen years of age when, in 1792, his father being in prison, his mother sent him to America, imploring the aid of General Washington in his behalf. He spent some months in Mount Vernon, treated by General Washington as though he were his own son.

In the John Carter Brown Library of Providence, R. I., there is a small pocket memorandum book in which General Washington used to enter daily expenses, and in which we can read the following:

" November, 1796

3d. Gave Geo. W. Fayette, for the purpose of getting himself such small articles of clothing as he might want & not chuse to ask for.—100 dollars."

Apropos the difference of feeling of Napoleon to young de la Fayette from that of the fatherly interest of George Washington, I recall the following anecdote:

During the first empire George Washington de la Fayette was a cavalry officer, and, at the battle of Eylau, rescued his Colonel. A few days after the battle Napoleon I., according to his habit, had a review of his troops, and, arriving in front of the regiment of Major de la Fayette, received the report of the Colonel, who asked him to promote the Major to



superior rank. The Emperor listened, then turned, deep in thought, turned again his head and simply answered:

“A de la Fayette—never!”

Soon after Major de la Fayette resigned; later on he accompanied his father on his historical tour to the United States in 1824-1825, and died as Senator of France in 1849.

Returning to the life of General de la Fayette—he was liberated from his Austrian prison, not by, but at the time of the treaty of Campo Formio; and, after a stay in Holland, necessitated by the political condition of France, returned to his native land. His sufferings during all that period had not in the least altered his love of “Justice, Liberty and Equality among men.”

During the first Empire he was forced to remain on his estate near Paris, receiving many Americans, indulging in agriculture and showing in all his acts and dealings the same simplicity of manners and open-heartedness which had always been manifest in him.

#### LAFAYETTE'S RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES

AT last he was able to realize one of his most desired and cherished hopes, a dream of many years. Answering the invitation of the United States Government, he came back to the land of the Great Republic, which he, as well as many other sincerely patriotic men, had helped to build. Of the triumphal march which the American people organized for him, a march of more than 3,000 miles, covering a period of ten months, a march unparalleled in history, I am unable to write. It is beyond my power, and I shall confine myself to only one or two anecdotes.

One of General de la Fayette's pet queries upon meeting an old comrade in arms was to inquire, “Are you married?” If receiving an affirmative answer, he would reply, “Happy man—happy man!” If by chance the next man replied to the contrary, de la Fayette would say, “Lucky dog, lucky dog!”

When the time came for his return to France the United States Government placed at his disposal a man-of-war. One afternoon, when the coast of France was in sight and the General was pacing the deck, a midshipman stood in front of the General, and, saluting, asked permission to say a few words. He then expressed to the General the feelings of the staff as having been honored in sharing the duty of conveying him home, and ended by saying that the staff would appreciate it very much if the General would let them have a small souvenir of so memorable a voyage. The General replied that unfortunately he had nothing with him to satisfy their request. Then the midshipman said: "General, we would like very much to have a lock of your hair." The General, removing his hat, answered simply, "Help yourself, sir; help yourself."

General de la Fayette's last years were coming. Poland was in the throes of revolution and partition, and a large part of his time was employed in the cause of the Poles. In fact, General de la Fayette was at that time the spokesman of that oppressed people. One of his last public appearances was in the rostrum of the Parliament in Paris in an endeavor to defend their cause of "Freedom and Independence."

And so, to his last moment, General de la Fayette showed the great quality which even his bitterest enemies have been obliged to recognize in him—steadfastness to his principles and devotion to the cause of all mankind.



# WHY WE SHOULD KEEP THE WIRES

A Question of National Defense and Economic Efficiency  
—Not a Partisan Question

By HON. ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON,  
[POSTMASTER GENERAL]

WHEN I urge the permanent merging of the telegraph and telephone facilities of the country with the Postal System, all to be owned and operated by the Government, I advocate nothing that is novel, startling, radical or revolutionary. If it is "socialism" then most of my predecessors in the office of Postmaster General during the past fifty years must be classed as socialists; also many of our foremost statesmen and economists, including a number noted for their conservative opinions as to governmental operations.

I do not urge the change because of the Government having taken over those facilities temporarily; indeed, I advocated it long before the beginning of the war which caused the temporary change.

The question of the Government's owning and operating the wires is not, properly speaking, one of "Government ownership" in the sense generally given that term; it bears little if any relation to any such question of the Government's "going into business" as would be involved in the Government's undertaking a permanent monopoly of a process of general production. The change would harmonize perfectly in principle and fact with Abraham Lincoln's apt definition of proper governmental operations, to wit: "The legitimate object of government is to do for the people what needs to be done, but which they cannot by individual effort do at all, or do as well, for themselves."

Furthermore, it would be properly in line with, and in fact furnish the quickest and safest, if not the only feasible means for, the bringing about of that co-ordinate elaboration

of our various systems of electrical communication which our best practical experts hold to be the ultimate ideal of service.

The suggestion is by no means new, for it was put forth authoritatively at the very beginning of wire communication. As is well known, the Federal Government, by subsidy, assisted in the original development of the telegraph and pondered very seriously making it a governmental monopoly from the start. While it must be admitted that the development of our utilities for electrical communication, like that of most other facilities based on mechanical invention, may be credited largely to private initiative, individual enterprise does not account for it all. The Government as well as the public generally made valuable contributions to that development.

#### NOT PARTISAN, REVOLUTIONARY OR UNCONSTITUTIONAL

THE fact that nearly every other progressive country treats the telephone and telegraph as a governmental monopoly and operates them as parts of their postal systems banishes the suggestion that in doing likewise we should do anything partaking of the startling, radical or revolutionary.

Since, in this country, the change has been advocated with equal ardor by distinguished leaders in all parties, and by Postmaster Generals in both Republican and Democratic administrations, the question cannot be classed with those properly rated as partisan.

Although the Constitution does not prescribe the means of conveying intelligence by wire as a governmental monopoly, as it does the means for carrying the mails, we may suspect that the omission is due to the fact that there were no telephones or telegraphs, and none anticipated, when the Constitution was adopted.

The Constitution does not withhold the Postal Service from private control as a "business" or as an enterprise from which the Government expected to earn profits, but because it then constituted the only general and universal means for conveying intelligence. Practically the only other inter-



related means of communication were the public highways which from time immemorial have been owned and controlled by government.

The operation of the Postal Service was reserved exclusively to the Government because it was essential to the progress and development of the country that the mails be handled, not with an eye first to the earning of revenue, but to guarantee and facilitate the transmission of intelligence from one citizen to the other. And all will admit that this could not be done at all or as well through individual effort.

At that time, as stated, practically the only means of general communication was that afforded by the posts. The mails had no competitor. The telegraph and telephone, which were invented long after the Constitution was adopted, are, by the nature of the business done, competitors of the posts. The fact of a message being transmitted by wire instead of via a mail box does not change its basic character as a communication of intelligence, the handling of which the Government desired to keep exclusively in its own hands.

#### A PART OF THE NATIONAL DEFENSE

THE Constitution in giving Congress control of the post offices and post roads obviously to my mind contemplated no particular physical structures but the general communication of intelligence. It is entirely probable, had the telegraph and telephone been established or so much as anticipated, that they would also have been expressly included.

It is now an accepted axiom of government that the mails constitute a means for covering intelligence which it is as much the duty of the government to establish and maintain as it is its duty to provide for the national defense. In fact, an established and widely extended system of communication is a part of the national defense. Moreover, it is essential to the development of the country and the prosperity and general enlightenment of its people. It is a utility of defense and of progress as much during peace as during war times.

No one would withhold the liberal meed of credit due those who by private initiative and enterprise directed the development of our truly great system of electrical communication. However, that development would not have been possible but for the existence of a public willing to and capable of giving it support. Hence it might be suggested that the fertility of the soil with which they worked was in some degree made possible by the unparalleled encouragement which before and concurrently was given by our Government to the transmission of intelligence through the mails.

It is true that this development is made possible by inventions deserving individual reward and conveying individual rights; but it is proper to add that such inventions are encouraged and protected by our patent laws.

Because our present systems of electrical communication were developed largely through private initiative and enterprise makes no valid argument in favor of their continuance under private control and ownership. How they would have developed under Government ownership no one can with definiteness say. However, its contrast with the development of our marvelous system of mails, no one will contend is discreditable to the latter. Moreover, if we go back to origination, it is fair to note that the handling of the mails has not always been an exclusively government function and that our own Postal System was taken over in part at least from so-called private enterprise. And, the so often expressed opposite view to the contrary notwithstanding, private enterprise and personal initiative may yet and do contribute to the efficiency of the Postal Service.

#### WIRE UTILITIES "NATURAL MONOPOLIES"

THE wire service like the mails is a public utility of universal necessity and is adapted to the performance of no other function than that of conveying intelligence; and disregarding the divergence of views as to Government own-



ership of public utilities generally it must be recognized that electrical agencies of communication stand alone as an essential utility performing a Government function. It is possible to transmit a written communication independently of the mails and sometimes quite as expeditiously. Surrounding the mails are no such natural barriers like those which render wire facilities and, to a large extent, other means for electrical communication, supreme and exclusive in their field. They, to a much greater (albeit, to an almost complete) extent than the mails are "natural monopolies."

The progress, prosperity and enlightenment of the nation are dependent upon expansive means of communication between and among the people. Neither the telephone nor telegraph is any longer a means of communication solely for class or particularized use. Either bears more potently on the daily lives, habits, comfort and activities of the people than did the mails a hundred years ago. Under the complex system of society which, to a great extent, quick means for conveying intelligence is responsible for, we could now dispense with either telephone or telegraph at perhaps less inconvenience than would have accompanied the abolition of organized mail service a century ago.

Therefore, the very nature and quality of those utilities make it highly important for the extension of wire service to be determined by public needs rather than the opportunity for private gain. The wire systems are supported by the public because they are a necessity in social life and business enterprise, however wasteful they may be in their methods of operation or extravagant in their charges.

The extension of mail service, quite fortunately for the country, has never depended absolutely on profitable return in money. No matter how remote a community, or how difficult the reaching of it by post may be, the Government considers it a duty to see that that community is given such mail service as all the equities, instead of the question alone as to whether it shall pay of itself, may entitle that community to.

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP EXACTS A PROFIT

**B**UT the very nature of private ownership makes it necessary that the establishment or extension of wire service be determined almost wholly by whether it shall readily pay a profit. Under private ownership the extension of our mail service as made in the one branch of rural free delivery—which on the whole has not been a losing venture for the Government and of value to the country incalculable in terms of money—would have been impracticable and impossible. The extent of the wire service under private ownership is restricted to areas where it may be operated with more or less immediate and continuing profit to the owners. The competition which it invites is that which is in pursuit of profit, not in rivalry for public benefit and service.

I would not be so absurd as to argue that the Government should give the people a free wire service or anything akin to it, no more than it gives to them a free mail service. If the wires cannot be operated, as the mails are, with more benefit to the public for the full service rendered and with greater safety to the country than under private ownership they should not be taken over permanently by the Government.

But they can be so operated, not because all units of operation by the Government would of necessity be more efficient or less expensive but because, among other things, amalgamations, changes and extensions in the body of the service which can be undertaken practically by the Government alone would render the whole more efficient and at less cost than would be possible under private ownership.

For example, private capital will not enter such enterprises except upon the prospect of good return on the money invested with an added margin for the inevitable risks of loss involved in all private undertakings. Thus private capital is invested in such private enterprises with the expectation of seven or eight per cent and often greater return on the investment, while the Government can borrow money at



four and one-half per cent or less. The public pays the charge in either event. But the difference between four and one-half per cent and eight per cent for the money invested in the wire systems of the United States, would, as careful calculation shows, maintain and pay for the property in eighteen years and nine months. The Government as owner would be under no necessity to charge interest on its investment any more than it would for money invested in postal facilities, navy yards or other public property.

#### THE WASTES OF COMPETITION

THE greatest saving would come through the elimination of wastes caused by the competition involved in private ownership, which competition, under private ownership, is necessary to the protection of the public's rights.

Basically it would be as logical to have two or more post offices in the same town operating independently and where patrons of each had no means of communicating with each other, as to have two telephone systems operate in the same territory, for in either case the cost to the public is multiplied and the utility divided.

Mr. Theodore N. Vail, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and probably the world's highest authority on wire service, declares in a recent communication—in which he quotes extensively from his annual report for 1910—that his company should afford electrical communication. “. . . of every kind of intelligence from any place to anyone at any other place; that the service should be comprehensive, nation wide, economical and at a minimum price so that potential business could be developed.”

But to do that effectively and economically, he goes on to say, “requires the combination of every kind of electrical transmission of intelligence into one system over which the most efficient service could be rendered through the development of new and useful service and the wire plant and facilities thus to be utilized to the fullest extent.”

He advocates "common control of this unified system . . . . to the furthestmost possible limits," to, "cover our nation and the international communications to the boundaries of all other nations with which we have existing or potential relations." He thinks there should be "one control" of all electrical communications, domestic or international, "open wire, cable or radio" in order that there may be close harmony of effort and operation one with the other in all connected activities, including research, investigation and experimentation.

"Only in this way," he says, "can the greatest results in service, in public benefit, in economy or in cheapness be obtained."

#### A PRIVATE COMBINE OF ALL WIRES IMPRACTICABLE

I DOUBT if it would be practicable, or consistent with the country's or the public's interest for such a combine to come into being under private ownership and control, however patriotic or efficient it might be. In truth, the Government alone could safely exercise such a right of monopoly as the wire service calls for, but some plan of organization should be devised which will combine all the advantages and the authority possessed by the Government without losing the benefit of the experience of the best operation which our industrial world has demonstrated to be advantageous. I believe such a plan can be worked out.

While the various branches of electrical communication are inseparably related and interdependent so is all wire communication related to and in some degree dependent on postal service. The mails, as is well known, are often used in facilitating the dispatch of wire messages, and no doubt the mails and the wires could be worked together extensively with mutual advantage and improvements. In countries where Government ownership of the wires prevails, the same executive forces serve to a large extent for both the wires and



the mails; in many instances the same buildings and other equipment are utilized for both with much added convenience and saving to the public.

Information acquired through Federal control of the telegraph and telephone systems of the country since last August enables me to give assurance that the entire wire system of the country can be acquired and paid for in twenty-five years out of the savings made through the elimination of duplications in plants and operating expenses without injury—in fact with improvement—to the service rendered. Therefore, existing means of electrical communication of intelligence could be merged with the Postal Service without any ultimate cost to the public, and at the same time develop a national wire system available for the use of every community in the country co-extensive with the present Postal Service.

Since 1845, following an appropriation by Congress in 1844 looking to the acquisition of the Morse invention by the Post Office Department, many Postmaster Generals have recommended that the wire service be made a part of the postal monopoly.

#### CONGRESS HAS OPTION ON TELEGRAPHS

**I**N fact, in 1866 Congress by proper Act and the acceptance thereof by the telegraph companies caused to be obtained an option to purchase the telegraph properties at their appraised value. This option is still in full force and effect.

President Grant joined with Postmaster General Cresswell in “deprecating further delay” by Congress in providing fully for the acquisition of the wire lines of the country.

Nearly every Postmaster General since that time, including Messrs. Howe, Gresham, Wanamaker, Payne, Cortelyou, and my predecessor, Mr. Hitchcock, have recommended the acquirement of the wire lines, the construction of others by the Government or the utilization in some form of the wires in connection with the Postal Service.

Since 1871 more than 70 bills have been introduced in Congress providing for the purchase or control by the Government of the telegraph lines and more than a score of those bills have been reported favorably by Senate or House Committees.

The purchase, lease, or other forms of Government control of the wires have been advocated by many Senators and Representatives of all parties and by such outstanding national figures as Henry Clay, Charles Sumner, Hannibal Hamlin, and Senators Edmunds, Dawes and Chandler.

The objection based on the supposed advantages the party happening to be in power would gain through Government ownership, either in making use of private information contained in wire messages or by forcing the added number of Government employes to support it with their ballots, is answered, I think adequately, by our experience with the Postal Service, the management of which gives no special advantage to any political party. In truth, in a strict sense of practical politics, I believe responsibility for its management carries distinct disadvantages.

Congress already by special legislation has made it a criminal offense to make use for political purpose of any information passing over the wires and provided heavy penalties for divulging the contents of private messages. In fact the law already throws around telegraph and telephone messages all the safeguards as to privacy that exist with respect to sealed communications. No doubt similar protection in political action as now given Postal Department employes would be afforded persons associated with the wire service under permanent Government ownership.

Whatever disadvantages the further extension of Government operations might entail would certainly be outweighed by the many advantages that would accrue to it and the public through the complete and permanent amalgamation of the means of all electrical communication of intelligence with the Postal Service.



# THE "ROMANCE" OF VON RINTELEN

The Kaiser's Secret Ambassador-de-Luxe

By H. DE WISSEN

*The super-plotter of Prussian wiles fell into Uncle Sam's net. Today in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, Franz von Rintelen, supposed to be of Hohenzollern blood, a multi-millionaire in his own name, a favorite but a few years back in Newport society, is serving a nine-year sentence for unlawful acts against the Government. His story is a thrilling episode of the Kaiser's intrigues in America.*

**I**N the intimate, small circle of the personal entourage of Wilhelm the Mad, "by God's grace King of Prussia and German Kaiser," there breathed the dark spirits of medieval mysticism, superstition and legendry. Theirs were weird minds. They were veneered with a philosophic materialism and stored with a fund of knowledge of modern banking, commerce and industry; yet morally impoverished and cavernous with fetishes, mystic schemes of theology, strange fears, credulity for legend and fantastic, nebulous conceptions.

One such was that a Hohenzollern being predestined to Valhalla cannot fail. Another, that when the "Weiss Nacht" (White Night) came, then came with it, disaster. Now it was thought that "Franz von Rintelen," as the world knew him, could not fail. But that was before Wilhelm Hohenzollern stood beside the little square-paned window in the Castle of Pless; and looking out into the gusty, soaking night, saw something, which . . . .

The rain beat down. Across the East Prussian swamplands the wind moaned, whispering the woes of the battle-front on Russia's steppes. Back among the trees, in the swirling, dripping blackness of the night the presence of the old castle was felt rather than seen . . . the rain, gurgling from its gutters, splashing on its windows, the weeping of

myriad empty eyes. On such nights, in Prussian lore, the *Thing* was seen.

In the hunting *salle* of the castle, a log fire burned strangely, now dying down, now blazing bright, like a human hope. Uneasy shadows and reflections felt their way along the walls. Beside the fireplace a young dragoon officer, personal aide to the Kaiser, shivered a little and rubbed his hands. In the windows the curtains stirred, as with the cold wet night breathing through, and on the table the great candles flickered. To be sure this was to be expected in a draughty old castle but—in the young dragoon's mind rose the mists . . . . .

On such a night came Dorothea, all dressed in white, to the bier of the Great Elector of Brandenburg. Years later a form all in white was seen in the Palace of Bayreuth; and then, Napoleon! In 1799 the sentry at the palace gate in Berlin saw something white moving in the rain; and Prussia was humbled. In Bismarck's day the nurse of the misshapen Wilhelm saw the *Thing* and fled croaking her warnings; and the Iron Chancellor was lost. "White Night," foreteller of disaster. . . . By the fireplace, the young dragoon frowned. "Why is there no news from Rintelen?"

A telephone jingled. A dread to answer it possessed the dragoon. The bell sounded again, an absurd little bell to toll of fate. The young officer bent over the instrument. He heard, "Foreign Office!" Then he gripped at the edge of the table. "*Gott!*" The receiver fell from his hands. "*Majestat! Majestat!*" he cried in that panic peculiar to the most carefully trained Teuton in moments of stress, "*Majestat!*"

At a window on an upper floor Wilhelm the Mad stared out into the dripping night. Once he started and peered down at something that seemed to be moving among the trees. Against the castle the rain sobbed and wept. . . . There . . . . in the trees . . . . that pale effulgence . . . . that *white*—

"*Majestat!* Franz von Rintelen is a captive in the enemy's hands . . ."



"White night!"

"*Majestat!* He was taken from a steamer at Falmouth . . ."

"White Night." . . . .

The evil portent, harbinger of Hohenzollern doom! Indeed, mystic and weird were those days. And . . . . .

#### WHAT RINTELEN'S CAPTURE MEANT

**F**RANZ VON RINTELEN, the super-spy of the Hohenzollerns, is today in the Atlanta Penitentiary. Captured by the British at Falmouth, extradited by the United States, indicted for violation of the Sherman Act, passport fraud and the making of false manifests, Rintelen, gossiped as the blood of the Hohenzollern, was convicted and sentenced. And at the moment the Kaiser received the news of his capture well did he know what it meant. It meant, if he were not released, the collapse of the great spy machine that for years he had so painstakingly built, step by step, year by year—from the day of Prince Henry's visit in America. It meant the confusion of all his German-American plans, the stirring of the mood of America from smug indifference to wrathful hostility. He saw the downfall of his Embassy in Washington, utter failure in the gigantic plot to block all supplies of munitions and money to the Allies, millions and millions of dollars wasted. But worst of all—the blow at the Hohenzollern pride; for Franz von Rintelen was as often in his council as was his own son, the Crown Prince.

"I will let you have any ten British officers now in my prison camps," said the Kaiser, to England, "if you will exchange Franz von Rintelen."

And when the news of the capture was flashed to America, there were those who trembled. There was sleeplessness in the great country house in the Berkshires that Lamar, "The Wolf of Wall Street," had just bought. Fear sat beside a Congressman at his desk in the great hall where our laws are made. Fear seeped into the souls of American society women, as they thought of the Newport summer just

passed; and of the letters! "Franz *must* have destroyed them. He promised me he would." Fear struck at Papen, as he jumped in a taxi to tell Boy-Ed.

"*Bloedsinne Dummheit!* Idiotic stupidity!" snapped Papen. "The fool!"

"It means," said Boy-Ed calmly, "that we shall have to go."

For the activities of Franz von Rintelen, culminating in his capture, were sheer sabotage to the intricate machinery of the great spy system that Papen and Boy-Ed thought they were running with smoothness and skill. Accountable to neither of them, nor to Ambassador Bernstorff, Rintelen descended upon America. With millions of dollars at his disposal, with plans vast in their scope, amazing in their daring, and answerable only to the Kaiser, the astonishing von Rintelen ran amuck in New York. More than mere rumor credits him with being of Hohenzollern blood. True, he has not the physiognomy of the old Hohenzollerns, but neither has the Kaiser, with his facial traits, decidedly Piedmontese, for that matter.

Franz von Rintelen, while he was in America, was credited with being the son of a German Cabinet Minister of that name; but the Imperial "Who's Who" shows that the Minister never had a son. Mystery enshrouds Rintelen's origin, yet he married into the von Kaufmann family, one of the wealthiest in Berlin, and he held a commanding social position in the Empire. Also, he was worth \$15,000,000 in his own name and enjoyed a strangely close association with the Kaiser.

When the stupendous plan formed itself in Rintelen's brain for crippling the Allies via America—a plan calling for the expenditure of, as he boasted, "Fifty million, yes a hundred million dollars"—he had but to discuss it with the Kaiser to have it approved and financed. Whereas, the facile Count von Bernstorff had to make minute accounting to Berlin for every dollar his Embassy dispensed. But not so von Rintelen. Strange, that, well meriting thoughtful speculation; well worth probing in the mystic caverns of a



Hohenzollern mind, not forgetting the weird fanatical beliefs among them, that a Hohenzollern cannot fail. And Franz von Rintelen came to America.

#### WHAT RINTELEN LOOKED LIKE

HE was tall, and trim at the waist, wide at the shoulders, symmetrically built like an oarsman. More often than not one glanced twice at him for his taste in dress. His wardrobe was superbly tailored; his shirts, handkerchiefs and hose, he chose with delicate skill, always of elusive and odd shades, never "loud," but the color of one always correctly matching with the other. Gifted with that instinct of the few, he "knew when to stop"; he never gave one the impression of the fop or the "dude." Rather, he suggested the impression of keen vitality always under repression; his facial muscles had a way of seeming to twitch, as though he were ever gritting his teeth. His forehead was wide and broad, and his ears, large and ruthless. His moustache was stubborn and companionable to his narrow brows, sharply uptilted and quite Mephistophelian. And his greenish gray eyes flashed with emotion, imagination and recklessness. Poised, polished, well bred with none of the stupid arrogance and rudeness of the Prussian the world knows so well, understanding the art of shading the modulated voice, a delightful raconteur, yachtsman, horseman, banker, clubman, "good fellow" among the men, "that dear boy" to the ladies, Franz von Rintelen was the most picturesque figure of the German propaganda.

He came to America in January of 1915 under a Swiss passport backed by the authority of the Kaiser to cut off all American support of any kind from the Allies. It was not his first visit to America. Seven years before he had come to our land with the approval of the mystic Wilhelm. Then it was to prepare himself for "Der Tag." In 1908 he had come to us after a study of economics in Germany, after a study of British banking as an employee in a London bank.

In those days Rintelen learned the lessons of our Big Business, the affiliations between our banking and our industry; he studied our banking relations with Canada and Mexico; he learned intimately the ramifications of our financial support of Mexican projects and then he crossed the Rio Grande to pick up the threads there. He made his way into New York society, became a favorite, was elected a member of the New York Yacht Club, was sought after for dinners and week-ends at Newport. He became popular not only with men but with women of the Four Hundred who found his insouciance a delight. And then in 1909 with a fund of information Von Rintelen returned to Germany, there to pass under the tutelage of that arch-schemer Von Tirpitz. In America, the memories he left behind were only pleasant, and with correspondence and invitations to Germany he made them live, carefully nurturing them for "Der Tag."

#### A HUNDRED MILLION TO SPEND

SO it was that when a Scandinavian steamer nosed into her New York dock on April 4, 1915, and Rintelen descended the gang-plank he came not among strangers. Day after day, during the long, tedious passage from Norway, the passengers had sought to become acquainted with "Emil V. Gasche" with the Swiss passport, but to no purpose. For "Emil," Rintelen rather, was reviewing, over and over, his American campaign. He was to buy cotton, rubber and copper and smuggle them through the British blockade for Germany. That, he dismissed with a shrug, "Too easy to bother about." He was to block the supply of all munitions from America to the Allies. That was more difficult, but of course it could be done. Had not the Kaiser chosen him and placed a hundred million dollars at his disposal? To be sure, Von Papen had been attempting with Dr. Albert and Boy-Ed that very thing; but then of course they were just what they were, not in a position which quite approached family intimacy with the Hohenzollerns as was he.



And in the Teutonic caverns of Rintelen's mind there must have stirred those fantastic thoughts of the Hohenzollerns which supernaturally abolish facts, that miasma drugging reason which whispered to Wilhelm the Mad and those of his entourage that *they* could not fail no matter what they essayed, for was it not infinitely ordered in some esoteric way that they were predestined to success? In such a mood did Franz von Rintelen gaze again upon the skyscrapers of New York.

Months before he had placed a wealthy American in his debt. This man owned a factory in Cambrai, France, and from August, 1914, when the Germans captured the city, the machines of the factory had not turned until seven months later when Rintelen told the Kaiser. And the wheels in the American's factory then turned. Of course this New Yorker was grateful. He was delighted to see his benefactor in New York. What could he do for him? He could do much. New instructions were needed. Who were the men who were making munitions for the Allies? Rintelen wished to meet them and their families, and families that were friends of their's? That was easily arranged. The American who owned the factory in Cambrai became Rintelen's mentor.

Again the well-tailored, graceful, charming conversationalist moved in New York society. He looked up old friends at the Yacht Club and they found him a brighter raconteur than ever. There came invitations to dinners and to dances. The old round of week-ends and motoring began. Hard-headed American business men, sophisticated society women and débutantes fell under his charm. Popularity whirled about him. When he entered a restaurant waiters hurried to serve him, for he understood how to order wines. Often he laughed away the hours in the Broadway cabarets. "Dear old boy, not a care in the world, not a thought about the war. Same old Rintelen. Good to see him." He fitted into the extravagance and thoughtlessness which was America's in those early months of the war when "everybody was making money." That was the Rintelen whom society knew.

EXIT JEKYLL; ENTER HYDE

THERE was another Rintelen. This was the same immaculate man, but a man in whose face was something savage that society never saw. This was the Rintelen who engaged an office on the eighth floor of a building in Pine Street which housed the Trans-Atlantic Trust Company. Here he was known as Fred Hansen; from this office he registered his business with the County Clerk as the E. V. Gibbon Company, purchasers of supplies. In the Trans-Atlantic Trust Company, subsequently taken over by the Alien Property Custodian, they knew who "Fred Hansen" was. They had received their instructions and they arranged for him his big credits with various New York banks.

This was the Rintelen who did not bandy about smiling quips from the depths of club arm-chairs or murmur the words over a pretty hand which brought the roses to a prettier face. Rather this was the Rintelen whose mouth was ever set in thin straight lines, whose facial muscles twitched, whose eyes took on the quality of burnished steel. For it did not take Rintelen long to grasp that he had made an enormous blunder.

He had given the Kaiser an incorrect estimate of the situation in America. He had underestimated our ability to produce munitions. He had not counted upon the swift adaptability of American industry to meet new markets, to change overnight from turning out the implements for a world at peace to a world at war. America's ability to make munitions astounded him. Knowing, as he did, the Kaiser's plans which called in the future for two huge offensives, one against Russia, the other against France at Verdun, Rintelen was appalled. He knew that much depended upon this mission of his. For these offensives to succeed American munitions had to be kept from reaching the Allies, otherwise there would come counter-offensives disrupting the plans of the Kaiser's staff. And Rintelen had underestimated the task in America and had assured the Kaiser that with \$50,000,000 or \$100,000,000 it would be easy to cut off all



American aid for the Allies! That was the situation in which Rintelen found himself, while Papen, Boy-Ed, Albert and Bernstorff, secretly resenting his coming to America, chuckled at his discomfiture.

But not for long. Rintelen did not have that reckless look about him for nothing. Appreciating that if he failed he was doomed, he threw caution to the winds. All the careful years of training under Tirpitz, all his schooling in banking and economics, all his mastery of delicate intriguing were jettisoned. In a mood of desperation, seeing that with his original plans for buying up munition outputs or putting up the prices sky high for the Allies, would surely fail, because America was producing vastly more quantities than he had believed possible, Rintelen embarked upon an impulsive, headlong, law-breaking attack. Scorning all advice and warnings, he boasted "I cannot fail." Which was an entirely Hohenzollern thing to do, a family trait so sharply evident that it gives credence to his possessing Hohenzollern blood.

#### WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY—

THE worldly, cynical, sophisticated Franz von Rintelen began a series of acts quite ridiculous for one of his ability and training. In the labyrinth of American grafting politicians, "sure-thing" men, promoters, fake labor leaders and thugs he was lost. He was as credulous as a child. He met David Lamar, "The Wolf of Wall Street." Now anyone who knew the "Street" could have warned Rintelen to "lay off" Lamar; and his friends did. But Rintelen was desperate. He wanted a man who could engineer a scheme to tie up all the munition plants in America with strikes, and Lamar was the man.

You remember the scheme? Lamar got a Congressman to form a fake labor party, "Labor's National Peace Council," with headquarters in Washington, demanding a special session of Congress in the "interests of labor" to "promote universal peace" and "to promote the introduction and enactment of an embargo." Lamar told Rintelen this organi-

zation would be able to force an embargo on munitions; in the meantime he would tie up everything with strikes. And, wonder of wonders, Rintelen believed the Wolf and watched \$800,000 in the Trans-Atlantic Trust Company dwindle to \$40,000.

Lamar convened the council frequently. His hirelings made much noise. His press bureau circulated petitions, flooded the press with vitriolic attacks on anyone prominent, from President Wilson to Andrew Carnegie, on anyone whose name was sufficiently prominent to warrant the newspapers carrying it. They mailed Rintelen all the clippings of anything that was published. They obeyed Lamar's injunction "to make a lot of noise."

Rintelen childishly pasted up all the clippings about the Labor's National Peace Council in a scrap-book and told himself in his Teutonic way—which is, that "truth is what you want to believe"—that Lamar would soon have the exportation of munitions all tied up tight. One day Rintelen's American friend saw this scrap-book and gasped. "You are throwing your money away," he said. "This project would stop labor from earning its present high wages—higher wages than it has ever enjoyed. Do you think labor will support such a scheme—commit economic suicide? It is ridiculous!"

But Rintelen was running amuck. "Thanks," he snapped. "You come into this business about 11:45 o'clock."

And Rintelen continued to pour money into the paws of Lamar, the Wolf of Wall Street, and to tell himself that "great things" were about to happen. He used to pick up Lamar nights in a limousine at 100th Street and Central Park West, and, while rolling along under the trees of the park, he would hear Lamar say, "This Bridgeport strike is only the beginning of my efforts. In thirty days the whole munitions industry will be paralyzed." And Rintelen would fatuously believe him and another \$100,000 would vanish from his account in the Trust Company.

One day in August Rintelen happened to go over a report that Boy-Ed had sent him showing the amount of muni-



tions that had left American ports during the preceding month. The amount was larger than it had been before Lamar was engaged! "Gott!" And for a few days Rintelen was sane again and withdrew all further financial support from the scheme. So it just died out, while "The Wolf of Wall Street" went to enjoy the autumn coloring from the verandahs of the great new home that he had just bought at Pittsfield in the Berkshires, while Rintelen invoked upon his head the wrath of his old German gods.

#### THE ONE GAME HE KNEW

NOW in the meantime, while the Rintelen, known as "Fred Hansen," was falling such easy prey to Lamar, the Rintelen of the gay smile, the easy jest, "the prince of good fellows," was playing a part in society with consummate skill. Which only shows that it was in the upper strata that he belonged. As a secret agent, whose value lay in information picked up in clubs, on yachts, around the tea table, at dinners, from men at "cocktail time" and in the whispered words of women quite bored, he was without a peer. That was the life Rintelen had long led; those were the circles in which he had moved. Our government will doubtless never tell what it knows of Rintelen's activities at Newport, of the contents of scented letters that were found on him when he was taken by the British at Falmouth. For such silence is decency and mercy; for there were Americans whom the witchery of his grace and charm temporarily made mad. It was in exclusive New York and Newport that Franz von Rintelen was nobody's fool, rather an insidiously dangerous man, ever gathering information about the Allies' finances and munition orders. Whereas, masquerading under numerous aliases, flitting from one secret office to another in the Wall Street district, receiving sly chemists to make bombs, swindling press agents and emissaries of Mexican revolutionists, he was a child.

Many in New York knew the scheme of the 350,000

Krag rifles condemned by the United States army. Countless war brokers had offered them to the agents of every belligerent nation. Always, when the transaction was about to be completed, it was found that the United States government had officially stated that they were not to be sold. One day a man came to Rintelen and said that for \$17,826,000 he could obtain these rifles for Rintelen. He implied that this price included bribes for government officials, and, once this deal was closed, that it would be possible to put through the big project—the embargo—in the same way, as he said, "by handing out the sugar to these same officials."

Rintelen became greatly excited. Despite the fact that this Krag transaction had become a joke in New York, he was completely taken in by it. The man went on to tell him, "So close am I to the President that two days after you deposit the money in the bank, you can dandle his grandchild upon your knee." It passes comprehension, but Rintelen believed that story and he was arranging for the deposit of the money when he was warned that the man with whom he had been dealing was really the secret agent of a nation at war with Germany! Papen saved him.

All this time Papen, Boy-Ed and Dr. Albert were moving along with more or less caution. The reckless Rintelen, however, was able to make them all subservient to him. The wireless had but to speak to Berlin and the trick was done. "I, Franz von Rintelen, will put an end to all munition traffic." So Boy-Ed had to send him data about the sailing of ships; Papen about munition factories; Paul Koenig, the spy chief, supplied him with any men he needed; Dr. Albert furnished him economic information. To be sure, Albert was a purchasing agent, but not one with Rintelen's imagination; wherefore he was subordinated.

"I bought," Rintelen boasted, "two million dollars of provisions a week and got them into Germany through Denmark. I spent twenty-five million dollars running the British blockade. The blockade is a myth. Whenever I wish I can send goods to Germany."



## ONE MAD SCHEME UPON ANOTHER

THAT was what the men around Rintelen, the sycophants, used to tell him so often that he came to believe it. But the facts are that most of the millions Rintelen spent trying to run the blockade were wasted, for his cargoes were apprehended by the British patrol. Also, he was swindled right and left. In Hoboken there was a Doctor making fire bombs for him. Rintelen further urged this man to ship munitions to a neutral port, for Germany, billing them as farm implements. He gave Scheele \$20,000 to turn the trick. The wily Doctor made out the invoice as Rintelen directed, but actually shipped farm implements, *not* munitions. And Rintelen was stung again. It was simply a game that he did not know how to play.

With the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, Americans connected with Rintelen began to scare and to talk. Reporters began to seek "Fred Hansen" in the office on Pine Street; so Rintelen jumped to the Woolworth Building. There he nested but a brief while and then flew into the offices of his American crony in the Liberty Tower. Here he was "E. V. Gates." So completely did he vanish that when the report got around that he had slipped away to Berlin it was credited. And "E. V. Gates" used to chuckle at the newspapers in the offices of the Liberty Tower, and daily calls with Berlin in code by the wireless. This "disappearance" pleased him. Thus he became bolder and bolder, his Prussian ego expanding and expanding. Verily a Hohenzollern cannot fail.

So it was that having failed to stop the exportation of munitions through Lamar the Wolf, through the purchase of the notorious 350,000 Krags that would allow him to "dandle the President's grandchild on his knee"; having squandered millions trying to run the British blockade, having enriched New York press agents, thugs, "sure-thing men," fake labor leaders, all to no purpose, Rintelen became still more desperate. His imagination ran riot. He dreamed, "Ah, I will embroil the United States at war with Mexico. That will *make* the government keep all the munitions in

America for the army. All the shoes, cloth, horses' food, indeed everything that the United States is sending to the Allies will be diverted to maintain an American army south of the Rio Grande."

That was the vision Von Rintelen saw that night at Newport as he bantered pleasantries in the moonlight and smiled as a woman laughed.

Rintelen's plan was audacious. He knew, if Huerta were to return to power in Mexico, that the United States would be forced to intervene. He sent an agent to Barcelona, Spain, to induce Huerta to come to New York. Now this plan was in the realm of *Welt Politik*, which was different from Lamar's, thugs, all those beings who walked the tortuous paths of Sure-Thing Land, a jungle of which Rintelen little knew. Accordingly Rintelen worked with some skill. He kept in the background. He used Papen and Boy-Ed as his agents to confer with the agents of Huerta. He sent \$800,000 to Mexico City and Cuban banks for Huerta's use. But, unknown to Huerta, he also financed other Mexican leaders, generals and statesmen, in the hope of throwing Mexico in an uproar. The plans matured, Papen and Boy-Ed toured the Mexican frontier. Munition depots were arranged. German reservists enrolled. Huerta sneaked out of New York. But just as he sought to cross the frontier he was captured by our cavalry. It was the closest Rintelen came to success.

#### THE PICTURESQUE FAILURE

FLAGELLATING himself that he was "not accomplishing more," Rintelen worked himself into a frame of mind that would give heed to any proposition that might seem to benefit Germany, no matter how far-fetched. When the *Lusitania* was sunk, some one told him that he could bankrupt the Cunard Line by bringing suits against it in American courts. He believed it and wasted thousands of dollars backing fake cases.



He was told that once he could get the President's ear he could, by appealing to his "humanitarian sense," induce him to place an embargo upon munitions. He believed it, and lavished thousands of dollars upon publicists, newspaper men, politicians and prominent men, all of whom had "the entree to the White House." And, of course, he was never even received. He was told that by lobbying he could get an embargo act pushed through Congress. He believed it and poured millions into the yawning pocketbooks of lobbyists and "fixers" and got nothing in return. He was told that Samuel Gompers could be bought and would authorize strikes in all munition plants. He sent two agents to Atlantic City to offer Gompers \$500,000, and of course was turned down.

In his desperation Rintelen would listen to any law-breaker. He paid out money for fire-bombs to be placed on steamers. He paid men to enter munition plants as spies. He paid press agents to stir up trouble in the press against Mexico and Japan; and got nothing for his money but experience. He spent about \$50,000,000, and, with the exception of sneaking through a few cargoes to Norway and Italy, then neutral, whence the goods were then smuggled into Germany, he accomplished nothing.

It was the most picturesque failure of the war. Franz von Rintelen came to America for the Kaiser, with all the early training that the Kaiser had given him, with a popularity in New York society still his. He came with untold millions at his disposal. He came with the gigantic scheme of utterly cutting off American exports and finances from the Allies. He wandered into a labyrinth where waited the Wolf of Wall Street, where lurked all the "con men," blackmailers and thugs of New York; and in their hands the brilliant, polished Rintelen, the Kaiser's favorite, the raconteur, the delicate gentleman, the sophisticated man of society, the high-maintenance aristocrat, was a clown. For Franz von Rintelen, conferring with law-breakers and "con men" was an incongruity born of the desperation that he would otherwise fail the Kaiser. Among

his intimate friends it was said that there came moments when he would convulsively shudder and exclaim, "How loathsome I feel! How this dirty work sticks to me! When this war ends I shall take a bath in carbolic acid."

It ended for Rintelen, sooner than he thought. A hopeless failure, having squandered fifty millions on what he had attempted, he contrived to smuggle his way back to Germany under his old Swiss passport, but the British caught him. Then the United States extradited him for trial—for prison.

And when the news was brought to Wilhelm the Mad, he already knew that disaster was looming in the future. And when Wilhelm cried out: "I will let you have any ten British officers now in my prison camps in exchange for Franz von Rintelen," he cried out to fate. For the capture of Rintelen opened the road to the innermost secrets of the German intrigue; it opened America's eyes; it spelled the Kaiser's doom.

## FLAMBEAU

By RUTH MASON RICE

**T**HY beacon-fire is like a torch at night  
That flares against the sky;  
All down the mountain-side the balsam forests lie,  
Pungent and piled with gloom;  
Here in the valley, at the window of my room—  
Vestal and dark—  
I hold a candle high  
Above my head, and with its vagrant light  
I signal to my sentry  
On the hill;  
While, deep within my heart, a thrill; and more  
There glows a growing spark  
Of love for thee;  
This—is our semaphore.



# THE FOUR PARTNERS IN INDUSTRY

New Working Principles for the Brotherhood of Man

By JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

*Mr. Rockefeller gives his ideals, augmented by practical suggestion, for a new Industrial Creed, based upon his own experiences and contact, and the Readjustment Experiments in England.*

WE stand at the threshold of the period of reconstruction, and as we turn from the problems of war to the problems of peace we may look for such success in solving the latter as has been attained in dealing with the former only as we are animated by the same spirit of cooperation and brotherhood. The hope of the future lies in the perpetuation of that spirit and its application to the grave problems which confront us nationally as well as internationally.

Among these problems none is more important or more pressing, from the fact that it touches almost every department of life, than that of industry.

What is the purpose of industry? Shall we cling to the old conception of industry as primarily an institution of private interest, whereby certain favored individuals are enabled to accumulate wealth, irrespective of the well-being, health and happiness of those engaged in its production? Or shall we adopt the modern viewpoint, which regards industry as in the nature of social service, as well as a revenue-producing process for capital and labor?

Is it not true that any industry, to be successful, must insure to labor adequately remunerative employment under proper working conditions; must render useful service to the community and earn a fair return on the money invested, and also that a prime consideration in the carrying on of industry should be the well-being of the men and women engaged in it?

The soundest industrial policy is that which has constantly in mind the welfare of the employes as well as the making of profits, and which, when necessity arises, subordinates profits to welfare.

It must be borne in mind, however, that industry cannot be successful unless not only the community and the workers are adequately served, but those whose money is invested reap a just return.

#### PARTNERSHIP DEFINED

**W**HO are the parties to industry? They are four in number—Capital, Management, Labor and the Community. Capital is represented by the stockholders and is usually regarded as embracing Management. Management is, however, an entirely separate and distinct party to industry; it consists of the executive officers, who are the administrators of the industry, and who bring to it technical skill and managerial experience. Labor is represented by the employes, but its contribution, unlike that of capital, is not detachable from the one who makes it, for it is his physical effort, his strength, his life. Here the list usually ends, for the fourth party, namely, the community, whose interest is vital and in the last analysis controlling, is too often ignored.

The community's right to representation in the control of industry and in the shaping of industrial policies is similar to that of labor. But for the community's contribution, in the maintenance of law and order, of agencies of transportation and communication, of systems of money and credit and of other services, all involving continuous outlays, the operation of capital, management and labor would be enormously hampered, if not rendered well-nigh impossible.

Furthermore, the community is the consumer of the product of industry, and the money which it pays for the product provides the wages, salaries and profits that are distributed among the other parties.

What are the relations between these four parties in industry? It is frequently maintained that they are hostile. I



am convinced that the opposite is the case, that they are not those of enemies, but of partners, and that the four parties have a common interest. Furthermore, success cannot be brought about by any one of the parties assuming a position of dominance and arbitrary control, but is dependent rather upon the co-operation of all four. Partnership, not enmity, is the watchword. While the relationship thus described is undoubtedly the ideal one, we may well ask to what extent is this ideal realized in the average industry. Regretfully we must answer, not often.

#### THE WIDENING GULF

A GULF has grown up between capital and labor, which is ever widening. These two forces have come to work against each other, each alone seeking to promote its own selfish ends. Thus has come about the various incidents of industrial warfare so regrettably common.

Industry has become highly specialized. The workman of today devotes his energies as a rule to the countless repetition of a single act or process, which is only one of perhaps a hundred operations necessary to transform the raw material into the finished product. Very naturally the worker loses sight of the significance of the part which he plays in industry and feels himself but one of many cogs in a wheel.

All the more is it necessary that he should have contact with those who are likewise related to the industry, so that he may still realize that he is a part and a necessary, though inconspicuous, part of a great enterprise.

Thus only can common purpose be kept alive, individual interests safeguarded.

The question which confronts the student of industrial problems is how to re-establish personal relations and co-operation in spite of the changed conditions. The answer is absolutely clear and unmistakable: Through adequate representation of the four parties thereto in the councils of industry.

As regards the organization of labor, it is just as proper

and advantageous for labor to associate itself into organized groups for the advancement of its legitimate interests as for capital to combine for the same objects. Such associations of labor manifest themselves in collective bargaining, in an effort to secure better working and living conditions, in providing machinery whereby grievances may easily and without prejudice to the individual be taken up with the management. Sometimes they provide benefit features, or seek to increase wages, but whatever their specific purpose, so long as it is to promote the well-being of the employes, having always due regard for the just interest of the employer and the public, leaving every worker free to associate himself with such groups or to work independently as he may choose, they are to be encouraged.

#### ORGANIZATION AND ITS EFFECTS

**B**UT organization has its danger. Organized capital sometimes conducts itself contrary to law and in disregard of the interests both of labor and the public. Such organizations cannot be too strongly condemned or too vigorously dealt with. Although they are the exception, such publicity is generally given to their unsocial acts that all organizations of capital, however rightly managed or broadly beneficent, are thereby brought under suspicion.

Likewise it sometimes happens that organizations of labor are conducted without just regard for the rights of the employer or the public. Such organizations bring discredit and suspicion upon other organizations which are legitimate and useful, just as is the case with improper organizations of capital, and they should be similarly dealt with.

We should not, however, allow the occasional failure in the working of the principle of the organization of labor to prejudice us against the principle itself, for the principle is fundamentally sound. Since the United States went into the war the representation of both labor and capital in common councils has been brought about through the War Labor Board, composed equally of men from the ranks of labor and the ranks of capital.



Whenever questions of dispute have arisen in various industries, the War Labor Board has stepped in and made its findings and recommendations, which have been adopted by both labor and capital in practically every instance. In this way more continuous operation has been made possible and the resort to the strike and lockout has been less frequent.

#### ENGLAND'S EFFORTS TO CO-ORDINATE CAPITAL AND LABOR

**I**N England there were made during 1917 three important government investigations and reports looking toward a more complete program of representation and co-operation on the part of labor and capital. The first is commonly known as the Whitley Report, made by the Reconstruction Committee, now the Ministry of Reconstruction. To a single outstanding feature this plan owes its distinction. It applies to the whole of industry the principle of representative government.

In brief, its recommendations are that there be formed industrial councils, national, district and works, labor and capital to be equally represented in each, with an impartial or neutral presiding officer. National councils would be composed of the national trades unions on the one hand and national employers' associations on the other. District councils would include district trades unions and employers' associations. In the works councils or committees, employers and employes would sit together and would be in close co-operation with district and national councils. The function of the works committees is to establish better relations between employers and employed by granting to the latter a greater share in the consideration of matters with which they are concerned.

These recommendations are of additional interest and value in that at once the existing forms of organization, both of labor and capital, are availed of and made the basis for the new co-operative councils, with such additions only as may be necessary. The Whitley plan seeks to unite the organizations of labor and capital by a bond of common interest in a

common venture; it changes at a single stroke the attitude of these powerful aggregations of class interest from one of militancy to one of social service; it establishes a new relation in industry.

Another investigation and report was made by a Commission on Industrial Unrest appointed by the Prime Minister, which made these interesting recommendations:

1. That the principle of the Whitley report as regards industrial councils be adopted.
2. That each trade should have a constitution.
3. That labor should take part in the affairs of industry as partners rather than as employes in the narrow sense of the term.
4. That closer contact should be set up between employers and employed.

The third report, prepared by the Ministry of Labor, on the question of the constitution and working of the works committee in a number of industries, is a valuable treatise on the objects, functions and methods of procedure which have been tried in actual practice.

These reports, together with a report on reconstruction, made by a sub-committee of the British Labor party, outlining its reconstruction program, a most comprehensive and thoughtful document, indicates the extent and variety of the study which has been given to the great problem of industrial reconstruction in England. All point toward the need of more adequate representation of labor in the conduct of industry and the importance of closer relations between labor and capital.

#### REPRESENTATION PLANS IN BIG AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

A SIMPLER plan than those to which reference has been made, less comprehensive and complete, building from the bottom up, has been in operation for varying periods of time in a number of industries in this country, notably the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the Consolidation Coal Company, some of



the works of the General Electric Company, and others, and is worthy of serious consideration in this connection.

Beginning with the election of representatives in a single plant, it is capable of indefinite development to meet the complex needs of any industry and a wide extension to include all industries. Equally applicable in industries where union or non-union labor, or both, are employed, it seeks to provide full and fair representation of labor, capital and management, taking cognizance also of the community, to which representation could easily be accorded, and has thus far developed a spirit of co-operation and good will which commends it to both employer and employe. The outstanding features of the plan are briefly:

Representatives chosen by the employes in proportion to their number from their fellow workers in each plant form the basis of the plan. Joint committees, composed of an equal number of employes or their representatives and an equal number of officers of the company are found in each plant or district. These committees deal with questions of co-operation and conciliation, safety and accident, sanitation, health and housing, recreation and education. Joint conferences of representatives and officers of the company are held in the various districts several times each year, and there is also an annual joint conference, at which reports from all districts are considered.

Another important feature of the plan is an officer known as the President's Industrial Representative, whose duty is to visit currently all the plants and confer with the representatives, as well as to be available always for conference at the request of the representatives. Thus the employes, through their representatives chosen from among themselves, are in constant touch and conference with the owners through their representatives and the officers in regard to matters of common interest.

The employes' right of appeal is the third feature. Any employe with a grievance, real or imaginary, may go with it at once to his representatives, who frequently find there is no real ground for grievance and are able to so convince the

employee. But if a real grievance exists or dissatisfaction on the part of the employee continues, the matter is carried to the local boss, foreman or superintendent, where, in the majority of cases, questions are satisfactorily settled.

Further appeal is open to the aggrieved employee to the higher officers and to the president, and if satisfaction is not had there, the court of last appeal may be the Industrial Commission of the State, where such a commission exists; the State Labor Board, or a committee of arbitration.

#### RESULTS OBTAINED BY THE EMPLOYEES' BILL OF RIGHTS

A FURTHER feature is the employees' bill of rights. This covers such matters as the right to caution and suspension before discharge, except for such serious offenses as are posted at the works, the right to hold meetings at appropriate places outside of working hours, the right without discrimination to membership or non-membership in any society, fraternity or union, and the right of appeal to which reference has just been made.

Where some such plan as this has been in operation for a considerable time, some of the results were:

First—Uninterrupted operation of the plants and increased output.

Second—Improved working and living conditions.

Third—Frequent and close contact between employees and officers.

Fourth—The elimination of grievances as disturbing factors.

Fifth—Good will developed to a high degree.

Sixth—The creation of a community spirit.

Based as it is upon principles of justice to all those interested in its operation, its success can be counted on so long as it is carried out in a spirit of sincerity and fair play. Furthermore, it is a vital factor in re-establishing personal relations between the parties in interest and developing a genuine spirit of brotherhood among them.

Here, then, would seem to be a method of providing



representation which is just, which is effective, which is applicable to all employes whether organized or unorganized, to all employers whether in associations or not, which does not compete or interfere with organizations or associations in existence, and which, while developed in a single industrial plant as a unit, may be expanded to include all plants of the same industry, as well as all industries.

Just what part labor organizations and employers' associations can best take in such a plan, it will require time to disclose, but certain it is that some method should be worked out which will profit to the fullest extent by the experience, strength and leadership of these groups.

Where such a system of representation has been in operation it has proved an effective means of enlisting the interest of all parties to industry, of reproducing the contacts of earlier days between employer and employe, of banishing misunderstanding, distrust and enmity, and securing co-operation and the spirit of brotherhood. While doubtless defects will appear in this plan and other methods more successfully accomplishing the same end may be devised, at least it has proved and is proving that in unity there is strength, and that a spirit of co-operation and brotherhood in industry is not only idealistically right but practically sound and workable.

If the foregoing points which I have endeavored to make are sound, might not the four parties to industry subscribe to an industrial creed somewhat as follows:

#### SUGGESTED INDUSTRIAL CREED

**I** BELIEVE that labor and capital are partners, not enemies; that their interests are common interests, not opposed, and that neither can attain the fullest measure of prosperity at the expense of the other, but only in association with the other.

2. I believe that the community is an essential party to industry, and that it should have adequate representation with the other parties.

3. I believe that the purpose of industry is quite as much to advance social well-being as material well-being and that in the pursuit of that purpose the interests of the community should be carefully considered, the well-being of the employes as respects living and working conditions should be fully guarded, management should be adequately recognized and capital should be justly compensated, and that failure in any of these particulars means loss to all four.

4. I believe that every man is entitled to an opportunity to earn a living, to fair wages, to reasonable hours of work and proper working conditions, to a decent home, to the opportunity to play, to learn, to worship and to love, as well as to toil, and that the responsibility rests as heavily upon industry as upon government or society, to see that these conditions and opportunities prevail.

5. I believe that efficiency and initiative, wherever found, should be encouraged and adequately rewarded and that indolence, indifference and restriction of production should be discountenanced.

6. I believe that the provision of adequate means for uncovering grievances and promptly adjusting them is of fundamental importance to the successful conduct of industry.

7. I believe that the most potent measure in bringing about industrial harmony and prosperity is adequate representation of the parties in interest; that existing forms of representation should be carefully studied and availed of in so far as they may be found to have merit and are adaptable to the peculiar conditions in the various industries.

8. I believe that the most effective structure of representation is that which is built from the bottom up, which includes all employes, and, starting with the election of representatives in each industrial plant, the formation of joint works committees, of joint district councils and annual joint conferences of all the parties in interest in a single industrial corporation, can be extended to include all plants in the same industry throughout a nation, all industries in a community, in a nation and in the various nations.



9. I believe that the application of right principles never fails to effect right relations; that the letter killeth and the spirit maketh alive; that forms are wholly secondary while attitude and spirit are all important, and that only as the parties in industry are animated by the spirit of fair play, justice to all and brotherhood, will any plans which they may mutually work out succeed.

10. I believe that that man renders the greatest social service who so co-operates in the organization of industry as to afford to the largest number of men the greatest opportunity for self-development and the enjoyment by every man of those benefits which his own work adds to the wealth of civilization.

Never was there such an opportunity as exists today for the industrial leader with clear vision and broad sympathy permanently to bridge the chasm that is daily gaping wider between the parties in interest and to establish a solid foundation for industrial prosperity, social improvement and national solidarity. Upon the heads of the leaders—it matters not to which of the four parties they belong—who refuse to reorganize their industrial households in the light of the modern spirit, will rest the responsibility for such radical and drastic measures as may later be forced upon industry if the highest interests of all are not shortly considered and dealt with in a spirit of fairness. Who, I say, dares to block the wheels of progress, and to fail to recognize and seize the present opportunity of helping to usher in a new era of industrial peace and prosperity?

# SIMPLICITY IN TRUE ART

A Great Singer's First Confession of Her Creeds  
in Art and Life

By GALLI-CURCI

THE principal charm of American singers who have made extraordinary successes in Grand Opera, both abroad and here, has been the delightful simplicity of their performances. Having had the opportunity during the last year or two to understand the American character, I am not surprised at the particular faculty for the simplest expression of great feeling in the American woman. The freedom of her early training, the traditions of a young country, the natural beauty of her presence, the emotional life of her country and its customs, which are entirely different from the training of women in Europe, lead to an interpretation of great music, by the American woman, that is unique for its direct simplicity.

Personally it is only natural to find simplicity in the most tragic moments of opera. The really tragic events in the lives of people or in the passions of nature are very silent, unspectacular—simplicity itself. It so happens that great moments in opera are usually an emotional crisis of tragic force. The European woman approaches tragedy with a certain strange instinct of enjoyment. She becomes self-conscious because her imagination has dwelt very largely upon the spectacular events of tragedy. In France for many years the triangle of emotion has been openly displayed and discussed even in the heart of the family. In Italy our tragedy comes swiftly, without words, like lightning from a brooding sky. In England, excepting the tragedies of sordid character, there are fewer conflicts of emotion than in other countries. In Russia the tragic emotions are preceded by a definite mood of melancholia that foreshadows. These are simply suggestions to emphasize the entirely different character of the



American emotion. In America there is always the sunlight of smiles that lights the darkest places in the heart and keeps it warm. There is never that fearful chill in tragic episodes, that gray despair which is peculiar to the foreign character in the midst of tragic emotion in the American crisis. It is a great gift that is born in American artists, this gift of illuminating the shadows of all human lives with a gleam of hope, of faith in ultimate triumph over disaster.

#### AMERICAN WOMEN SINGULARLY GIFTED

ALL artistic expression of course requires technique, but the higher forms are those which occur in the simplicity of supreme sympathy, broad understanding of what is true and false in the primitive emotions of life. It is difficult to simplify artistic expression unless one is born with a native simplicity of feeling. It is in this respect that the American woman is singularly gifted. She brings to her adopted art a deliberate, searching perception for the true interpretation of feeling. Sometimes, in opera, American singers have been accused of being cold, not so demonstrative, so warm in their singing as the European woman. That is very often the fault of the critic, whose preferences may be entirely for the more spectacular conception. I have not yet found "la belle Americaine" who could be accused of being cold. She may have reserve, but what irresistible simplicity of feeling is hers once she feels!

American men are not so imaginative; their talent for musical expression is not usually as distinguished as that of American women. The American man still has to learn from the American woman the deeper reserve of emotion, and to learn from her also the abandon of simplicity. Yes, there is such a thing; a simplicity like the child's spontaneity is the natural abandon of true imagination.

The critics have been kind enough, among many nice things they have said of me, to insist that I have simplicity of style. If this is true, I have no teacher in art to thank for it. My greatest asset, in this degree of simplicity which has

been so liberally spoken of, is my lack of sympathy with complex emotions. I have lived so close to the language of the earth, and I have looked with such admiration upon the distance of the stars and the great expanse of sky, that I have had no time to enter into the complication of spectacular feeling. Music above all things is song, and song is the voice of aspiring human beings. Singing is from the heart, and not from the vanities or intellectuality of thought.

So many American girls write to me and ask if they have a chance in opera. But, of course they have a chance if they but have the voice. What American singers lack most is a good pronunciation. I have heard so many really beautiful voices in America, but the foreign pronunciation is so strange to them. In your language you have no open vowels, like Italian. When you say a word in Italian you almost sing it, and we learn all the languages as little children.

Then, too, in America there are no little opera houses to begin in. You must either go to the Metropolitan or to Chicago. In Europe there are lots of little opera houses where it is easy to get a start, but of course first you must know the language. There are good chances in Italy if you have merit. Italy is always thirsty for good voices, whether they come from America or from home.

#### AN ARTIST'S PERSONAL LIFE

THE personal life of an artist has really no significance excepting as it may reveal the influences which have contributed to artistic success, which it rarely does. There is nothing that an artist can tell another artist that will be of lasting value. Some one asked me the other day what was my favorite song, but I have none, because I love them all. They are each one a part of me. A mother does not love one child more than another, and my songs are my dream-children, each one dear to my heart. Real babies I have none, yet. I should love them awfully. But babies take time from one and I am so busy. All my life is so full. On the stage I am a prima donna, but once I am at home I am only



a little lady who happens to sing. My home, it is my rest—my paradise. But each day I must work, work, work with my music, trying to correct the many faults the kindly critics have pointed out in my voice. Each day I close myself in my own little room for two or three hours and with my brain I study my characterization of the roles I sing. When I know the music by heart, I begin to sing and put it in the throat, singing not more than one-half hour at a time.

In great painting, in fine writing, in great singing, I do not believe there is any definite advice to give those who contribute to fine issues. We have a word called Nature which embodies everything we see, and to many of us expresses things we cannot see. We do not all have the same intensity of feeling, we do not all see the same distance with our eyes or hear the same music with our ears. But there is an attempt made in artistic effort by many people who accomplish a certain limited expression by development of technique. The greatest art so utilizes technique that it is not visible, that it is not thought about, that it is not even used as a support to the work.

In music we must learn to breathe, to articulate the song, to keep the vocal mechanism, through practice, in prime condition; but given the most beautiful voice in the world and a human being without heart, all the technique will not make that singer a success. Of course what we mean by success is the response of an audience to the artistic truth expressed by the artist. So I have no elaborate plea to make for technique.

#### THE SINGER'S GREATEST GIFT

**I** SHOULD sum up the greatest gift to a singer as the gift of simplicity—of character, of vision, of sympathy, of poise with the rest of the world.

What is simplicity?

Looking the other man straight in the eyes without suspicion, with friendliness, with sympathy, and with faith in what he is. That is the way the artist should look at life, at

the things and the people and the impressions which life gives him or her. From such outlook come no complications, no intellectual dangers, no radical disturbances. Simplicity in art is not a complicated analysis of bristling questions as to the why and wherefore of feeling, it is just the opposite to query. Simplicity of understanding is the question with which simplicity in art is answered.

It is merely a case of letting yourself grow, inch by inch, without asking questions about it. It is no use quarreling, for instance, with one's figure, the color of one's eyes, or the color of one's hair. All moulds of nature are not outwardly beautiful, but there is beauty somewhere in every mould of nature, and if we look for it, if we do not deny it the right of way when we meet it, it is because we do not look at life with the simplicity of confidence.

How often you hear artists talk about self-confidence. They speak of it as if it were a magic spell that could be secured from any shop around the corner. And, sometimes, they speak of it as if it were a false wig, something to be put on in emergencies. Of course, it is nothing of this kind. Self-confidence is really the unconscious simplicity which meets the hour, whatever it may be, with an impersonal interest. The beautiful dresses, the soft lights, the artistic grandeur of the scenery on the operatic stage, may all tend to inflame the imagination of the artist, but, to my mind, the chief force of a performance in Grand Opera is the simplicity of feeling with which the performance is given. I would not say that any singer can succeed in Grand Opera without technique, but I will say that technique alone without the deep love for the song that nature has given the singer will not make a distinguished success.

#### SIMPLICITY OF THE ARTIST'S LIFE

**I**T is outside the walls of the theatre that the simplicity of artistic work is encouraged—is maintained even. It has always been very easy for me to work. I sing because I feel



and enjoy singing, but if I do not keep the work constantly and actively alive, I should not be able to sing as well. During my vacation in the mountains I follow a strict rule of life. From eight to nine I spend on horseback, from nine to ten I attend to household duties and correspondence. From ten to twelve I devote entirely to singing, which is followed by luncheon. The automobile in the afternoon, a tramp in the woods, and one hour reserved for privacy. I make it a rule always to spend one hour of each day entirely alone. Many people have realized the value of being alone, it stimulates and it strengthens because the spirit can only be refreshed by a private conference of this sort.

My evenings are also spent at the piano, because the piano was the instrument I intended to make my living with. The fact that I had a voice was discovered for me. I hold a teacher's certificate in Milan as a pianist and expected to follow that profession. My parents looked with disfavor upon an operatic career. But, I am happy that my voice has pleased so many. I have never been "turned down," as you call it, by any manager. I came to this country in 1915, and Mr. Gatti Casazza never even saw me until one night I did go over to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear Geraldine Farrar and John McCormack sing in "Madame Butterfly."

I could not help singing—my father, my mother, and my grandparents all were fine musicians, and I began as a little child. Always we had money, and I never had any hard times. In Milan, where I was born, I went to school and studied French, English, Italian, German, and, later, Spanish. When I was twenty I married. I came by way of Cuba, where I had "made good," as you say. In Madrid and Buenos Aires people were just as good to me as you Americans. From Buenos Aires we came to New York.

I like opera better than concert, although concert singing is much more difficult. In the opera there are costumes, much color, scenery and other people to help the artist. A concert stage is like a picture without a frame. The singer must be the picture and the frame.

## THE JOYOUS CATSKILLS

**M**Y first summer in America was spent in the Catskill Mountains. I am used to the mountains in Italy, where I was born, and to the mountains of Spain where I had made some reputation before I came to America. But I have never seen such happy mountains as those American hills on the Hudson. They are not frowning or severe—but joyous, and the line they make against the sunset sky is more beautiful, more inviting, more friendly than the black mountain heights of Europe.

I never let anything interfere with my rest. I must have it—if I am to sing, I must sleep, for I cannot do one without the other—so I shall never neglect my rest.

Live modestly, healthfully, simply. Look for happiness all the time, and it is surprising how much of it will come. Do not study the artificial effects either in private or public appearances and you will find that it is much easier to move through the difficult and trying experiences of a public career with simplicity than it is with artificial splendor.

The greatest music teacher I have ever known is the lark, that subtle voice with a method divinely given, with a scale and temperament that is as simple as the mystery of the dawn.



# HIS LETTER

By FAITH BALDWIN

AND I had fancied nothing more could hurt,  
After the cable came . . . official, brief . . .  
Holding in words, improbable and curt,  
So ocean-wide and measureless a grief.  
I said to those who love me, "I am dead  
To any anguish more. And glad to die . . .  
For that far steel with which his blood is red,  
Is not more cold to Sorrow now than I."  
  
Tonight . . . his letter came—a star, long-strayed . . .  
Under my eyes, these broken, boyish words . . .  
Tender and gay . . . "That time in Spring we played  
Like happy children . . . I can hear the birds . . .  
And see the ruddy sunlight. Here, in War's Hell,  
I've not forgotten Heaven. I have made  
Of Memory a Shield . . . Dear, I am well . . . . .  
And, Littlest. . . . . Do not be afraid . . . . .  
  
"Tomorrow we attack . . . . . I cannot wait  
To see our khaki legions, singing, go  
The brave, red Way to Victory, elate . . . . .  
And what can harm me while you love me so . . . ?  
They cannot send a bullet which can kill  
Or forge a bayonet that can reach my heart . . . . .  
Not with your white arms close about me still . . . . .  
Goodnight . . . God keep you while we are apart . . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

And I had thought myself immune to pain!  
And I had thought all Sense dumb at the core!  
But this! . . . . . to feel the dear Dead die again!  
And pulseless fingers pluck mute chords once more!  
From this blurred sheet which long had wandered so, . . .  
Come home to me at last . . . ! With what strange pride  
The tears fall now! It is so sweet to know  
How sure he was of Love before he died!

# THE WINGS OF TOMORROW

## The Airplane's New Position in Commercial Life

By WILLARD HART SMITH

A MILE in the air, the passenger looked down. He saw rimmed in the floor, between his feet, a thick glass which brought remote objects very close, a monstrous magnifier, the window of the Aerial Express, a Cyclopean orb from which nothing on earth below could hide. He saw, as if a vast panorama were unrolling beneath him, the countryside in all the magic detail of substance and color that beautifies the terrain, viewed from the upper altitudes.

This variegated picture of earth slipping away beneath the wings of the great plane that was bearing him and its load of passengers from Chicago to St. Louis was always a novelty to him; he never wearied of it. As he gazed through the telescopic window of the airplane, the porthole of the sky ship, he rejoiced in that strange exuberance which delights those who travel the lanes of the air; that feeling which, if you never have experienced it, you cannot sense—an exhilaration as if one were a superman apart from the crowd and looking down on it in a mood aloof.

As the big passenger plane raced toward St. Louis, its propellers gleaming where the sunlight caught them, silver scimiters hacking the air—as the plane drove on through space, the miles whistling through the wings faster than two to the minute, the passenger thought how tiny things of the earth looked. And then, with a sensation of having peered into a crystal globe in a divining way, so quickly did the hint of the approaching suburbs visualize in the form of the actual city, he saw that they were over St. Louis.

A tiny thing from up there—a silver thread that was the



Mississippi, a black line that was the Eads Bridge, absurd little houses, streets criss-crossing, white ribbons cast down by some infinite hand. Held by the mood with which the high air bewitches one, he thought of it as a toy city—toy houses, toy trees, toy people—as if spilled out of a child's Noah's Ark. From the passenger plane the city was a nursery floor.

SOON YOU WILL BE TAKING THE AERIAL EXPRESS

THE extreme comfort of the Aerial Express increased this pleasantly superior feeling, this playing at being Mercury. The passenger felt not a jar of any kind, no discomforts of wind or cold, for the traveler's compartment of the aeroplane was built like a limousine, cushioned and agreeably warm.

In a moment the great plane soared over the landing field. Its prow dipped down. The glide to earth began.

And from out of the clouds, from Cincinnati, Denver, Atlanta, New Orleans and Galveston, specks could be seen against the blue, specks that looked as if someone had penciled the sign "equals" against the sky, tiny parallel lines which swiftly leaped into the form of aeroplanes. From all points of the compass they came, dropping out of the clouds, the Aerial Expresses which some years before had relegated railroad travel to follow the stage-coach period. And not only were the aerial passenger expresses descending into St. Louis, but throughout the land, over every great city, there was the whirring of motors and the stiff gesturing of wings as passenger planes by the score swarmed down to earth. For the day of aerial transportation had become a commonplace fact.

An exaggeration? Seriously, no. Glenn Curtiss says the day of aerial passenger lines is not far off. So does Orville Wright. Why not? Do you know that a Curtiss seaplane the other day carried fifty passengers? Do you know that one of the giant planes that the British built for the bombing of Berlin flew over London last month with forty passengers aboard? Do you know that the official committee

organized by the British Government under Viscount Northcliffe to report on the immediate use of aircraft for civil purposes, a committee composed of hard-headed English business men, mechanical experts and public spirited citizens like H. G. Wells, went on record as saying, "*None of the sixty members of the Committee expressed any doubt that within a few years passenger lines would be running to all parts of the world.*"

Have you thought how commonplace is becoming the flight of great distances from city to city. One day in December of last year two men in Dayton, Ohio, wanted to go to the theatre. One was Kettering, the other Rinehart. There being that week in Dayton no play that Kettering was particularly keen about seeing, he picked up a telephone. "Long distance; New York, please." It was a little after 10 in the morning when he got the theatre on the wire. "Two aisle seats for to-night's performance, middle of the house. \* \* \* Is that the best you can do for me? All right; hold them please. I'll call sometime this afternoon." And then his friend Rinehart, the aviator, suggested that they make a dinner engagement as well. "Fine! A little run over there will do us both good."

#### VIA THE AIRLINE FROM DAYTON TO NEW YORK

NOW, by air from Dayton, Ohio, to New York City it is 550 miles. The railroad makes it in about seventeen hours—good trains, fast trains, but really quite too slow for men who have gone down the vistas of the skies. One hour after Kettering telephoned New York he climbed into a trim plane, its Liberty motor holding in the leash the pull of 400 horses. Rinehart took a seat beside him. A mere move of the hand and the great motor purred, the humming propellers hacked the air into shreds, and they were off for New York.

Exactly four hours and ten minutes later there nested at Mineola, just across the East River from New York City, the visitors from Dayton. In time for their dinner and theatre engagement? Yes, in time for tea, too! *Along the air-*



*ways of the sky they had made the trip, 550 miles, in less than one-quarter of the time the fastest railroad train could have taken them.* They said they had enjoyed it; had been quite comfortable; that they had enough "gas" left to return to Dayton without refilling, and that on the morrow they intended flying to Washington—which they did.

Flights like that, which are becoming quite commonplace, urge one to try and discern definite things in the mists of to-morrow. Thinking upon this—that two men in Ohio impulsively made a dinner date by telephone, took the air route to New York, and kept it—one wonders \* \* \*

It is to-morrow. Around the carefully polished table, reserved for conferences in a New York skyscraper suite, four American business men seem to be directing all their persuasiveness upon a gentleman who sits quietly listening. One knows he is a Continental because he has kept this business engagement attired in cutaway and top hat. Also, he is a very rich European, an intense admirer of American inventive genius and "push." He is progressive, but conservative. Which is why, it seems, the project of the Americans is doomed for failure.

Yes, the European is extremely interested in the new invention, more efficient than any of the implements of the sort now on the market. And their blueprints of the invention and their descriptions are quite convincing, but before signing a contract for his country he must see the machine itself. The Americans exchange worried looks. One glances at his watch. "It was shipped five days ago from our factory in Cleveland. It should arrive any moment." But another whispers, "His steamer sails in seven hours." A third leaves the room and busies himself with the long-distance telephone. And while his colleagues are beating the air with words this person settles things then and there. "Sir," he presently says to the European capitalist, "your steamer sails in seven hours. In five hours our model will be delivered at this office for your inspection."

"You heard from the railroad?" a partner asks.

"Railroad? We want this on time. It is coming by

aeroplane." And through the air it comes on time and the deal is saved.

#### WHAT EUROPE IS DOING WITH HER PLANES

**F**AR fetched? Look ahead. *Do you know that the other day an aeroplane carried a piano from London to Paris!* One wonders if America is awake to what the plane can do; if the mind of the business man, obsessed by the transition from peace to war, has had a chance to think what the development of the airplane, the airplane as it is to-day, without any improvements, means to him *commercially*, means in a hard-headed way to his business? Awake America! The other nations are awake. Great Britain, France, Scandinavia, and what is left of Germany—they are at work *now, to-day*, harnessing the astonishing aero navigation facilities that the necessities of war endowed them with to the utilities of *peace*.

Do you know that with the signing of the armistice the British Government's Civil Aerial Transportation Committee investigated the *commercial possibilities of the air*? And that it had already made its report and made it favorably. Do you know that in Malmo, Sweden, an air transport company has been formed and will soon operate with Germany, Denmark and Finland? Do you know that there is already in existence an air passenger service between London and Paris, operating on a regular schedule, at \$75 the trip, which takes only two and a half hours to make, and in two months has carried 1,200 passengers across the Channel? Do you know that in Italy there is an airway between the industrial centres of Turin and Milan, between Milan and Rome, and that for every twelve miles of these routes there is a landing field? Do you know that in London there has been incorporated the Anglo-American Aerial Service, Ltd., "to establish lines of aerial conveyance between Britain, America, Canada, Central and South America?"

Do you know that Germany has planned and is all equipped to operate, once peace is signed, a complete aerial



traffic system for Central Europe? Do you realize that while with our aerial mail we have made big strides, that little Greece has also an air mail service in operation from Athens to Salonika, and from the capital to Janina? Have you heard that France is getting ready to put into operation under Government auspices twenty aerial lines from Paris to all cities of her country?

What does all this transportation by air mean to you and to me? It means a speeding-up of your life and my life. We cannot and do not want to keep aloof from anything which Evolution offers us to make life easier, happier and more profitable. Aeroplanes have been built to carry fifty passengers. A Curtiss No. 1 seaplane only the other day at Rockaway, near New York, successfully carried that enormous weight. It is only a question of the day when it will be profitable to build a plane carrying a hundred passengers; and it is technically possible to build that large to-day. From an engineering viewpoint all transportation problems can be solved. How long must we wait before public demand awakens and puts these marvelous things at our disposal?

#### WHAT AVIATION MEANS TO YOU

**I**N the sound judgment of hard-headed American business men who are putting their money into aircraft production it is only a few years when passenger routes will be established and business men will form the habit of using aircraft for urgent errands. The day is not far off when a man will fly 500 miles to see a customer and return home by the airways the same evening. With engineers to-day solving the problem to control the speed of the plane, to throttle it down, with landing places already being built and being boomed, there is no reason why the use of the airplane should not become general. And by wide use its cost is going to be spread over all the population just as the cost of the railroads were spread, thus minimizing the question of expense.

What does it mean to you that the airplane be perfected thus? Think of a dear one desperately ill. Only a specialist

can save her. The specialist is in a city far off; neither train nor automobile can bring him to the bedside in time. Only the airplane can do that. *And a physician did answer a hurry call by traveling the lanes of the air; and did reach a home to save a child's life, near Hammondsport, N. Y., not long ago.*

And does your mother live far away, and do things happen to be such that the dictates of business relentlessly keep you at your desk save for a brief vacation, too brief to make the trip to her home? *To eat his Thanksgiving dinner with his mother in Schenectady, N. Y., Lieut. Lucas flew there from Washington.*

Are you a business man and wish to rush a sample to a customer in a far-off city? The aeroplane will take it for you. Are you a farmer with a great threshing machine and laborers by the score in your fields gathering the harvest? A part in the thresher breaks. The factory is 200 miles away. You must quickly obtain that part, otherwise your men will be idle, your harvest may be spoiled. The railroad cannot ship you the part quickly enough. But why worry if it is an up-to-date factory that makes the harvester you use. You have but to telephone to it and the precious part can be raced to your fields by airplane. Or if you are a particularly progressive farmer, you own a little plane yourself and can send for it.

Think of the use of the aeroplane in snowbound sections of the country, isolated for weeks by heavy falls; railroads, automobiles, horse traffic all hopeless. But snowbound sections are easily accessible to aeroplanes. Snow did not stop the operations of aircraft during the war, even in Russia, in the Balkans, in the Alps, regions winter inevitably isolates.

#### USES FOR THE PLANE OF TO-MORROW

MILE by mile the radius of aeroplane activity has been extended. First 150 miles, then in century jumps to 900, and quite recently to 1,500 miles. Only the other month a plane flew from England to India. In January four flyers crossed the American continent. Distances are being swept



back. Scores of new uses for the plane are being discerned. Captain Bartlett says he is going to take an airplane to the North Pole with him next summer, and from the sky photograph and explore a million square miles of that white unknown. And there is no reason why he should fail. It is not as difficult as flying over the German lines and minutely exploring the terrain for concealed gun emplacements and camouflaged dugouts.

Project your vision toward the day when planes will carry succor to famine or serum to disease infested districts. Think of pests spreading to destroy our great crops and of the airplane, bringing to every farmhouse the word of the best means just discovered to rid their lands of the pestilence. See in your mind's eye air patrols sailing over our great forests, "spotting" the faint early glimmer of a bush afire, flashing the alarm and the exact location by wireless to the firefighting stations before the blaze has spread into a disaster to our forests. Look ahead to the day when the quest for rare woods and rubber will be pushed. For no one imagines that the present supply is the only one in existence. The hardships of penetrating great tropical forests you know. But what becomes of the hardships of prospecting for rubber and mahogany when it is done from a plane sailing over the tree tops? For rubber and rare trees can be "spotted" from the sky, just as in the war, hidden machine guns were.

Think of the aid that could be given our great fishing fleets. For, just as a plane can "spot" a submarine, so can it "spot" a shoal of fish. Picture a fishing fleet receiving word by wireless from its scout plane the extent, location and direction taken by a great shoal of fish—and what this would mean in dollars and cents, in larger "catches." Think of the high power transcontinental transmission lines now patrolled by automobile and by horse, and how easier it would be with aeroplanes.

Is the day far off when the injured in a disaster, a train wreck, a mine explosion, a great factory fire, will be whisked to hospitals in the nearest cities by airplanes? The comfort to the patient of the slight, steady vibration of the motor

softened by the mattress on which he rests is not to be compared to the bumps and jolts that come even in the best motor ambulance. Do you know that France used airplane ambulances during the war to bring serious cases back to the base hospitals?

Now in the mountain fastnesses of the continents of the world there are treasures of unmined coal, iron, gold, silver, rarer minerals, locked up. Because of nature's barriers, it takes days of circuitous travel, days of hardship to man and beast, uncertainties of supplies of machinery, food and medicine, to reach these mines. So they are but slightly developed and others not developed at all. With the aeroplane it is but an hour's trip over the mountain tops and down into the valleys to bring the supplies so necessary to mining and to life. When airplanes are harnessed to this work, there will be released untold millions in wealth.

#### WHAT THE CAPTAINS OF AIR INDUSTRY SAY

YES, the day is not far off when the planes will make life more worth living for you and for me. Already in the depths of the public mind certain thoughts are stirring. One hears every now and then questions asked: What chance has the average man of owning and operating an aeroplane? What, on account of the landing problem, will be the limitations on private ownership? Is the time near at hand when the Tired Business Man will take a spin in his plane as he now does in his auto? Are commercial passenger air-plane lines between cities really practical? How many passengers can a plane be expected to carry? What about commercial freight routes for light packages?

*Is the aeroplane of today 100 per cent safe?*

Let the successful men of the aircraft industry answer:

Can the average man own an aeroplane? Charles H. Day, Chief Engineer of the Standard Aircraft Corporation, says:

"Already we have planes that are so small that they



can be stowed away in a place little bigger than the average private garage. A machine of this kind with a slow landing speed such as seems ultimately assured will some day make Henry Ford sit up and take notice—for the sky flivver will be no more expensive to operate than its earthly brother.”

Can the average man operate an aeroplane, is youth necessary? To which Captain Francis, one of the pioneer aviators of the U. S. Army, replies:

“A man can make a good pilot up to the age of forty or forty-five. The average intelligent person who is capable of steering an automobile through the streets of a large city can certainly pilot a plane. Lieutenant Godfrey Cabot of the Naval Reserve *took up flying after he was fifty and has become one of our most successful flyers.*”

Will the landing problem limit private ownership? Orville Wright says, “When landing places are once provided, flying will become common, not only for sport, but for commercial purposes as well.”

The landing field problem now seems to be nearing a solution through the extension of the Government mail service. Already landing fields are in existence in the principal Eastern and Middle Western cities and now the Aero Club of America has under way a propaganda to urge golf and country yacht clubs to build landings. The results of this campaign are already to be seen in work now being done within a radius of 100 miles of New York City. The clubs are responding, not only in the East, but in the Middle West.

Is the time near at hand when the Tired Business Man will take a spin in his plane the same as he now does in his auto? John North Willys says:

“Will the aeroplane ever rival the automobile? As to its ability to save time, make speed, etc., I would say it has already outrivalled the automobile. As to numbers—it will never be in as common use as the automobile. I do not look for the aeroplane to become the plaything and ‘draft horse,’ so to speak, of the masses, for the reason, among other things, the price, more difficult to operate and handle, greater skill

and knowledge required of the pilot, landing places necessarily limited, etc. I do not mean to convey the impression that aeroplanes will not some time be constructed so as to sell at much lower prices than at which they are now obtainable, but, in my opinion, safe and durable aeroplanes will never sell at prices such as prevail for some of the popular low-priced automobiles now in the market."

"The aeroplane has 'arrived,' " continues Mr. Willys, "as a practically safe vehicle in the hands of a trained pilot, who exercises reasonable care and the plane is used for straight flying. Most accidents are the result of carelessness, stunt flying and flying at low altitudes, which do not permit of safe landing in case of accidents to the power plant. I look for the development of practical safety devices to be used in connection with aeroplanes that will bring the number of casualties from flying to a lower percentage than in the use of automobiles. To the extent I have already indicated, cost will to some degree interfere with the use of the aeroplane as a common carrier for a few passengers, but for the carrying of from 25 to 50 or more, I would say not. *I should think a flying boat, capable of carrying 50 people, after it has passed the experimental and development stage is capable of being built in quantities of 50 or more, as cheaply as a first-class railroad passenger car.*"

#### INTERCITY AIR TRAFFIC

ARE commercial air-lines between cities really practical? Senator Charles S. Thomas, Chairman Senate Committee on Coast Defences, says that "within the next five years aerial transportation of passengers and merchandise will have been practically demonstrated and firmly established."

Is the airplane today entirely safe? To which Glen H. Curtiss says: "As truly as the airplane in war has largely superseded the use of cavalry, so today can it eclipse the automobile, the train and the steamship. It is 100 per cent safe."

Serious thought is being given to the transportation



problem. Improvements in aircraft construction made during the war have equipped the American manufacturers to build today, if needed, new types perfectly adapted for passenger traffic. The Curtiss No. 1 flying boat, for example, has already shown itself able to lift an enormous dead weight in passengers. Indeed, as Curtiss says, "The larger type airplanes now in use, some capable of carrying loads of ten thousand pounds in excess of their own weight, seems to be but a modest criterion of the tonnage we may soon transport through this newly conquered element, the air."

There is every reason why this should soon come, for the airplane is safe. Aerial mail service has been carried on without serious interruption. The Post Office Department has mapped out air-routes to cover the entire country. This is not a dream. These routes have been printed in map form, and distributed by the Federal Government for actual use. Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary has just completed the first American Aero-Bluebook. You know the Bluebook for automobile tourists? This new Bluebook is for tourists of the air. It gives five transcontinental and two coastal airways. These routes have been determined upon after experimental flights, and all the possible airplanes of the United States are today being chartered, and their landing places photographed from the sky by army flyers.

Do you know these flyers are soaring over the country today, East and West under orders to photograph landing places, and to make maps from the sky? Do you know that they are also under orders to give exhibitions at each city and town where they stop, to describe the aeroplanes and the engines to the inhabitants? Theirs is a mission to take the mystery out of flying. Do you know that a route has already been mapped by five army planes flying from San Diego, California, to El Paso, Texas, thence to New Orleans, Montgomery, to Americus, Georgia. The entire Middle West region, as well as the East, is being charted today. By Spring the work of locating the landing fields, and mapping the air routes will be extended to the North-West. The army air service today is doing what the cavalry

used to do—which was riding the country, locating the best roads, fords and bridges.

The thousands of American aviators, who have just come back from flying in England, France and Italy, all say that our country offers the best flying course in the world. In overpopulated Europe the areas for flying are relatively restricted. The number of landing fields is limited, yet Europe is going right ahead developing the commercial possibilities of the aeroplane. The terrain of the United States offers great stretches of space, wide areas, chains of landing fields, linking cities in all directions. We have advantages that Europe has not, and we are still thinking about forming our transportation companies, while even a little country like Sweden has already formed hers.

Consider that four army flyers dropped out of the sky over New York early in January of this year, after having completed a journey from California through the air which took them *only thirty-three hours and forty-seven minutes actual flying time*. Think what this means! The significance of it is that by the air route New York is two days from London, or three and one half days from Bagdad!

Aerial mail, freight, passenger lines. Aerial patrolling, exploring, prospecting, fire-fighting, surveying, life-saving, these are some of the things that will come on The Wings of To-morrow. Curtiss, Wright, Willys, the British Government, the countries of Europe, all see these things. They are there behind the curtain, and slowly it is being lifted upon aerial transportation an accomplished fact.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

*In the second article Mr. Smith will treat of the latest aspects and improvements in the aeroplane and its commercial possibilities, as forecast by those who are working out the problems in America.*



# THE FOOD FUTURE

What Every American Mouthful Means to Europe

By HERBERT C. HOOVER

**T**HE demands that the world will make upon the United States for food will change in character but not in volume. We must now take an account of the whole food resources of the world and we must take an account of the total demands. We must consider our national duty in the matter and we must make such changes in our policies as are fitting to the new situation. We have thus a new orientation of the whole food problem and it is an orientation that affects every one of the great groups of our commodities in a different manner.

It has been part of the duty of the Food Administration to keep informed as to the situation in world supplies. Calculations of this sort are vitally necessary if we are to intelligently guide the policies in the United States. The world's balance sheet in the different great groups of commodities:

Wheat and rye—sufficient supplies with economy in consumption.

Beans, peas and rice—sufficient supplies with economy in consumption.

Beef—sufficient supplies to load all refrigeratory ships' capacity.

Sugar—sufficient supplies for our normal consumption if other nations retain their present short rations—a shortage if they increase their rations.

Coffee—a surplus.

High protein foods (for dairy animals) — a world shortage of about three million tons.

Other foods—sufficient supplies with economy in consumption.

Pork products, dairy products and vegetable oils—a shortage of about 3,000,000,000 pounds.

Of all these foods, except possibly protein foods, we have a sufficiency for our own people and in many of them large surpluses. Of the world total to produce the above results, we are estimating North America will furnish more than 60 per cent, and that the United States, including the West Indies, will be in a position to furnish a total of about 20,000,000 tons of food of all kinds for export, against our pre-European war export of, say, 6,000,000 tons.

In the matter of wheat and rye, the large supplies that have accumulated in the Argentine, Australia and other inaccessible markets appear to us to supplement the stores of clear wheat bread for the world. Here directly arises a change in our policies, for we are able from now on to abandon the use of substitutes in our wheat loaf. The world's supply of wheat at this juncture is a priceless blessing, for while bread comprises about 25 per cent of our national diet, the food of Europe is over 50 per cent sheer bread.

#### WHY THE WORLD IS SHORT OF FATS

WE can export, together with other surplus countries, an apparent sufficiency of the coarse grains for feeding purposes; that is, of oats, barley and corn. On the other hand, there is a world shortage of high protein foods, that is, the wheat food, the seed and bean meals, upon which the dairy production of the world and particularly of Europe so considerably depends. This shortage extends to the United States and in our case is due largely to the necessary diversion of cotton-seed meal to use as fertilizers and, to some degree, to our shortage in wheat mill-food due to our hitherto reduced use of wheat flour. This latter will be somewhat corrected by the elimination of substitutes in our bread. Thus the change in world conditions should somewhat ameliorate our dairy food situation.

The shortage in protein foods directly contributes to the world's shortage in the supply of fats. This world fat short-



age is due primarily to the fact that Europe has been steadily under-feeding its dairy herd, has made steady inroads into its herd of hogs during the war, and to the fact that there has been a great degeneration in the production of vegetable oils in certain regions, owing to the inability to secure shipping. Of our export possibilities in fats, the largest item is pork products. We have reasonable promises of ability through increased production and conservation to export seven times as much products as our pre-war average. We are estimating with economy the export possibilities of the United States in all these products of over four billion pounds. Yet with all our supplies the world will be far deficient in its normal supply of fats for two or three years at least. Our internal policy with regard to this group of commodities must therefore be one towards intense economy of consumption if we are to carry out our high purpose of furnishing food to a famine-stricken world. On the other hand the shortage in our supply of dairy products is today so acute that we are compelled to now limit the export of this product. Dairy products are vital to the protection of child life throughout the world and we should immediately reduce our unnecessarily large consumption of butter and condensed milk.

It is very difficult to forecast with any degree of accuracy the position in sugar. Our assured supplies under the purchases we have made are the largest per capita in the world. This is not greediness, for we have throughout the war asked our allies to supply themselves first and we would do with the remainder. They have sacrificed sugar to provide ships for other purposes. If we assume that Europe will continue on present rations, then the world supplies, now enlarged by rendering Java sugar available, are sufficient to provide our entire normal consumption. If Europe raises its ration very considerably, there will be a shortage.

#### HOW OUR SUGAR SUPPLY IS PROTECTED

THE Food Administration has protected the fundamental supply to the American people by purchasing, in conjunction with the Allies, the next Cuban sugar crop. We

have made such arrangements with the various refiners in the United States and with the producers as will assure a price of nine cents a pound wholesale for sugar during the next twelve months. This compares with from twelve to twenty cents a pound in the other sugar-importing countries.

As the result of these arrangements and the fact that Eastern sugars will be available, we shall need little or perhaps no restraint on consumption after the new Cuban crop is ready, unless, as I have said, the other governments in the world decide to considerably increase their present rations. I do not think our people would want us to maintain an extravagant and luxurious use of sugar in soft drinks and confectionery when there was an actual hardship for the necessary sugar for household use in other countries. With the present world outlook, we are taking steps to relax the restrictions which it was necessary for us to impose on consumption when we based the outlook for the whole of Allied supplies directly on North American sugar alone. Here again we must be guided from time to time by the world situation, but we have no desire for conservation sheerly for conservation's sake.

Another prime necessity in the United States is that of coffee. Our computations of the world's coffee supplies indicate to us that there is more than a sufficiency to carry the world during the next twelve months on any basis of likely demand. Sooner or later the speculation in some foreign countries over coffee, on the theory that there would be world shortage on peace, will receive a rude shock.

#### AMERICA ENTERS A NEW ECONOMIC ERA

WITH the war effectively over we enter a new economic era and its immediate effect on prices is difficult to anticipate. The maintenance of the embargo will prevent depletion of our stocks by hungry Europe to any point below our necessities and anyone who contemplates speculation in food against the needs of these people can well be warned of



the prompt action of the Government. The prices of some food commodities may increase, but others will decrease, because with liberated shipping accumulated stocks in the Southern hemisphere and the Far East will be available.

The currents which affect food prices in the United States are much less controlled than in the other countries at war. The powers of the Food Administration in these matters extend:

First, to the control of profits by manufacturers, wholesalers and dealers, and the control of speculation in foodstuffs. They do not extend to the control of the great majority of retailers, to public eating places, or the farmer, except so far as this can be accomplished on a voluntary basis.

Second, the controlled buying for the Allied civil populations and armies, the neutrals and the American army and navy, dominates the market in certain commodities at all times, and in other commodities part of the time. In these cases it is possible to effect, in co-operation with producers and manufacturers, a certain amount of stability in price. I have never favored attempts to fix maximum prices by law; the universal history of these devices in Europe has been that they worked against the true interests of both producer and consumer.

All indexes show an increase in farmers' prices and a decrease in wholesale price of food during the year ending July 1, 1918. In other words, a great reduction took place in middlemen's charges, amounting to between 15 per cent and 30 per cent depending upon the basis of calculation adopted. These decreases have come out of the elimination of speculation and profiteering.

Since the spring quarter, ending July 1, 1918, there has been a rise in prices. In October, 1918, the Food Administration retail price reports show that the retail cost of the same quantity of the twenty-four principal foodstuffs was \$7.58, against an average of \$6.55 for the spring quarter, 1918, or a rise of about 18 per cent.

## WHY OUR FOOD PRICES ARE HIGH

SINCE the first of July, 1918, many economic forces have caused a situation adverse to the consumer. There has been a steady increase in wages, a steady increase in cost of the materials which go into food production and manufacture, and in containers and supplies of all kinds. There has been an increase of 25 per cent in freight rates. The rents of the country are increasing and therefore costs of manufacturing, distribution and transportation are steadily increasing and should inevitably affect prices.

*The public should distinguish between a rise in prices and profiteering, for with increasing prices to the farmer—who is himself paying higher wages and cost—and with higher wages and transport prices simply must rise.*

An example of what this may come to can be shown in the matter of flour. The increased cost of transportation from the wheat-producing regions to New York City amounts to about forty cents per barrel. The increased cost of cotton bags during the last fourteen months amounts to thirty cents per barrel of flour. The increase in wholesalers' cost of drayage, rents, etc., amounts to ten cents, or a total of eighty cents without including the increased costs of the miller or retailer.

Such changes do not come under the category of profiteering. They are the necessary changes involved by the economic differences in the situation. We cannot "have our cake and eat it." *In other words, we cannot raise wages, railway rates, expand our credits and currency, and hope to maintain the same level of prices of foods.* All that the Food Administration can do is to see as far as is humanly possible that these alterations take place without speculation or profiteering and that such readjustments are conducted in an orderly manner. Even though it were in the power of the Food Administration to repress prices, the effect of maintaining the same price level in the face of such increases in costs and manufacture, transportation and distribution,



would be to ultimately curtail production itself. *We are in a period of inflation and we cannot avoid the results.*

#### HOW PROFITEERING IS CURBED

WE have had a large measure of voluntary co-operation both from producers, manufacturers and wholesalers, in suppression of profiteering and speculation. There are cases that have required stern measures and some millions of dollars have been refunded in one way or another to the public. The number of firms penalized is proportionately not large to the total firms engaged. In the matter of voluntary control of retailers we have had more difficulty, but in the publication weekly in every town in the country of "fair prices" based upon wholesale costs and type of service, there has been a considerable check made upon overcharges.

When we entered upon this work eighteen months ago our trades were rampant with speculation and profiteering. This grew mainly from the utterly insensate raids of Europe on our commodities. I look now for a turn of American food trades towards conservative and safe business because in this period that confronts us, with the decreased buying power of our own people, of uncertainty as to the progress of the world's politics, with the Government control of imports and exports, he would be a foolish man indeed who to-day started a speculation in food. This is a complete reversal of the commercial atmosphere that existed when the war began eighteen months ago, and therefore the major necessity for law in repression of speculative activities is, to my mind, rapidly passing. It is our duty, however, to exert ourselves in every direction to so handle our food during reconstruction as to protect our producers and our consumers and to assure our trades from chaos and panic.

While the expiration of the Lever Law can be faced without anxiety, the other functions of Food Administration must continue. Some organization must be continued or some organization must be set up to guide our distribution

of food abroad, if it shall reach the most deserving and the most necessitous. This implies a large knowledge of European and foreign conditions and can only be founded on continued expansive organization. The vast purchases for export are now all in the hands of governments, many of them acting in common, and their powers in buying could, if misused, ruin our producers, or, alternatively, do infinite harm to our consumers. An utter chaos of speculation and profiteering would reign if these buyers were not co-ordinated and controlled.

#### THE CANCER IN THE WORLD'S VITALS

SOMEONE must co-ordinate the internal transportation of these large exports with our domestic distribution if we are not to entangle our domestic supplies and are to have effective handling in our ports. Someone must co-operate with the Shipping Board in the provision of overseas tonnage. Someone must organize our own needed imports of sugar, coffee and vegetable oils. Someone must stimulate and guide our people in their desire to help in this war against famine. It is in these directions that the future of some kind of Food Administration lies. An organization is now called upon to fight against famine.

If we value our own safety and the social organization of the world, if we value the preservation of civilization itself, we cannot sit idly by and see the growth of this cancer in the world's vitals. Famine is the mother of anarchy. From the inability of governments to secure food for their people, grows revolution and chaos. From an ability to supply their people, grows stability of government and the defeat of anarchy. Did we put it on no higher plane than our interests in the protection of our institutions, we must bestir ourselves in solution of this problem. There are millions of people now liberated from the German yoke for whose interests we have fought and bled for the last eighteen months. We dare not neglect any measure which enables



them to return to health, to self-support and to their national life. This is the broad outlook of some kind of Food Administration during the next twelve months.

## AMBITION

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

**A**MBITION drew the edges of his life  
So close about his heart,  
No alien thought could cross  
That zone of hope.  
But one day from the cloister of his dreams  
He saw the silver of a winter frost,  
Far up the wind he heard  
A lost love's voice.  
He wrote his scrawl  
Within the musty book of life  
And folded it against the April  
Of the year.  
Now only droning pedants read his word,  
He left no message for the soul  
To hear.

# OUR DUTY ABROAD AND AT HOME

A Practical Suggestion and a Plea for Soul Exaltation

By HON. HENRY MORGENTHAU

[EX-MINISTER TO TURKEY]

**P**ROBABLY no nation has ever reached so splendid a position in history as that which is held by the United States at the present moment. Certainly no nation ever has had the opportunity which we have now, for generous and enlightened service to mankind. The outlook is so wonderful that it arouses emotions of awe; and it also suggests doubts as to whether we shall rise to our opportunities. The duty that faces us as a nation calls for the finest idealism and the most complete self-sacrifice. Are we to show the world that we possess these qualities, or are we to sink back into the materialism that so many observers have described most mistakenly, I think, as the predominant quality in the American character?

The United States emerges from this war infinitely richer and stronger than before. The mere fact that we have laid the foundations of what will undoubtedly become, in two or three years, the world's greatest mercantile fleet, means an addition to our national wealth that is almost incalculable. Three years ago we had many enemies among the nations. Now there is hardly a part of the world where we are not loved and admired, and this changed attitude will have the utmost influence in stimulating the enormous foreign trade that will follow the signing of peace. In a comparatively short time, the large sums of the Liberty Loans will disappear from the debit sheet. While the loss of 56,000 American lives is a terrible thing, for which Americans will never cease to mourn, from purely economic considerations it is not important. In statesmanship our President is the



acknowledged leader of the world, and, in all the processes of civilization, Europe and Asia will look to us for guidance.

SUFFERING FROM A SIMILAR MALADY THAT BROUGHT  
GERMANY TO DESTRUCTION

I AM not rehearsing these facts in any boasting spirit. My purpose is precisely the opposite. I wish to emphasize that the spirit that should possess us at this present moment is not one of triumph or self-love, but rather that of Kipling's "Recessional." For great have been our achievements, and so completely have the events of the last four years recalled to us our mighty power and resources that the greatest danger is, that we shall relapse into materialism. What the American character needs most at this moment is the development of the spirit of self-sacrifice and the realization of the grave responsibility of leadership. In a sense we suffer from the same trouble that brought Germany to destruction; there is something wrong with our general mental attitude toward life and its responsibilities.

In our war with Germany, we recognized that we could not bring permanent peace until we had made a beginning in untangling the twisted German mind, in restoring the German people from mental sickness to mental health, in helping them to see life in its real proportions and to look upon their international duties from the standpoint of their neighbors.

But Germany is not the only nation whose mental attitude needs to be changed. The American people might likewise begin their new career by modifying their outlook. It is well that we admit at once that we are too materialistic, too vainglorious, too much inclined to chase the great god Success and altogether too ready to set a cash value on our recent achievements in war. Perhaps the most noticeable effect of the armistice was an immediate spurt in business. Our thoughts shifted almost at once from the devastated fields of France to our factories, our mines, our banks, and our trade. Almost overnight the emotions aroused by the

German menace seemed to vanish. We heaved a sigh that the world had been saved for Democracy, and showed our eagerness to resume the real business of life which the Kaiser's ghastly experiment had interrupted. Is it not significant that the attempt to raise \$170,500,000 for the great War Fund was much less successful than the previous drives?

We are not now fighting for our lives and for our institutions. These are safe for at least a hundred years—probably for all time—if the American race proves that in prosperity she retains the same attributes of altruism and devotion to justice that she has shown in the dark days of doubt we have just passed through.

#### THE PICTURE THAT CONFRONTS US

THE world has been saved from destruction, but it has not been saved from almost infinite misery. There is hardly any part of Europe and hardly any part of Asia that is not facing a long and weary process of regeneration. Our magazines and newspapers have pictured devastated France and Belgium. War has brought to Russia no greater agonies than those from which she is now suffering in peace. Great areas of Poland have been destroyed and must be rebuilt. Serbia is a nation whose cities have been leveled, whose farms have been destroyed, and the larger part of whose men and boys have been killed. Misery and starvation stalk through the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. Turkey has lost at least a quarter of its population in the last four years—massacre, starvation and war have made the whole Ottoman Empire an empty shell. As we go into Asia we find that demoralization and misery have become the normal facts of life. Even such proud and upstanding nations as England, France and Italy will need assistance.

The whole world has thus become almost a desert, whose one great oasis of prosperity and happiness is the United States. It was Emerson who said that "America represented God's last attempt to save mankind." The position



which we occupy today, indeed, seems almost an evidence of providential foresight. This nation has been preserved and made great, I think, in preparation for the very contingency that now faces mankind. Practically anything that the world needs lies abundantly in America's lap at this present moment.

The world wants food—and here, Herbert Hoover tells us, is food enough to supply Europe's needs as well as our own. It wants agricultural implements to make its farms productive—and America is the country which has invented these implements and can provide them in inexhaustible quantities. It wants ships—and we shall build eleven million tons this year, more than one-half as many as England's whole fleet when the war began. It wants money—and there seems to be no limit to the amount which we can furnish, or, its effective substitute, credit. But, and above all, it wants the help of a great, sympathetic American soul, a spirit of unselfishness and brotherhood. *Without* this all our material help will be insufficient. *With* it, we shall finally realize our historic place in the world and make a reality of Emerson's prophecy.

#### HOW IDEALISM MUST BE MADE PRACTICAL

**H**OW can we reduce all this idealism to concrete terms? In other words, what can we do for these distressed nations in a practical way? Fortunately, the United States has already given the world an example of unselfish humanitarian statesmanship. Twenty years ago we embarked upon certain experiments which aroused much cynicism in the Old World and much misgiving among our own people. We fought the war with Spain precisely as we have fought this war, for humanitarian purposes. Its outcome found us the guardian of Cuba and the Philippines, both countries backward in civilization. Yet America soon disproved all the criticism. We renovated and freed Cuba. In the Philippines we spent our energies and our money with no hope of profit beyond the satisfaction of having established a new

self-governing commonwealth and of having constructed a democracy out of material that at first seemed rather unsatisfactory. We shall complete this work when, at the appropriate time, we give these people their independence.

In our duty to the world today, we must consider that certain fundamentals underlie any civilization:

The people must be freed from disease.

They must have the opportunity and the tools to obtain their living from the soil.

They must have the means of communication—streets, highways, cars and railroads.

They must have decent living conditions.

They must have education—primary schools, colleges, even universities.

If all these facilities are made available to the masses of people, it inevitably follows that they advance in enlightenment, morals and civic consciousness. There is laid the groundwork for a self-reliant, successful democracy. I have in mind particularly the work that we shall be called upon to do in Russia, the Balkans and in the Ottoman Empire. While the peoples of these countries all have splendid histories and achievements and all have made great contributions to art, literature and general progress, yet they have all been held back and exploited for centuries by tyrannous autocracies. All lack the fundamentals of civilization, such as I have outlined.

#### LET THE AMERICAN ARMY REBUILD STRICKEN NATIONS

**I**N Russia the population is eighty per cent illiterate. Sanitation has been neglected. Agricultural methods are exceedingly primitive. Highways are few and far between. Railroads are most inadequate. The physical restoration of countries is something for which we, as a nation, have shown great ability; and we have before us a splendid opportunity to exercise that ability. We have the resources to finance these restorations on the gigantic scale which the occasion demands. Moreover, we have the man-power for this work,



and it is fortunately placed on European soil at this moment.

The work in Cuba and the Philippines was the work of the American army. Why can we not use the American army that is now in Europe as the driving force for this great work of rehabilitation? This army contains one of the finest sanitary corps in the world. For nearly two years it has kept the American boys free from typhoid, dysentery and the other diseases that in the past have destroyed more soldiers than powder and shell. We can hardly conceive the wonders that would ensue if these scientists were put to work among the civilian populations of Eastern Europe. This army has the engineers that can build the highways and railroads and restore the cities and villages that have been devastated. It is now becoming a great university, and so can carry the blessings of education into countries that now hardly know it. And, even perhaps more important than these material advantages, the United States can carry to those suffering lands the same idealistic and unselfish spirit that has made them so successful in Cuba and the Philippines.

#### AMERICANS NEED EXALTATION OF SOUL

THESE things we should do not only for the benefit of peoples more unfortunate than ourselves, but for the benefit of our own soul. In this way we can help repay the debt which we owe to our European brothers for the sacrifices they have made in the last four years. There is a tendency to grow bitter about Russia, but let us not forget that millions of unarmed Russians in 1914, 1915 and 1916 exposed their bare bodies to Prussian bullets, and that, had they not made this supreme sacrifice, the battle would have gone against the Western Powers and our present civilization would have been lost.

The part that Americans should play in the next few years is therefore plainly marked out. But for this we need more elevation of mind than is evident now. We need the crusading spirit, the national exaltation that will take us out of ourselves and make us willing to lay all that we have at the

feet of civilization. We could do this in war. Can we do it in peace? Millions of Americans differ in religion, but there is one religion in which we can all unite, and that is the Religion of Humanity.

## IF AT THE LAST

By ARLINE HACKETT

**W**HAT tho' all else should fail,  
In thee I have a love  
Divine as that of which we both are part.  
What matter if alone  
I walk thru' all my days,  
If at the last we meet, dear heart.



# “DOUGHBOYS OF THE SEA”

Thrills and Laughs of the United States Destroyer Service  
By DOUGHBOY

THE steamer *J. L. Luckenback* with a cargo for the supply of our forces was cleaving her way through the easy, oily swells of the Atlantic off the Brittany coast. The good ship was in command of an officer of the mercantile marine, but there were Navy jackies on board—Petty-Officer Bulger and his gun crews, handlers of the trim five-inchers that glowered from the *Luckenback's* stern and bow. No submarines had been sighted and the Captain was congratulating himself when—wheee-ooooe! A shell sang overhead.

It came out of nowhere. It is uncanny, the song of the shell suddenly out of a calm sky. Petty-Officer Bulger scrambled up to the “crows’ nest.” Wheee-ooooe! And to the smack of the shell a geyser of sea water spurted up on the starboard bow. Calmly Bulger swept the horizon with his binoculars. What was *that*—the speck on the rim of the sea? “Submarine!” he yelled. Gongs rang; bugles flared, “Battle Quarters.” And thus began the combat between the steamer and the submarine.

Slowly the Hun closed, only enough of his ugly deck out of the water to permit the handling of his deck gun. Closer and closer the sub’ came, firing frantically. Our Navy gunners blazed back, but the Hun had an easier target than they. In the gun-crews’ quarters of the steamer a shell burst and set it afire; another tore into the gun aft. Seaman V. E. Louther was wounded three times but would not leave his post. High explosive rained down on the *Luckenback*. Horror stalked her decks. . . . But let the wireless tell the story.

At 8:05 the steamer’s wireless flashed out this message:

“S. O. S. Lat. — Long. —. Am being gunned by submarine.”

THE RESCUE

WAY off beyond the horizon somewhere it was picked up by an American destroyer which, swooping around, pointed her prow toward the zone of the call while her wireless sang: "*Am coming to your assistance.*" And as the destroyer rushed on under a forced draft, churning through the seas at thirty knots an hour, the wireless spoke on:

9:29 a. m. Aboard the *Luckenback*. "*We are maneuvering around.*"

9:38 "Code book overboard now. How far are you?"

9:39 (from the destroyer) "*Two hours south.*"

9:40 "*Shelling us now, look out for our boats.*"

9:41 "*Don't surrender.*"

9:42 "*Surrender? Never!*"

10:15 "*Still afloat and fighting. Sub is firing at our antennae.*"

10:52 "*If practicable, make smoke.*"

10:53 "*Still gunning us.*"

11:05 "*Course, south magnetic.*"

What a story those scant messages tell—the Naval code-book on the steamer thrown overboard as the situation becomes desperate—the appeal to the destroyer, racing up somewhere behind the rim of the sea—"How far are you?"—the Hun shells raking the ship—the Americans' fear that they will have to take to the boats and rafts before the destroyer comes up—but the grim will to hang on, "*Surrender? Never!*"

And as the destroyer tore on, it heard the boom of the guns. Impatiently the jackies at her guns waited for the first glimpse of the enemy. The telephone from the little fire control and the destroyer buzzed: "Oh, bo-oy!" And the destroyer's forward gun roared at a speck—that was the Hun—on the port bow. The next instant the entire gun-crew was hurled back by a wave which inundated the bow,



but scrambling to their feet, spitting salt water, the jackies ran back to their posts and fired again. The Hun disappeared and the steamer was saved.

#### SECRECY ENSHROUDED THEIR DARING ACTS

NOW similar happenings came scores of times to the men in the destroyer service. For it was their job to keep the Hun submarine from sending to the bottom the steady procession of ships that bore our troops and supplies to Europe. And how well they did it is self-evident. But how many folks know what they went through—the deeds of daring, the thrills and laughs of that wild game. Of the “doughboys” you have heard; but what of these “jackie-doughboys” on the destroyers? Secrecy has enshrouded their doings and only now, with peace, is it permitted to tell of their work.

Have you been on a destroyer? You know then that it is a lean, rakish craft, armed with light guns, torpedo tubes, depth-bombs and every manner of effective contrivance for hurling explosives into the lurking Hun beneath the sea. You know that it is two huge magnificently mounted turbine engines encased in a skin of steel—the hull. You know that these engines have the power of twenty-seven thousand horses and that they can drive the destroyer through the sea as fast as forty miles an hour. You know that a great ocean liner has no more powerful force for propulsion. And you can see that these destroyers cannot be turned out like emergency ships, that they require the most delicate and intricate workmanship; for they are the Navy’s jewels and into their making goes the skill of a watchmaker.

Consider that a ship can roll 45 degrees, a quarter of the way over, and not capsize. Now consider that the destroyers are built so that they can take a roll of 107 degrees in safety! Which is to say that they can roll all the way over, and more too, and still not turn turtle, but right themselves. And think how these little craft must be so constructed that, no matter what the roll of the sea may be, only five and a

half seconds are consumed in the roll of the ship. Meaning, as a wave hits it it goes to one side, then erect, to the other side, then erect, all in five and a half seconds. In a gentle sea the motion is not so bad, but when the ocean rolls and the destroyer is going all the way down to the surface of the sea and back and down, and back again, all in five seconds—“Oh, lady!” as the jackies say.

You have heard, of course, how the destroyers raced over to England as soon as we entered the war and put themselves under the orders of a British Admiral and forthwith raced away from port to chase the Hun. Then our own Admiral Sims came and, himself an old destroyer man, began to instill an amazing morale into our destroyer service. Or was it already there? Anyhow the destroyer boys sing—

*Talk about your battleships, cruisers, scouts and all;  
Talk about your Fritzlers who are aiming for a fall;  
Talk about your coast guard, it's brave they have to be—  
But Admiral Sims' flotilla is the terror of the sea.*

#### SAVING THE TORPEDOED “MOUNT VERNON”

WHICH, as the Hun knows, is truth. I know. I have seen the destroyers in action. I was on the *Mount Vernon* when she was torpedoed. The sub's periscope, nickel-plated, no thicker than a broomstick, protruding ever so slightly above the water, saw us with its glassy eye. The Hun fired the torpedo and disappeared, a snake drawing in its fangs. In a flash two destroyers that had been circling on our flanks scanning the seas for periscopes in the faint morning light, an almost impossible thing to detect, glimpsed the nickel gleam of the periscope and tore at it. The stricken *Mount Vernon*, with the sea pouring into her from a huge hole midships, shook to the detonations of the bombs that the destroyers dropped. With the speed of express trains they passed and re-passed the spot where the periscope had been seen, the great brown bombs catapulting from their sterns and thundering down into the depths.



And then I saw them circle—the circles ever widening—the bombs, hurling them overboard as they thus maneuvered so that they were bound to cover the under areas to which the sub might have fled.

Keeled over on its side, everybody at the "Abandon Ship" stations, expecting to have to go over the side any minute, the *Mount Vernon* slowly made her way back to the French coast. About an hour had passed and we were limping along with the destroyers swooping around us—for they knew the danger was not over—it was the way of the Huns to hunt in pairs, and they might be lurking to strike the death-blow. And then a roar of gunfire! We saw the destroyers racing to a convergent point off our port bow, their bow guns yelping angrily as they went. "Submarine!" someone yelled. I never saw it. But I saw the depth bombs once more go hurtling from the destroyers' sterns while the ocean shook. And I saw the sea become glassy out there, as with spreading layers of oil. . . . Our destroyers were on the job. They have been on the job from that May day when first they swirled—a destroyer in action always swirls—into European waters.

As you may imagine there was nothing haphazard about their work. When the Kaiser took a map of the Atlantic and drew upon it certain geometrical figures, which he called "war zones," the British Admiralty did some drawing of their own. First they reproduced the Kaiser's patterns on their maps; then they drew over them a series of squares each square being designated by a letter. Our destroyer men insisted that these letters spelled—"This is not the Kaiser's ocean." At any rate our destroyers were assigned to cover a certain number of squares, to patrol the sea's area therein, destroying submarines and rescuing gunned ships and survivors, to say nothing of convoying the troopships.

#### WHAT THE WATCHERS OF OUR SEA LANES EXPERIENCED

FOR seventeen months our boys were at that work. Do you know what they were up against? You have been at sea? You are comfortable when the ship is rolling? If

so, you are a good sailor. Which is not to say that you would make a destroyer sailor. For there are actually cases of trained naval officers, men who for years have been on battleship duty, yet who, when assigned to destroyers, are seasick the whole time. Conceive of being ten days away from port in a ship forever pitching like a cockleshell, when you must eat standing up, out of your hand, when you can eat. Think of men lifting the bed-springs from their bunks and dropping the mattresses to the floor, wedging themselves in so that they may hope to sleep and not be pitched out; of men standing for hours with the cold spray bathing their face, their eyes glued to binoculars, sweeping the seas for that speck of a periscope until, as one jackie expressed it, "It seemed as if my eyes were just bound to pop out of my head."

Think of being given orders to go out and pick up a troopship convoy somewhere on the Atlantic, to be at a given latitude and longitude at a given time. Sounds easy enough for a trained navigator. But think how—to meet the troopships—the destroyers must pass through waters swarming with U-boats; hunt them down; pick up survivors in boats or on rafts, and still meet the convoy perhaps in the dead of night when the great steamers' lights, as well as the destroyer's, were doused. It was a game of blindman's buff, but the destroyers played it and won.

#### PICKING UP OUR TROOPSHIPS

**I** SHALL never forget the night they met our convoy. We had had a submarine scare and the officers in command of the troopships were hoping for one thing—a sight of the destroyers that were racing out from Brest to meet us. We were zigzagging, veering twenty miles off our courses to the east and then to the west. Suppose, while on one of these zigzags, the destroyers missed us. But the wireless began chattering and they picked us up. At once they gave us Greenwich time. Every watch was set by it. The destroyers flashed to the ships' commanders the schedule of maneuver. At a given hour every troopship would change



its course, and so on regularly, until we reached Brest.

Now imagine twelve great steamers and a fleet of destroyers, all racing through the Atlantic in the dead of night with all lights out; at a certain time every ship suddenly putting over its helm and shooting off in another direction—this, of course, to make torpedoing difficult for the Hun. Fancy the chances for collision in such maneuvers, if one commander were to turn his ship too soon or too late. Picture a fragile destroyer being rammed by a big troopship, as it swooped across its bows. That's what the destroyers were up against. Most of their commanders whom I met in Brest told me that they would rather chase and fight submarines any day than draw a convoy job. The chances for losing the convoy, before picking it up in the night; of collisions when all lights were out—were tremendous! Yet not one mistake was made!

*By day and night she makes her way  
Through seas that crash across her bows.  
Mast high she hurls the driving spray  
Through mountain waves she plows.  
About her as she dashes by  
A thousand dangers lurk unseen,  
Where mines lie hidden from the eye,  
Where waits the submarine.*

Alfred Noyes wrote that; he appreciates the little craft. Our destroyer boys hated the Huns. There was far more hatred in their rank and file and among the officers than there was among our troops at the front. The "dough-boys" were genial killers; but the men of the destroyer service, they were bitter. And rightly so. As you shall see.

One day one of the destroyers out of Brest was rushing to meet a convoy when it saw an open boat with a figure in the stern. The form was bent over, apparently the lone survivor of a Hunnish sea murder. The officer on duty on the destroyer's bridge studied the little boat and the bent form with his glasses as the destroyer veered toward it. Swing-

ing the craft in broadside, he ordered "Full speed ahead!" And the destroyer's guns cut loose on the figure in the stern of the boat—an *effigy* that concealed a Hun periscope.

Yet the German submarine commanders wondered why they were hated! An open boat filled with victims of a torpedoing was prize bait for a Hun. For days he would circle around the suffering survivors in the hope that a destroyer would see them and come to pick them up. Then the Hun would let go with a torpedo at the destroyer. Jealously the sub's would keep the suffering men in the open boat in sight, until they were no longer useful as bait—until they were dead.

#### AN IRISH U-BOAT COMMANDER?

**B**UT there was one German submarine commander that the American destroyer fleet liked! I have heard our officers spin their tales of him in the days of shore leave in Brest with a twinkle in their eye. They called him Kelly and insisted that he could not be a German as he had a sense of humor. They said it was impossible for Kelly to be guilty of any of the savageries of the other submarine commanders. Our destroyer officers refused to believe it of him. All the destroyers wanted to capture Kelly's submarine, if only to see what kind of a man he really was. "I'll bet he's an Irish rebel," an officer said.

One day when our destroyers were sending war news to each other which they had picked up from the Eiffel Tower station, a message came in out of the void. It was:

*"Your war news very interesting but two or three words were badly sent. Please repeat . . . . Kelly."*

Nothing more came from him, until:

*"Good-by. I can waste no more time on you . . . Kelly."*



Now in the North Sea there was a lightship that the Hun never torpedoed because he used it as a mark by which to see his course for the turn to make the passage around the north of Ireland and into the Atlantic. One day a German submarine came up alongside the lightship. The conning tower opened and a hooded head popped out.

"I'm Kelly," the German said. "Here are some newspapers for you. It must be lonesome out here. I had a good time the other night. I want you to have one," and he tossed the lightship keeper a bundle of English newspapers, a receipted bill for Kelly from an English hotel and two theatre seats for the theatre of the night before. "If you tell on me," grinned Kelly, "I'll come back and sink you!"

There is one other Kelly story. He was continually breaking in on the destroyers' wireless calls asking what the baseball scores were. One day the skipper of a Scotch fishing-smack told the story to an American destroyer commander. It seems that Kelly came up out of the water alongside of him and said that he was hungry for some good fresh fish, but that he had been away from home a long time and had lost all his money making bets with his junior officer on the number of mines they would see. But he wanted the fish and would pay the skipper some other time. Shades of looted Belgium! Of course, the skipper had to give Kelly the fish. A few weeks later Kelly once more came up alongside the same little fishing-smack. There was a package tossed on the deck, and then the submarine submerged. In the package the Scotch skipper found the money for his fish, and a note which read: "Kelly always pays his bills."

And these stories are accepted as true by our destroyer boys. Kelly was the only German submarine commander who was not loathed.

#### HOW INGRAM SAVED THE U. S. DESTROYER "CASSIN"

**D**ON'T think that our destroyers escaped unscathed in their fight against the submarines. There was the *Jacob Jones*, you know, that "got it"; the *Cassin*, too, but she did

not go down—because the hearts of the destroyer boys are the hearts of lions. One day a periscope glimpsed the *Cassin* and drove a torpedo at it only four hundred yards away. The officer on duty saw it coming and went ahead full speed, his quick work changing the "hit" from a fatal blow midships to a hit in the stern. But there were high explosives enough on the stern deck to blow the *Cassin* to atoms, depth-bombs that would have been detonated by the shock of the striking torpedo, had not—but let Secretary Daniels testify:

"A while ago I was asked to give a name to a new destroyer. I took up first the names of the great admirals and then the great captains and all the American heroes of the sea; and all were worthy. And then I thought of Osmond C. Ingram, Second Class Gunner's Mate on the destroyer *Cassin*. I thought of the night when he was on watch and saw a U-boat's torpedo headed for his ship. He was standing near the place where the high explosives were stored and the torpedo was headed for that spot. In a flash he was engaged in hurling overboard those deadly explosives which would have destroyed the ship if they had remained on board. And he managed to get rid of enough of them to save the lives of all the officers and sailors on board—but he lost his own life. So I named the newest and finest addition to the American Navy the *Osmond C. Ingram*."

That boy's nerve enabled the *Cassin* to be towed into port where a new stern was built on her. And this reminds one of the destroyers *Zulu* and *Nubian* of the British Navy. The *Zulu's* bow struck a mine and vanished. The *Nubian's* stern struck a mine and likewise vanished. So the British took the stern of the *Zulu* and the bow of the *Nubian* and pieced them together in a new craft—the *Zubian*.

#### A HUN SUBMARINE CLEVERLY CAPTURED

NOW extraordinary things happened to the destroyer flotilla as they hunted the Hun; but the weirdest of all came in a British port where some of our ships were tied up. Go mentally "slumming" and imagine you are the com-



mander of a German submarine mine-layer. You have wormed your way into this harbor and are busy letting out your mines when you are startled by a tapping on the conning tower. It is uncanny. Something is striking the conning tower from without and you are on the harbor bottom. Moreover, it is an intelligent series of blows that is being delivered against your plates——

Gott! A message is being spelled out. A hammer is tapping "dots and dashes"; and you read in the International code:

"R.I.S.E — A.N.D — S.U.R.R.E.N.D.E.R —  
O.R — D.E.P.T.H — C.H.A.R.G.E — W.I.L.L —  
B.E — E.X.P.L.O.D.E.D — A.G.A.I.N.S.T —  
Y.O.U.R — H.U.L.L."

You know that you are discovered, but you are too bewildered to give the order to bring your submarine to the surface. How did they know you were there? Again the tapping on your conning tower; again the "dashes" and "dots" spell out a warning—"Depth charge has been wired and lowered."

And up boiled the Hun submarine and a thoroughly frightened commander surrendered to the destroyers. The man that did it was a diver at work salvaging a sunken ship in the harbor.

"I saw this feller," he said. "I used to know the International Morse code in the Navy so I tapped him the message with my hammer."

"Was there any depth-bomb as you told him?"

"H——, no! That was 'bull.' I figured if I could scare the bird to the surface that the destroyers could take care of him."

Which they did . . . And these are only a few of the tales of the doughboys of the sea.

# OUR AFTER-WAR DANGERS

In Saving the World Have We Lost Our Republic?

By HON. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

**W**E emerge from the war with a new national consciousness; with a consciousness of power stimulated by extraordinary effort; with a consciousness of the possibility and potency of co-operation and endeavor to an extent previously undreamed of.

Gains like these should be abiding, for they mark not only increase of knowledge and the sharpening of the tools of the mind, but an improvement in attitude and appreciation. The new vision is never lost. We are unworthy of our victory, if we look forward with timidity. This is the hour and power of light, not of darkness. We have not defeated an insensate ambition to become the victims of our own inability to govern ourselves. We have made the world safe for democracy, but democracy is not a phrase, or a form, but a life, and what shall that life be?

Some anxiously ask, "What has become of our form of government?" In saving the world, have we lost our Republic? The astounding spectacle of centralized control which we have witnessed has confused many and turned the heads of some. But this, for the most part, has been the manifestation of the Republic in arms, fighting as a unit, with powers essential to self-preservation, which the Constitution not only did not deny but itself conferred. So far as we have harnessed our strength for war, we were acting under the Constitution and not in violation of it. But wherever, in the desire to take advantage of the situation for the purpose of fastening some new policy upon the country, there has been resort to arbitrary power through acts unjustified by real or substantial relation to a state of actual war, such acts will re-



ceive the condemnation they deserve when they are brought to the determination of the proper tribunals.

#### AN ABUSE OF FEDERAL POWER

WITH the ending of the war we find ourselves with the familiar constitutional privileges and restrictions, and it behooves officers of Government to realize that to make a pretense of military exigency for ulterior purposes, when military necessity has ceased, is simply an abuse of power which will not be permitted to escape censure. It is undoubtedly true that whenever, during the War, extraordinary powers were fittingly exercised and Governmental control was assumed for war purposes, the readjustment to conditions of peace must of course be effected gradually and with the circumspection essential to the protection of all the public and private interests involved. But the immediate purpose should be to readjust as soon as may be, not to use war powers to control peace conditions, a proceeding essentially vicious and constituting the most serious offense against our institutions. What changes we shall desire to make in order to suit new conditions which follow the War we must make deliberately after discussion and with proper authorization. Peace policies must be prosecuted with the authority and distribution of powers and according to the methods which pertain to peace.

The question of government ownership and operation is a severely practical one. Of course, there are those whose interests lie simply in extending the activities of government so as to embrace all industry and who are endeavoring to proceed along what they conceive to be the line of the least resistance in trying to keep in government hands in time of peace what has been taken temporarily by reason of the exigencies of war. The instinct of the American people I believe can be trusted to thwart the insidious plans of these enemies of liberty, who if given their way would not stop short of a tyranny which, whatever name it might bear, would leave little room for preference as compared with Prussianism. Passing the ambitions—which are not to be

ignored—of these pseudo-democrats, the question of the government ownership and operation of railroads and other instrumentalities of communication is really one of efficiency and political control. So far as investment is concerned, it will exist in either case. Whether corporate bonds and stocks, or the fair value of the properties in government bonds with guaranteed returns, are held, makes little difference from the standpoint of investment. Perhaps the latter might be preferred by many. The important question is not that of investment. It goes deeper and touches the service to the public and the soundness of our political life.

Along with this is the grave question of putting the direct operation of these great activities unnecessarily under political control. That is the most serious question. The dovetailing of Government with business is apt to injure both. Such is the havoc wrought by political machines, demanding that position and profit go with political favor and as political reward. We shall have quite enough of this sort of thing in the necessary extension of governmental activities without courting additional difficulties.

#### INEFFICIENCY THE BLIGHT OF PUBLIC UNDERTAKINGS

**I**T is regrettable, but it is true, that governmental enterprise tends constantly to inefficiency. It would, from any point of view, be unsafe to take the experience of the last year as a guide. The splendid stimulus of the War Spirit put us at our best. The general disposition to serve and to be content made conditions exceptionally advantageous for governmental experiment. Again, the situation in the past year with respect to the movement of traffic has been abnormal. But, apart from these considerations, the experiment would not appear to afford a basis for expecting a net balance of benefits in government ownership and management. I do not mean to imply that the record of private enterprise is an agreeable one, but on a fair examination of conditions where governmental management has been maintained, I believe that from the standpoint of efficiency the comparison favors



private enterprises and that in this country we cannot afford to ignore the fact that inefficiency is the blight upon our public undertakings. It cannot fail to be observed that even in connection with the War, despite the endeavor and patriotic impulse of countless workers, inefficiency in important fields of activity has been notorious. The notion that the conduct of business by Government tends to be efficient is a superstition cherished by those who either know nothing of Government or know nothing of business. The tendency is strongly the other way.

There is just as much danger to our prosperity in undue decentralization as in over-centralization. Take our railroads as an example. If we are not to have government ownership, we must have a sensible plan of regulation. We must have a plan of regulation which will permit sound credit and growth, which will stabilize securities and offer inducements for investment, while insuring adequate service at reasonable rates. The democracy saved by a world war ought to be able to supervise great undertakings in a fashion which will really serve the common interest. Regulation which does not promote efficiency is self-condemned; and with respect to interstate carriers, State lines are not economic lines. Congress should provide, as it has power to provide—aside from war powers—a comprehensive plan of regulation with relation to districts corresponding to the broad divisions of actual operations, and the entire field of the activities of interstate carriers should be covered appropriately by recognition of the interdependence of through and local rates, and of the interblending of operations in the conduct of interstate and local business, so that in the exercise of the dominant power of Congress for the protection of interstate commerce, all conflicting regulations would be avoided and the basis of efficiency secured.

#### HOW TO SAVE OUR PROSPERITY

**B**UT in endeavoring to escape the evils which are likely to attend upon government ownership and management, it

is folly to go to the other extreme and to sacrifice the advantages and economy which co-operation in these activities may afford. Reasonable opportunity for concert under government supervision is necessary to afford the best service and prevent waste, and if we have learned this lesson from recent experiences it will be a great gain.

And again, if we are to look forward to the common prosperity and lay the foundation for the individual betterment of men, women and children which cannot be secured except by success in production and exchange, we must give a freer course to co-operation in industry. The War has compelled co-operation and the Government, under this compulsion, has fostered what is previously denounced as criminal. The conduct which had been condemned by the law as a public offense was found to be necessary for the salvation of the Republic. But the public need so dramatically disclosed by the War is not, in this respect, removed by the termination of the War. Co-operation is just as necessary to secure the full benefits of peace as it was to meet the exigencies of War. And without it we shall miss the great prosperity and advance in trade to which with our skill and energy we are entitled.

We have had the experience of many years in trying to impose rules of uncertain scope with respect to restraint of trade. Lawyers have been unable to tell their clients whether proposed conduct would elicit the praise due to a conspicuous business success with corresponding gain to the community, or would land them in jail. Of course we cannot go forth to win our proper place in the world's trade under such uncertainties and restrictions. And it is idle to talk of removing economic barriers abroad while maintaining them at home. In the first place, the mere size of a business does not warrant its condemnation. Mere size may carry the germs of dissolution, but if it means soundness of organization and economic strength we need it, provided there is proper supervision to prevent abuses. Wrong-doing, and not a mere conception of power, should be the basis of governmental restraint and prohibition. All power that can be used can



be mischievous. If we aim at actual wrongs we shall be more successful than if we attack bogies. Define and punish wrong, but free commerce from being hampered by fear of constructive evils.

Is it not entirely possible to maintain governmental supervision which will give reasonable opportunity for doing reasonable things instead of seeking to maintain rules of conduct which shackle American enterprise? Neither labor nor the general public gains anything from denying free scope to honest business, and to secure this legitimate freedom it should be the function of Government to provide intelligent supervision which will aim at the detection and punishment of abuses and not at the crippling of opportunities rightly used. The Webb bill is but a slight advance. It needs the background of large undertakings and wide experience.

#### HAVE WE THE HUN SPIRIT?

**B**UT whatever freedom it may have, American industry will not thrive unless it is instinct with the spirit of justice. We have fought this War to substitute reason for force. We love our Republic because it represents to us the promise of the rule of reason. There is no assurance of stability in industry if it is dominated by the selfish profiteer, or by men who regard human beings as mere economic units, or by men, whether employers or employees, who live with the ambition to be little Kaisers ruling by their little divine right, whether of wealth or of "pull" or of any position of power. If we are to establish peace within our own borders, we must co-operate to destroy the Hunnish spirit of tyranny wherever we find it.

There are no difficulties in the field of industry which cannot be solved if we insist on methods of justice. The whole international aim is to enthrone justice. How shall we hope to attain this end among the nations if we cannot establish justice in our own community?

# THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

IN the days that followed the cessation of fighting the theatrical producers sat back in their managerial chairs and wondered what the future held for the drama. The majority had "war plays" ready for the audiences who, up to the signing of the armistice, were anxious to see various phases of the conflict enacted for their benefit. A few managers announced that they believed that the war play would still draw—but even those that so believed seemed loath to go ahead with rehearsals. The result was a month without a first night—and then a rush of premier performances—some of them very good—some of them very bad.

One of the good plays, perhaps the most interesting of them all, was "Dear Brutus," from the pen of Sir James Matthew Barrie. This play, by the way, was not rushed in to fill any gap left by a failing war drama, but had been in careful preparation for a considerable period of time. That is one of the reasons it is so perfectly presented.

As might be expected of a Barrie play, "Dear Brutus" is mostly fantasy. The program announced that the author has taken his theme from the Shakespearian line, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." In other words, there is a second chance for everyone. In this instance the "second chance" comes to a group of discontented, ill-mated people, who are guests at the country house of *Lob*, a fanciful person, who tells his unhappy guests that it is a midsummer week, and that in the enchanted wood just beyond the house they may find happiness. Some go boldly, others with a fear that most of us hold for the supernatural. The second act shows the effects of the enchanted wood. The philanderer is married to the girl with whom he is carrying on a vigorous



flirtation, only to find that he is really in love with the woman who is his wife in the world of actualities. The titled lady is married to the thieving butler, who is still dishonest, though a great financier. It is to the artist that there comes the greatest change. In the enchanted forest he finds the daughter he has always craved, while his unhappy wife, who has often bemoaned the fact that she might have married an Honorable instead of an artist, is poor—a beggar. The dream daughter is the regeneration of the artist, also his wife. In the last act, when the guests go back to the real, they, only, have the courage to profit by what they have seen in the forest, and they go out of the picture, arm in arm, ready to find the “second chance” which must come to them.

One can ask for nothing better than the acting of the play. William Gillette is the artist, and his second act scene with his dream daughter, reaches the very heights of fantasy. Helen Holmes, a very young player, who earlier in the season was the love-sick older sister of *Penrod*, plays the dream child, sharing with Mr. Gillette the honors of the play. The rest of the cast is made up of players of note, who in the Barrie background, find a real vehicle for their abilities. “Dear Brutus” is another gem for the Barrie collection of fantasies—a treat for the theatregoers.

### *Comedy and Drama*

“**E**AST IS WEST” gives Fay Bainter another chance to show her characterization of the Oriental. Programmed as a comedy, this play frequently develops into frank melodrama, for the very situation, that of a Chinese girl in surroundings that are thoroughly American, must have dramatic quality. The prologue, which is one of the handsomest stage pictures of the season, occurs on a “love boat” where *Ming Toy* is sold to *Lo Sang Kee*, a prosperous merchant, at the request of the son of the American Ambassador, who is in love with the girl. The play shifts to San Francisco, where *Lo Sang Kee* has taken the girl, to

save her from a life of slavery. *Ming*, quickly mimicking some American girls in an adjacent dance-hall, sits at her window and flirts with passersby, and trouble from a local mission ensues. This act introduces the most interesting character of the play, a Chinatown "boss," leader of his Tong, and wealthy through his chain of Chop Suey restaurants. He has seen the latest flower from China, and wants her. The Ambassador's son, who, in the meantime, returns, thinks differently, and she is spirited away to his home by the local Mission worker, where she is to act as maid for his sister, with whom the Mission worker is in love. From this point on the story is melodrama. It is full of odd contrasts, a visit of the Tongs, and, of course, has a happy ending.

The acting, interpretive of Chinese life, is excellent. George Nash, as the Chinatown "boss," is a superior piece of characterization, while Miss Bainter gives the best reflection of a Chinese sing-song girl yet shown on the stage in dramatic form. Her work is faithful, dainty and at all times fascinating and true to type—a revelation in the characterization of the Oriental on the American stage.

Rachel Crothers, who is one of the most thorough craftsmen of the theatre, has called her new play "The Little Journey." It is slight as to action, with a sketchy plot, but the character studies are excellent, and typical of the types that Miss Crothers has given to the stage.

For novelty, the action of the play takes place on a journey, the first two acts being aboard a trans-continental Pullman sleeper. The girl, *Julie*, is going West after the inevitable financial crash, because she cannot marry a man with six thousand a year. She prefers to make her home with her brother in the West, and has little relish in the life that is before her. When the conductor appears she cannot find her tickets. She is about to be put off the train, when *Jim West*, a rancher of the most American variety, pays her fare, and, of course, they become lovers. The love story that follows is slight, culminating when a railroad accident smashes the train, and the passengers find themselves on a



hillside at dawn, an ideal place for the beginning of happiness, and ending a play. The play will find its popularity from such characters as *Mrs. Welsh*, a loud person, who tries to impress the car that she is "New York." Still another type is the pretty girl with a deaf grandmother.

The acting is good, with Miss Jobyna Howland, as *Mrs. Welsh*, carrying the comedy, and giving an excellent performance. Estelle Winwood plays the girl, and Cyril Keightley *Jim West*.

Chauncey Olcott in a new play from the pen of George M. Cohan is a winning combination. The new piece is called "The Voice of McConnell" and tells the story of one *McConnell*, a tenor, who is found singing in a small Irish church, sent to Italy to study, and the night before the opening of the play has captured the metropolis of the United States with his singing. Among the many notes of congratulation, he finds a song, written, so the anonymous sender tells him, under the spell of his singing of the night before. A few minutes later, when the leading lady and her mother call to ask him to sing at their home "at his own price," he becomes suspicious, and discovers that the list of song numbers the young lady has written at his request, is in the same handwriting as his anonymous song. From that time on the love story goes hurrying on its way, halted just sufficiently by the mysterious theft of a ring, and Mr. Olcott's songs, which are introduced into the text.

The play is well written, reflecting Mr. Cohan's usual snap. The large cast supporting Mr. Olcott is competent, and "The Voice of McConnell" is destined to be a success. Previous to his brief appearance last Spring, Mr. Olcott has not appeared in New York for many years. His reception seemed to show that he has been missed.

Hypnosis is the theme Mark Swan, author of last year's "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," has used to amuse in his new farce "Keep it to Yourself." It is seemingly a "naughty" play, adapted from the French. However, the action is so funny, that the "broad" lines and situation are not to be taken seriously. The start of the play finds a hypnotic sub-

ject, suffering from insomnia, occupying the bridal suite of an Ostend hotel. While he has a treatment for his sleeplessness a bride and groom arrive, and his effects are transferred to another suite. Under the spell of the "doctor" he becomes sleepy at ten o'clock, and starts to bed, not knowing of the change of rooms. The complications that follow can be imagined. Everyone in the cast becomes involved in compromising situations, until the end brings about the usual explanations and happy climax. Edwin Nicander, a finished farceur, plays the victim of hypnotism, to the enjoyment of the audience, and finds excellent foils in the other members of the company. "Keep it to Yourself" is clever farce, and while not quite the thing for a party of youngsters should not be offensive for their elders, for it is hilariously amusing throughout.

If "The Gentile Wife" was all as good as Emily Stevens' acting, it would be a great success. As it is, the play gives Americanism a terrific jolt, showing that interracial marriage cannot always be accompanied with good results. The play tells of *Naida*, a Christian, married to a Jew, and living unhappily with his family. She has a lover, of course, and there is a scene in the garden which leads up to the emotional climax of the drama. This "big scene" is played by Miss Stevens in true, melodramatic style. Her "sob scenes" are classics in their way, and while this play is hardly likely to have any lasting success, it demonstrates Miss Stevens' ability. Much as can be said for Miss Stevens, she is forced to share the acting honors, however, with Vera Gordon, who plays the mother of the young Jew married out of caste. Miss Gordon's portrayal is quite the best work of its kind seen on the stage this season. One bad note in the production is the unfortunate realism which frequently turns the backs of the players to the audience, and consequently, their voices. This is one of the marring faults of the play, and many good lines are lost. Strikingly staged, and well cast, "The Gentile Wife" gives Miss Stevens a real opportunity and she never fails to charm in a not always sympathetic part.



*A Singing Trio*

THE Christmas crop of musical comedies numbered three. Two of them are of the variety that the press agent can truthfully call "huge successes," while the third is very fair, and will probably enjoy a certain amount of prosperity. "Somebody's Sweetheart" is one of the productions to be classed as a "hit." Arthur Hammerstein, the producer, has profited by the example of his famous father, and learned two things—one the value of players of the vaudeville type, players who are used to registering their personality on an audience immediately, the other that good voices and brilliant costuming carry a play far towards success. "Somebody's Sweetheart" has just enough story to hold the plot until the final curtain, and to allow the comedian to be funny without stepping out of character. The setting is Spanish, but with few exceptions the characters are thoroughly American, being the family and friends of the American consul. It is the featured players that carry the comedy to its success. A young man named William Kent is the sole laughmaker, and is genuinely funny at all times. He is assisted by a diminutive player named Louise Allen who is "cute," sings fairly, and does acrobatic dancing of the best variety. Another pair of lovers, the musical pair who carry the sentiment, are Eva Fallon, and a tenor named Walter Scanlon. Scanlon does not score until he is given the opportunity to sing, and then he scores heavily. The fifth member of the cast, and, with Mr. Kent, largely responsible for the success of the play, is Nonette, from the land of the two-a-day. She sings well, plays the violin even better, and earns her numerous recalls. "Somebody's Sweetheart" will be everybody's enjoyable evening.

"Listen Lester" is John Cort's third musical offering for the season. It is very slight as to story, being almost in the nature of a revue. Also it is lacking in good singing voices. However, there are numerous people in the cast who can be very funny, and all of them dance to perfection. The most laughable scene is one in which the three comedians sit

down to dinner on a Palm Beach hotel veranda, and, at the start of each course, have to stand for one of the Allied national anthems. While they stand, the waiter changes the course, and the dinner is concluded without a mouthful of food being eaten. The principal players include the very comic Johnny Dooley, with the corpulent Eddie Garvie as his first assistant. Ada Lewis is the female portion of the comedy trio. For the dancing, and singing part of the production, Gertrude Vanderbilt, Ada May Weeks, and Clifton Webb all contribute the type of work that has made them favorites. Several of the songs are catchy, and the title is arrived at from the fact that all the characters are constantly in need of *Lester*, the porter, who is never summoned without the prefix "Listen." Hansford Wilson has the part, and indulges in acrobatic dancing.

The third musical play is "The Melting of Molly." Readers of the popular novels will remember the book, which was published several years ago. At that time several producers thought that there was a play in the story, and one of them was successful in obtaining the rights. The play was written, produced, and failed. A second, third, and fourth revision of the play was made, and each met with failure. From a straight comedy, the play arrived at its present state of musical being, which is a highly satisfactory and delightfully entertaining farce-musical-comedy that does not resort to vulgarity to "get over" its fun. Isabelle Lowe, who has been a Winter Garden favorite, displays the abilities of an exceptional comedienne, in a winsome and charming personality. The play is a refreshing diversion.



# The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

*(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)*

**I**F some pungent wit, with the wisdom of Solomon and the humor of Mr. Dooley, does not project a ray of risibility into the over-wrought mentality of the world, we shall all have hysteria.

What the every-day-go-about-his-business Mr. Average Citizen of Every Nation wants is a chance to settle down to the wheel of regularity, to be restored to the privilege of living in a self-determining fashion and earn enough money to pay his fifty-seven varieties of taxes.

He is not asking or hoping for the millennium, for more territory, for more oceans, or even for permanent peace—to be accomplished on paper.

The war of force is ended and the battle of words is on. Mr. Wilson is setting the stage for a drama that is potent with all the clash that conflicting national aspirations can draft into action. The long restricted little countries of Middle Europe are rising up, Phoenix-like, seeking restoration and recognition—even though they must come to America for the wherewithal and their leaders. The great nations are revealing their lines of cleavage, while we, the “last straw” that swung the pendulum of Victory across their frontiers, are seeking to superimpose over them all ideals and principles of democracy that even we are yet uncertain as to whither they will lead us. Our own society of peoples, less homogeneous than theirs, are in the throes of a mighty struggle—a struggle based upon new conceptions of equal rights and distributions of power and materials.

And into all this seething domestic and world struggle, statesmen are hurling phrases and demands that threaten to break the bond that made the world glad by defeating the enemy of us all, the invading and self-seeking Hun.

The peace of the world and the peace between labor and the Constructive organization that give it open equal oppor-

tunity, are both essential to the peace that brings back to the world the joy of living. What the peoples of the war-engaged countries want is the happiness of peace—the opportunities of attaining happiness under the government of peace—and the self-seeking politicians, potentates, premiers and labor leaders, who strike one discord in the quick attainment of a peace arrangement, deserve all that will fall on their heads.

If labor leaders inject problems inauspiciously into peace conferences; if statesmen press their issues and split hairs over definitions; if idealists cling to dreams that the nature and characteristics of men have been altered by war; if politicians throw monkey-wrenches into the machinery at Washington and Versailles—the penalty will fall with hammer blows upon them and us all, for the mass and the mob, inarticulate though they be, find ready spokesmen in blatant and sophistical leaders who are quick and eager to capitalize their fury, their weaknesses, their envy, their ignorance. When the Great gods go—the small gods come, and Bolshevism is at our door; the High Cost of Living is his weapon; “Profiteering” and “Capital” are the bait that turns the masses into mobs. Delay, in coming to a practical and business-like peace, is dangerous.

### *The “Private” Fortune of the Ex-Kaiser*

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN'S house at Coblenz will soon be for rent or sale. The “house” is a famous old castle—the erstwhile Mecca of thousands of American pilgrims, wont to pass that way in their tours along the Rhine, from Cologne to Frankfurt. At present it is occupied by Americans, the doughboys, who must find its great halls and spacious rooms comfortable after the cramped quarters of trench dug-outs. Coblenz Castle is only one of the many assets that the Kaiser was forced to leave behind upon the occasion of his hurried trip to Holland. Our correspondent in France sends us some interesting data on the subject, probably gleaned from the records of the thrifty French in their search for Hun property, from which to draw slight compensation when the indemnity question comes up. Writes our informant:



The ex-Kaiser's private cash box contains 20,000,000 marks, mostly deposited, and drawing  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent interest in various banks.

The authority quoted states further that there are ninety separate estates involved—forests, farms, parks, country houses, shooting boxes and what not. But seven of these are of the Crown Domain, all the rest being the Kaiser's own private property. Among the latter are the Bellevue Palace in Berlin and the Monbijou Palace, which curiously within its grounds enfolds the English church of the capital. He owns thirteen palatial structures at Potsdam alone, also the Wilhelmshöhe Palace at Cassel, where the late King Edward of England paid his last visit to him and where Napoleon III was kept under restraint after the fall of Sedan.

Besides other estates at Coblenz, Wiesbaden, Charlottenburg and Freienwalde and in other parts he owns also a big farming property at Cadinen, of which he ever took a pride in recounting his farming experiments and successes to the agricultural authorities of the Empire when the bucolic riches of the Empire was up for discussion. He has also a celebrated shooting-box in the forest at Rominten near the eastern frontier of Prussia. He owns also a dwelling property at Trouville, and the famous and somewhat elegant Villa Achilleion at Corfu belongs to him if indeed it has not been confiscated by the present government of Greece.

Of his cash assets a million and a quarter dollars at least came from the succession of William I, which was known to have been a part of the indemnity wrung from France as one of the clauses of the Treaty of Frankfort as a result of the war of '71. This certainly he can be made to disgorge, with interest, so perhaps it is hardly meet that it should be included among his definite assets. The German people or the German monarchy; it is all the same; the indemnity of war in this case will be paid by whoever is in power across the Rhine, let them make a counter collection where they will and when they can.

With a genuine business astuteness the Kaiser sold the Government the land where stands the Royal Library at

Berlin for the sum of an equivalent of two and a half million dollars. This he claimed to have spent on rebuilding the royal stables, of which we have a side light recently in the statement that the noblesse there made their last stand in resisting the Revolutionists upon the news of the abdication. This little balance sheet will undoubtedly have some healthy discussion when the final settlements are made and the slate wiped off. It may be, too, that this is only an inkling of the real state of affairs, which perhaps will swell to even more fantastic proportions.

And yet William Hohenzollern was not satisfied!

### *A Woman Protests Against Poisonous Speech*

THE following springs from uneasy hours spent at various sorts of more or less subtly anti-American gatherings. The sentence quoted is the exact words of a speaker:

There is one dark corner of social injustice that even in this day of national and international house cleaning has been overlooked. We know full well that railroads and cables run naturally to the government; we have heard that wages must not go down, however many capitalists go up, and that no one can live comfortably without a commodious navy. In short we are well informed on many matters. Yet one has been neglected. We do not know why it is that only the anti-Americans who are frank or stupid are deprived of freedom of speech.

This may sound ironic and over-cautious, neither of which at heart I am; and yet I wonder how it is that when we are so concerned about any number of things, we can be so indifferent to one which is just as important. Pro-Germans and anarchists are not allowed to speak publicly in this country if they are clumsy and obvious and on the whole harmless. It is only when they are subtle and venomous that we permit them. If they can spread Bolshevism under the title of *Russia, a Problem*, or can plead for political revolution while they talk of social evolution, we give them leave to tour the country. Now and then we go still further and advertise them gratis. We have the art of handling an indictment so that it will neither relieve our suspicion nor inconvenience them. To be on bail assures their success—for they are never forbidden to *speak*!

With women we are chivalrously indulgent, especially if they are charming. We like the poised piquancy of their manner, and their cultured articulation of the chaotic and vague. Crumbling governments they set forth deftly—seven in one



week—while a well-bred mob drinks tea and talks it over. The Russian peasant they make so wise and kind and omnipotent that we are reminded of the Second Coming. When some one in the audience rises and asks, "Isn't this bolshevism of Lenine the millennium we've been looking for here in America?" we are not suprised at the round on round of applause that follows. Revolutions are easy to undertake and accomplish. Bloodshed, starvation, misery are fabrications of the press. No report from Russia is authentic unless franked by enthusiasm for the Soviet cause. As they listen, two boys in their teens lean forward in their seats, their jaws already squared for bolshevic propaganda, and a little woman from New England nods in hypnotized acquiescence, forgetting her forefathers' independence of thought. The audience has taken the cause for its own; opposition can only make them martyrs. To censor their speech is as dangerous and futile as to cork a bottle the contents of which is still being charged.

I have a notion it is high time we did some talking ourselves. Although we also have a hearty, if as yet unfocussed, desire for post-war improvements, we have an abiding faith in our American institutions, which have given this country so fair a start. Why, then, in all decency, do we not say so? and loudly! in a nation-wide American propaganda! After all it is the business of us who uphold our democracy to control the changes which must from time to time be made. We should not, through indecision and lack of concord, allow those who neither appreciate it nor understand it to steal the job from us. Nor should we absent-mindedly give it to enemies who have fed so long on the vision of Germany rising phoenix-like from the ashes of the world that they cannot cease to prepare the ashes against the day of her resurrection.

### Movie "Dope" Versus Drink "Dope"

ONE evening recently, quite recently, I went to the movies. When I arrived at the picture palace, I found a line-up of several hundred people waiting in turn to deposit each 60 cents, net, no war tax, for a seat to witness one of the legitimate Stage's most talented and beautiful stars make her debut on the film. A half-hour's wait brought me to the metal cage where my 60 cents slipped with mechanical efficiency into an automatic receptacle from which protruded through a slit, my ticket. Another ten or fifteen minutes' wait found me within the compact of a crowd in the lobby, jammed like a rush-hour subway train. Through the glass walls of the ticket cage I watched three well-groomed young

ladies, engaged in the fascinating pursuit of counting money and packing it into \$100 bundles. I estimated the receipts (as the bills grew in piles, for this was the end of the day—a 9:30 performance), and I calculated up to \$2,000. Just what this money paid for, I do not know, but at least two performances, perhaps three.

In twenty minutes more, I was jammed through a door into an entrance hall, and then surged onward into the main lobby. There I stood in the closest compact conceivable with a mass of humans—a great audience already occupying the seats. Imagine a fire, or panic of any kind—but that is not the thought. That two women screamed as the jam finally rushed for vacated seats, is also not the thought.

Let us proceed. A perfectly inane “comedy” film was being shown in which two or three extremely pretty young girls were jostled in all sorts of impossible ways by some rough gamblers—and it was all supposed to be funny—though few laughed. It was a silent audience and a mute “drama,” and yet the crowd stuck. They must have been diverted or else they sat in reflection of the 60 cents’ investment. Followed then some “war” pictures. After which the “great” film was released. A series of pictures of a beautiful woman, but the “play”—a libel upon respectability, an exaggeration of “virtue,” a mawkish portrayal of the impossible, a wrong conception of character, a rank appeal to the sensuous—an obvious arraignment of the curse of drink—and this brings us to the point.

Have the movies put over Prohibition? If so, when will we put through the XIX Amendment—abolition of the movies. Now, not that all movies are distortions, and not that everyone who takes a drink is a drunkard; but false movies, fake movies, anarchy-breeding movies, lurid movies, mawkish movies—*what are they going to do to us?*

What will be their effort upon a vast public?—10,000,000 a day the movie man tells us. Aside from the utterly false pictures of life, misrepresentation of class, of “the bad rich man,” the intolerant good woman, the rakish son of wealth, the always sweet young thing among the proverbial gang of



“thieves,” and various other perversions of character that they “play up,” there is the real menace—the movie habit!

Will the movie habit really take the place of strong drink? Will the movie man rise to the great occasion and “dope” up the film to the utter destruction of the will to think and see straight? Or will and can the movie be expurgated of its falsity, of its perversion of class character, of its lurid pictures of sensualism, in the guise of virtue in distress, of its Bolshevistic appeal to class hatred?

Will the Government take over the movies—or will the movies determine the Government?

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# Sanctum Talk

## Wherein We Take the Reader Into Our Confidence

SOME of our very good friends have done quite a little worrying for us over the scant attire afforded by our advertising patrons. There seems to prevail a mental attitude toward publications that they are successful in accordance to the outward and visible signs of prosperity evidenced by the patronage of publicity. No doubt the measure of financial success is reflected in the advertising pages of a magazine. We have good friends among advertisers, but we haven't gone to them with our story. We have been thinking altogether this past year about Friend Reader. We want him or her to give a wider assurance that we are on the right track; that we are putting the right kind of mental food in his intellectual repast; then we will open our pages to the right kind of breakfast foods, home building materials, economic and commercial advertising interests.

\* \* \*

IT is gratifying for an editor to receive increasing reports of sales and old and new subscribers coming in with these evidences of confidence, both by remittances and letters congratulatory. These are tokens that give "pep" to the day's effort. Here is a little sample I'm going to pass on to you. It came from a woman reader:

"My mother, although nearly eighty-six, keeps up with everything, and says THE FORUM is the best magazine of all, and that if her eyes would permit, she would read it from cover to cover. As it is, I have to read it to her, and she says every article is well chosen, and there's never a dull word in it."

One friendly criticism that came to our desk from a well-wisher was that "THE FORUM is a man's magazine." It is—and a woman's magazine, too. To make sure of my latter contention, I had a talk with the subscription lady. I found out that there were something like 1,500

high schools and public libraries on our lists; that there were many high schools that use THE FORUM in their class work. The principal of a school in Maryland wrote: "I had no idea when I subscribed to THE FORUM that I was getting such a *gold mine of help*." And then came to my attention the club subscriptions of six, for six girls connected with the executive department of a large commercial concern. As a result of my survey, I only discovered one woman who had lost interest in THE FORUM. Her sister had subscribed for her as a Christmas present. She was keenly disappointed, so she asked to have the money refunded that she might invest it in a present more to her liking—something *personal*. We reflected that one swallow doesn't make a summer.

\* \* \*

IF, on the other hand, we were to reproduce the great number of letters, approving and congratulatory, we should have to issue a special patting-on-the-back section of many pages. One will illustrate the sort that naturally makes an editor feel good. It is from a United States Senator; and this is what he wrote:

"I have been a reader of THE FORUM off and on for many years, and have always regarded it as one of the stable magazine publications of the country. I believe that you have adopted the right course and are pursuing the right policy, and I believe that *every good citizen should not only thank you, but support you*."

Shop talk? Well, that's about all we talk about in THE FORUM Sanctum. Of course, we discuss things that have no relation to subscriptions and advertising, except as they concern our subscribers. We do want advertising, of course, and soon we shall have our share. But we want to give advertisers what we expect

# The FORUM

For March, 1919

## PADEREWSKI'S ADVENTURE IN PATRIOTISM

From a Piano Stool to the Premier's Chair

By EDWIN WILDMAN

*Editor's Note.—Much of the data herein was obtained direct from the stepson of Mr. Paderewski, Mr. W. O. Gorski, and from Mr. M. Kwapiszewski, the Secretary of the Polish National Committee.*

**P**ADEREWSKI'S is the romantic adventure of the upheaval of nations. Known to America as master pianist he charmed the exclusive audiences of the elect; to the public at large his astonishing shock of fuzzy hair symbolized the artist.

Today an ancient nation of wide domain comes knocking at the door of civilization for recognition. It is the Poland of Kosciuszko, and Ignace Jan Paderewski, the long-haired pianist, is its Premier. Its number is thirty-five million souls, long under the iron heel of conquering invaders,—a vast, ancient land, not a century and a half ago larger than Germany by a hundred thousand square miles; a proud land, fallen upon just about the time we were winning our independence, ruthlessly seized; its peoples and its fields parcelled out to the evil Frederick, whom Prussia called “great,” to that woman of shrewdness, Maria Theresa, and to a holy Czar of “all the Russias.”

Of Poland in the early war days another famous artist of the opera, Mme. Sembrich, said: “The Iron Chariot of War stretches across Europe, one wheel on Belgium, one on Poland.” The legions of the Hun swept across the ancient



nation of the Poles and crushed it under the impact of a barbaric war, but the spirit of Kosciuszko lived. It burned in the hearts of its millions. It flamed in the soul of its strong, and out of the throes of war men arose who made its sufferings and wrongs the cause of great nations and its liberties the demand of Peace.

The fight for Poland's freedom was Paderewski's life. To the piano he turned for the expression of his spirit and the large emoluments that he consecrated to the sinews of Poland's voice and the wounds of war. America first knew him in 1889, as a timid youth, a wizard at the piano. Of his first recital a critic chronicled the arrival of a great artist. The public rewarded him with frantic applause. "An intellectual," wrote the critic, "gifted with the power of rousing his audience from a state of calm to wildest frenzy." From his New York debut he traveled across America, the critics always enthusiastic, the audiences of music lovers increasing with his onward triumph, the cartoonists raving with delight at a new subject for their facile pens.

Paris had already proclaimed the new genius of the piano. London had given him approval, but America claimed him, and here in the land of the free he found himself and his hopes for Poland, where as a youth he was proclaimed a genius.

The son of a small property owner of Podolia, the pupil of Professor Roguski, the embryonic head of his beloved country, Paderewski, left his native land at the age of twenty-eight. At forty-nine he has returned to accept the election to the Provisional Presidency conferred upon him from the same room in that gray pile of stone in Warsaw where conspired the Kaiser and his grim Governor General von Baeseler to put a son of the Hohenzollerns on the throne of Poland.

#### THE BEACON IN PADEREWSKI'S SOUL

THE outbreak of the war found Ignace Jan Paderewski a successful but not a contented man. He was successful with the musical world at his feet. But unhappy because

Poland was in bondage. Son of a Polish commoner, there had been born in him, as in all of his countrymen, the restless craving for the restoration of his country. He wanted Poland free. He was ever in communication, as were all educated Poles each with the other, upon the subject. Letters, conversations, pamphlets passed under the noses of the Russian, German and Austrian secret police. Free Poland! It was a beacon in his soul. In America the movement was definitely crystallized. Mingled with the Relief Societies was the cry of Free Poland! Sembrich, Carnin-Levinski, and Americans of Polish descent united with American sympathizers, and the work of aiding Poland in her suffering and her aspiration progressed.

When war came Paderewski was on his estate, Morges, near Vevey on Lake Geneva, Switzerland. Henryk Sienkiewicz, the novelist, his friend, was in the Grand Hotel at Vevey. Caught in Switzerland by the war, cut off from funds, Polish tourists and artists appealed to Paderewski for aid. He invited them to his home at Morges and when the buildings were filled and still they came he pitched tents on the lawns of his estate and cared for all his countrymen who came. Meanwhile, with Sienkiewicz, he conferred on the problem of relief in Poland. He foresaw the distress which would come as the tide of battle flowed back and forth across his home land—Russians, Germans, Austrians, burning and razing crops and barns as they advanced or fell back. And what would come out of war? Might there not be that chance for which their fathers had taught them to hope—the opportunity to free Poland.

Be ready, thought Paderewski, and arouse the Poles in the yoke of other lands, stir the national sentiment smouldering in the thirty-five million Poles scattered through the domains of the twin Kaisers and Czar. And so there were letters and secret messengers and many other secret activities, all engineered from that neutral clearing-house for intrigue, Switzerland. It began with the relief work.

It was Paderewski's idea that they should organize first to get money into Poland with the permission of interested



governments to relieve the suffering. Sienkiewicz, the novelist, used to walk with Paderewski along the shores of Lake Geneva and they would discuss this plan and what was best to be done. By January, 1915, Paderewski had launched from Switzerland the "General Polish Relief Committee," for the purpose of raising and distributing money in the invaded parts of Poland, through local relief agencies. With the consent of the warring governments in the east these agencies were established throughout Poland generally in charge of ecclesiastics—ministers of Protestantism, Catholic priests and Hebrew rabbis, all being invoked to aid. The Poles will tell you that this organization and its branches was purely a relief proposition, that it did no subterranean work of a political nature. Which is the way a relief organization should comport itself, particularly if it is Polish with a century and a half's oppression ground into its soul! But somehow the Poles were organized; and somehow they were ready when the time came, delegates elected by secret ballot while the Russians and Germans slept, men whom Paderewski knew would contrive to slip across frontiers and report with documents when Poland's day began to dawn. And it came. And in the background there was the great Paderewski, forgetting now his triumphs of the American stage, thinking only of Poland. "How can it be made free?"

#### CONCEIVING THE RE-BIRTH OF A NATION

WITH the "General Polish Relief Committee" under way in Switzerland, Paderewski hastened to Paris where he opened a second branch; then he crossed the Channel and organized a third branch in London. He of course found many helpers in the two capitals, notorious as they have long been as a haven for political refugees from Russian Poland. In London Paderewski conferred with men who reported to him the sentiment of the Polish people with the outbreak of war, the plans which were in the making, the organization which was being completed not only in Russian Poland but in German Posen, Silesia, West and East Prussia,

in Austrian Galicia in Ruthenia—in all the ancient kingdom's many lands, to unyoke them all and their peoples. Who would have thought that of the Paderewski, whom America knew, the man with the great flowering hair which shook as he played and audiences applauded. Yet here he was conceiving the restoration of a nation's greatness! How absurdly a man's vocation mirrors his inner life!

Paderewski recalled his trip to Australia in 1904, the popularity which was his; and Sidney, with its little Polish colony and Mme. Melba. Surely she would help! So over the cables Paderewski arranged for a third branch of the "General Polish Relief Committee" to be opened in Australia. Then he sailed for the United States. This was in April of 1915.

In New York there was already the Polish-American Relief Committee operating under the auspices of Mme. Sembrich. But Paderewski came fresh from conferences with Poles in Paris, Switzerland and London, men who had sought him out as the man to whom the Polish people looked for leadership, political refugees from Russian Poland, Ruthenia, Lithuania, Posen, Galicia, Silesia. They were men long in touch with the secret political meetings which kept alive the hope of a free Poland in these oppressed lands, men ever in communication with that great mass of thirty-five million Poles whom Russia, Germany and Austria were pitting against each other in war, interfratricidal strife. For the Poles were ever being put in the shock lines of attack—to be killed off. And Paderewski came to America with the voices of his countrymen calling through him for succor.

#### PADEREWSKI'S MAGICAL INFLUENCE IN AMERICA

THE effect of his appearance in New York in the spring of 1915 was magical upon the Poles in America. They flocked to his standard. The Polish-American Relief Committee merged with his organization, and a fourth branch of the General Polish Relief Committee was opened in New York. He stipulated that these organizations must do no



political work, realizing that, with the United States neutral, such a course would not please Washington. He refused to sanction any propaganda against any of the belligerents, although the temptation to come out openly and attack Germany, Austria and Russia was strong. He laid down a hard and fast law that only relief work be done, the raising of funds to allay the distress in the invaded sections of Poland. The other, the political aspect, could wait. When the day came, the Poles knew that Paderewski was prepared.

Into the relief work he plunged with all his Polish fervor. He himself raised by concerts and addresses \$147,000. The total raised in America was \$1,200,000. There came a cable from Mme. Melba, from Australia, saying she had raised \$13,000 by a concert at Sidney. By the time the United States entered the war, the organization that Paderewski had founded in different parts of the world had raised \$4,000,000 for Poland. Paderewski whom we all knew as a volatile, temperamental pianist, became Paderewski the diplomat, waiting for the day when America would go to war, wisely withholding all his political plans until then—plans ever maturing, as here and there a man slipped out of Germany, out of Russia, out of Austria, following tortuous ways to Paris or London or Switzerland, waiting there maturing the plans, keeping in secret communication with the Poles they represented, waiting in these European capitals until Paderewski gave the word from America.

#### A PIANIST BRANDISHES A SWORD

THE inevitable day came, when America declared war. Twenty-four hours later Americans were astonished to discover Ignace Jan Paderewski in a new rôle—as the leader of a militant Poland. The fuzzy-haired piano-player was brandishing the sword. He had issued a call to the Poles in America to go to war and offered a corps of 100,000 Polish soldiers and 500 Polish officers to the United States Government. He offered to open a recruiting campaign and to train the officers at the Polish School at Cambridge Springs. He

gave the word and the long-suppressed political activities of the organization he had been perfecting burst forth. Germany and Austria were bitterly attacked with facts such as only Poles knew.

Washington declined Paderewski's offer of a corps, fearing that it might create a precedent that naturalized Americans of other European origin would demand the right to go to war under the banner of the "old country." Besides, the "Draft" was coming and America wanted all its naturalized sons in that fine school of Americanization, her army. Thus 220,000 Poles were called to military service under the Stars and Stripes. Nothing daunted, Paderewski sought to help in every way. Did not the crushing of Germany and Austria and the Revolution in Russia mean the supreme opportunity to put Poland back on the map?

There were Poles in America who were not naturalized. Paderewski reached them. He organized thirty thousand of them. He got the consent of Washington to train some of these men at Fort Niagara; and of Ottawa, to train the rest just across Lake Erie at Camp Niagara, on Canadian soil. He went to Washington to try and get this division accepted by the United States army, but being unsuccessful, he at once offered it to France. On June 4, 1917, President Poincaré accepted Paderewski's offer of these thirty thousand troops. They were put into Canadian uniforms and sent to France. Upon their arrival there they donned Polish uniforms and went into a camp for special training, similar to that given the American Expeditionary Forces. On July 14, 1918, they were sent into action near Chateau Thierry, to help check the German onslaught, and fought courageously in that great battle under the French General Arcinard.

It was the first appearance of Polish soldiery on a European battlefield for a hundred and forty-five years. And the man thought of as just a musician, the man whose magic fingers coaxed magic music from a piano, put them there. And when under the Polish eagle these troops of Paderewski faced the Hun, there were Poles all over the world who recalled the prophecy Bismarck made in 1887 in the Reichstag when he



said, "The day the white eagle comes back to life the black eagle will cease to exist." And the millions of Poles in the Central Powers and under their yoke in Russian-Poland, the moment they heard that Poles were fighting under their beloved white eagle on the fields of France, said, "The prophecy of Bismarck has come true. The black eagle of Prussia is doomed!" And being a highly imaginative, excitable people, the Poles took it as an omen and the effect on their morale was tremendous.

#### OUR STATE DEPARTMENT CALLS THE MUSIC MASTER

**B**UT this pianist-statesman did not stop. He at once placed himself at the service of Washington. Little did we suspect when, with his eyes ashine with joy in his art, we saw Paderewski acknowledge a salvo of handclapping with the concert-hall bow, that beneath all this musical emotion there was a storehouse of political "information" about Europe. He knew intimately the currents and the cross-currents of eastern Europe, of Germany, Austria, Russia, and the wants of the submerged nationalities behind their frontiers. And time and again the State Department sent for the music-master to get his opinion on this and that phase of European affairs. And all the time Paderewski was getting reports from his agents who were fleeing Russia, Germany and Austria, reporting to Polish delegates already in London and Paris, quickening their plans, as the day on which Paderewski hoped the United States would officially back Poland's aims drew nearer and nearer.

After driving the Russians out of Poland, Germany, on November 5, 1916, indulged in a typical piece of Teutonic political camouflage. The Poles had been waiting for some kind word from the Allies, some political commitment as to their future, but none came. Germany saw the opportunity and issued a "scrap of paper." In Warsaw Governor General Baeseler read to the Poles the German Kaiser's decree for their freedom. The whole purpose of this was to obtain Poles for the armies of the Central Powers, and coincident

with this proclamation the German General Staff shipped to Poland one million and twelve thousand German army uniforms for the Poles who were expected to enlist. The Poles were quick to see through the German trick. They knew German deceit and oppression. They knew that the Kaiser's proclamation of their freedom was not worth the paper it was written on. The men with whom Paderewski was in communication issued warnings that went the length and breadth of Poland. The Poles refused to fight for Germany. They were coerced. They still refused. They were hung, thirty thousand of them. They still refused. The Germans opened the jails and got six hundred and eighty recruits for their army by promising criminals freedom if they would fight. The Germans established the "Council of Regency," under which the Poles were supposed to govern themselves; but under the iron hand of Baeseler it was a sham. The people could not express themselves. The "independence" was a creation of Germany's which made it impossible for the Allies or the United States to recognize "free" Poland. The Poles were shackled by an adroit Wilhelmstrasse trick.

And again it was Paderewski who turned the trick. His plan for a free Poland had the endorsement of President Wilson, and when he came out for a liberated Poland, the die was cast. Paderewski burned the cables to Paris. There came into being, "The Polish National Committee of Paris." It was a body representing Poland with the Allies. It was not a body governing Poland, for that was being done by the iron hand of General von Baeseler under a mock Polish government in Warsaw. But this Paris committee had been organized in such a way that it was able to appear before the diplomatic representatives of the Allies and of the United States and show that it was representative of the wishes of the people of Poland.

#### THE INTRIGUE FOR LIBERTY

THE story of how this was done is a record of undying hope and the surmounting of the worst obstacles that autocracy could impose. In Paris, London and Switzerland



were these men with whom Paderewski had been in communication pending "the day." They had come from the different sections of Europe where lived Poles—from Austrian Poland, from Posen, Silesia, East and West Prussia in Germany, from Lithuania, Ruthenia and Russian Poland. They had come after they had been secretly elected, despite all the precautions of the German, Austrian and Russian authorities, despite all the watchfulness of the political spies of these nations, despite the military rule. They had come bearing written mandates as to the desires of the Poles whom they represented. They were Roman Demowski, an ex-Deputy of the Russian Duma; Seyda Skirmunt, Piltz, Rozwadowski, Koziski, Wielowiejski, Count Sobanski, Count Zamoyski and Fronczak. They were representative, two noblemen, landholders, the rest of the people sons of the bourgeoisie, of the laboring class, of the farmers, and of the "Intelligenza" or professional class.

It was a committee organized at the request of the Polish people through their accredited delegates, an extraordinary body representing thirty-five million people cut off from the nations whom they wished to call their Allies by the armed forces of the Central Powers and the Bolsheviki. And there in Paris sat an official Polish body accredited to the Allies and the United States, recognized as representatives and waiting for the day of Polish freedom. It came. It brought the piano-player to Europe.

The scene changes to Warsaw, a picturesque city on the muddy Vistula—a place of great churches with slender spires like minarets and huge cupolas and round roofs, inverted bowls, covered with gold; with its Jerusalamer Allee, that wide pretty boulevard which approaches the river merging into the great Czar Alexander Bridge; its Nowy Swiat, that street named by the Poles to symbolize the New World—hope—the New World where the great Paderewski found fame and wealth. And the little tea-rooms along the Nowy Swiat, the statue of Copernicus, the beautiful old palace that was the Czar's, the gardens, the most modern hotel in the city which Paderewski owns; and as one stands on the high

river bank how wild the sun seems rising over the Russian plains above the squalid housetops of Prague, the Jewish quarter across the river. The tea, the buns, the *bigots* and the fruit wines from the Caucasus one had in Warsaw? Who would have known this Warsaw when the armistice was signed!

In 1916 General Pilsudski, leader of the Polish Legion of the Austrian army—composed of Austrian Poles who had to serve anyway and to whom Austria cleverly gave the chance to serve in a legion of their own—refused to take an oath of allegiance to the Central Powers. He was jailed. The Legion surrendered, some to the Russians, some to the Italians. The support of the war by Austrian Poles was at an end. With the signing of the armistice General Pilsudski, released from jail in Austria, came to Warsaw. The German Governor General Baeseler was in flight, fearful of a wrathful populace. The city was in an uproar. The Bolsheviks from the east were filtering in. General Pilsudski established the “Marczewski government” and made himself a dictator. It was not a representative government. It was composed almost entirely of Socialists. It was drifting to Bolshevism.

“ IT IS A GOOD OMEN ”

PADEREWSKI saw that the time had come for his presence in Poland. With the support of some four and a half million Poles in the United States; with his name beloved by the Poles of Poland, he communicated with General Pilsudski and proposed a coalition cabinet composed of representatives of all political parties in Poland. And a few days after the armistice was signed saw the piano-player crossing the Atlantic and conferring with Balfour, and Pinchon of France. President Wilson's support he already had. Backed then by the Allies, Paderewski went to an English port to board the cruiser which was to take him through the Baltic Sea to Dantzig whence he would make his way to Warsaw. It was a perilous trip. Bolshevik assassins waited.



Poland was in an uproar. German agents were active. The Socialists with their Military Dictator had the upper hand. As Paderewski neared the cruiser which was to bear him on his journey, the sun was setting. He saw that the cruiser was covered with seagulls, its hull white with their feathers, and, caught in the level sunlight, saw the ship's name standing out in letters of gold against the white. It was *Concord*.

"It is a good omen," said Paderewski, "there will be harmony."

And there was. Into the uproar of Warsaw he came. Bolsheviks threatened him—he was even shot at! Politicians raged at him. Military men tried to dictate to him. But the Polish people were behind him, and Paderewski put through his coalition cabinet. He got a government organized in Warsaw representative of all classes and he emerged as the first Provisional President of Poland. Only the other day his government was recognized by the United States. It is a barrier against Bolshevism. It is an ancient nation brought back to political life. And it was done by a music master—a romance of idealism, in key with the spirit that prompted the entrance of America into the Great War that gave birth to the freedom of Poland.

# MUST CONTINUE ALLIED CO-OPERATION

A Striking Argument for the Closer Economic Ties  
of Nations

By MAJOR WALDORF ASTOR, M. P.

CO-OPERATION between Governments before the war was the exception; it has proved to be the means of victory, and may become the basis of permanent peace. The evils, the irksomeness, the partial failures of inter-Allied co-operation are known, and they may even be intensified in any wider international organization which may prove to be necessary during the coming months. The results of the sudden removal of control, on the other hand, are not known, though they may, to some extent, be anticipated. What would be the position if general relaxation suddenly took place, and if, a few months hence, contracts for the essentials of life, particularly where there is a world scarcity or inability to distribute, were again in the hands of private merchants free to buy against each other in any market and to sell to the highest bidder? The results of too hasty action might be a commercial and social crisis, even in a country so favorably situated as the United Kingdom.

Prices might go up with a rush; in any case there would be wide fluctuations and general uncertainty. It is clear that high prices, unemployment, demobilization of the army, insecurity of trade, restriction of credit, accompanied by anything approaching profiteering on the part of a few middlemen and speculators, would provide all the materials for serious civil commotion.

The effects on Italy, Belgium, and France would be no less disastrous. In the case of neutral countries the too precipitate abolition of inter-Allied control might render it



possible for them to outbid the Allies and to obtain supplies more readily in exporting markets than France, Italy, or Belgium. In order to master the situation the associated Allied countries must be in a position to restrict individual national purchases and to ration these States with necessary supplies so long as there is a shortage. For this purpose the temporary maintenance of some modified inter-Allied or international co-operation seems essential during the transitional period of reconstruction and resettlement.

#### CAUSES OF THE RISE OF PRICES

ALL the nations of Europe have strained their credit to the uttermost. Money has been lavishly poured out on every sort of engine of destruction, while the machinery of production has not been replaced as in normal times. In every department of production there is urgent need for the application of fresh capital. Europe stands face to face with an enormous war debt, which can only be met by increased production of food, raw material, and manufactured goods, at a moment when the means of production and the means of communication are impoverished to an unprecedented degree. Exchange is on an artificial basis. The currency is inflated, and the necessary new credits for the rehabilitation of industry may involve further inflation. There is everywhere complaint of high prices and of profiteering without consideration of the simple fact that even in England, where an effort has been made as far as possible to meet war costs out of savings, there is an enormous quantity of paper money current, with an extremely limited supply of commodities on which to spend it. Where money has increased faster than production a rise in prices is inevitable.

The process has been carried to its extreme in Russia, where money virtually no longer purchases anything. Recently Swedish ships arrived in Petrograd for the transfer of cargoes of Russian produce for Sweden. They, however, arrived empty, and consequently were obliged to return

empty, as ordinary money transactions were impossible. It was not until they arrived with a load of telephones and other commodities that commercial dealing was feasible. Similarly, the German hopes of importing foodstuffs from the Ukraine were disappointed largely because of the difficulty of doing business by barter. These are extreme cases, but they show that, given a sufficient degree of civil disturbance, a collapse of credit is a real danger.

Before the war Britain was a great creditor nation and by far the greater part of the burden of financing the Allied European armies in the field has been borne by the United Kingdom. This has meant the expenditure and the dissipation of the accumulated wealth of generations. Britain has in great part surrendered her gold, her holdings in foreign railways, mines, estates, and other undertakings, and the State has to some extent mortgaged the earning capacity of its people in the future.

#### ENGLAND'S WEALTH POURED INTO WAR

UNTIL the entry of the United States into the war it was absolutely necessary for the United Kingdom to maintain solvency in her relations with America. It was to fulfil this necessary condition that British subjects holding securities abroad were asked to place them at the disposal of the Government. The amount of railway and industrial investments in the United States which were returned by British holders to the United States for sale or as collateral security against borrowings amounted to about three billion dollars. Then, too, Britain exported actual gold and bullion to the extent of about 200 million sterling, the greater proportion of this being shipped to the United States in payment of obligations there. Some part of this specie was exported even after the entry of the United States into the war.

The consequence of these transactions is that (1) the gold reserve of the British Treasury and Bank of England (now a little less than 100 million pounds) is about one-sixth



of the gold reserve of the United States, but that (2) the reserves of the two countries would be nearly equal if Britain got back the gold she had parted with during the war and if the United States had not benefited by the gold she received from the Allies. Quite apart therefore from the contribution in man-power which Great Britain has made to the war, she has made further enormous contributions in actual wealth. The war expenditure of the United Kingdom has been about seven millions per day, a sum equivalent roughly to the pre-war estimate of the daily national income. Even allowing for a rise of prices this represents an almost incredible proportion of the national wealth.

The necessity for this gigantic borrowing on the part of the United Kingdom has been due very largely to the obligations incurred in financing her European Allies; for Britain's own war expenditure has been financed, to a considerable extent, out of income. Britain will emerge from the war a very much poorer nation than in 1914 because of help rendered to her Allies. America, on the other hand, will be creditor to the United Kingdom to the extent of nearly 1,000 million pounds. It is true that on the other side of the sheet the European Allies and the Dominions are indebted to the United Kingdom (according to a statement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in November last) by something like 1,683 million sterling, but it is perfectly clear that while the Dominions have potential reserves which will in the end enable them to liquidate any obligations they have incurred—totalling £218,000,000—the position of the poorer Allies, including Belgium, make it extremely unlikely that Britain should ask from them in the next few years even the payment of the interest on their war loan. In the case of the 568 million pounds lent to Russia, the prospects of an early recovery are even more remote. The loans to France and Italy total 770 million sterling. Placed in this light the financial situation looks black.

On the other hand, though our balance has been reduced, Great Britain still remains a creditor nation. The pre-war

earning capacity of the United Kingdom was equal to her war expenditure, and there is no reason, if civil peace is assured, why that earning capacity should not be enormously increased in the future by better industrial methods, by more skilful management, by whole-hearted co-operation between employer and employed, by more modern methods of production, and by the economies which the war has shown to be possible in distribution. The experience of the Supply Ministries, especially of the Ministry of Food and the railway service, indicates that economies in this direction are feasible. Then, too, this country has been, on the whole, very much sounder in its war finance than some other belligerents.

#### WHY SOME COMMODITIES MUST BE CONTROLLED

UNDER what circumstances may it be necessary to maintain for a longer time some international co-operation even after the peace treaty is definitely signed? There might conceivably be two considerations sufficiently cogent to induce a continuance of such organized co-operation for the period of resettlement after the war:—

(1) It may be desirable to give a League of Nations power during the stormy but, it is hoped, limited period that lies ahead to assure the poorer communities of the bare means of existence by maintaining a fair mean price of essentials, and to deal with cases of famine or other calamity. The Hoover Commission in Belgium is the standing example of international assistance provided without waste, with efficiency of distribution, and without the taint of charity.

(2) It may be necessary to secure the world against the limitation of production and the making of excessive profits which is alleged to take place in connection with the management of the great international trusts in private hands.

Probably the only commodity that can be accepted as absolutely necessary to existence in every European country is bread. The citizens of the ideal city of the Republic sat down on the grass to eat of bread and olives, with the occa-



sional addition of cheese, and there are still large communities in Europe which live on a diet not much more varied. To these communities, all of them poor in coin, a rise of  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. on the loaf may well mean the difference between sufficiency and semi-starvation, and they cannot be left at the mercy of operators in Chicago or on the River Plate. The British Government went far towards recognizing the hardship involved in a high price for bread by subsidizing the loaf to the extent of some £50,000,000 annually. Yet the burden of an increase in the price of bread falls less heavily on Britain than on other countries where the consumption of other staple foods is less. The consumption figures of wheat of the various countries in normal times are of some interest. Britain's is rather less than one pound a day per head, in France it is 1 2-5 pounds, while in Germany the consumption of wheat and rye together used to be rather more than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. In Italy in the form of bread or macaroni it is probably still greater. During the war wheat control has, in fact, been more extensive than in the case of any other commodity, and the smaller neutrals have, in fact, been purchasing through the organizations of the Wheat Executive in New York, in Argentina, in India, and elsewhere. The length of period during which this organization is to be prolonged requires careful consideration, but it is clear that it cannot immediately be abandoned.

It is therefore conceivable that such a League of Nations as President Wilson and others contemplate, faced with the disruptive tendencies of Europe today, may be compelled to keep control of the supplies of imported wheat until conditions are more settled.

#### THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE TRUSTS

**I**N considering the relation between international control and international trusts, some light will be shed on the situation by considering the activities of the meat trust. This combination began with the control of meat, and later of such

other animal products as hides, bones, and slaughter-house residues, which may fairly be considered as part of the meat trade, but now include in their operations milk, butter, cheese, and poultry. Some of the firms are also to a certain extent concerned in the cereal market and in the refining of cotton-seed oil. It will be seen, therefore, that the Meat Trust may soon be entitled to receive a more general name.

There are indications, too, of a world development of another trading organization dealing in an essential of life—milk. One large firm producing condensed milk have already branches in Switzerland, Britain and the United States. The growth of this organization has been rapid, and should be studied with care in view of the recent growth of combinations of milk traders, to which it might become allied.

The problem in regard to the international control of petroleum supplies presents different difficulties, and no doubt requires a different solution, but here again it is probable that no purely national settlement will meet the case.

In the steel trade, in non-ferrous metals, in chemicals, in soap, and in other trades there was even before the war a growing tendency towards international arrangements between bodies of traders. The war has enormously strengthened the tendency towards national syndication, and a wide extension of international arrangements or trusts appears to be inevitable.

Shipping rings formed the subject of numerous inquiries before the war, but no effective means were devised of preventing secret arrangements between the parties which permitted an effective differentiation of rates. Where the differentiation was not secured by shipping rates only, it could be secured by concessions made by railways. It may be necessary for the League of Nations to consider the whole question of the security of fair dealing at sea, and by river and rail, for all commodities, and to inquire into the working of countries other than the country of their origin.

Peoples may have to choose between the domination of private international trusts and some supervision by an official



international body representative of their respective Governments.

There remains the question of the coming keen competition for markets for manufactured goods during the next few years. This country hitherto has not organized its industries, except in a few cases, on lines designed to face foreign combinations. Britain may have to reconsider the tradition of completely individualist methods in favor of a closer organization of businesses either engaged in the same trade or in closely allied businesses. It may be not altogether a question of choice for trades which aspire to maintain and increase their export. It may be found that it is now no longer possible for individual firms to compete in the world's market on the basis of an individualistic system of keeping their own secrets, maintaining their own channels, and employing their own agents separately both for the purchase of raw materials and the sale of the finished product. The Nottingham lace trade, for example, recently came to the conclusion that they would in future employ only one representative to serve them in South America, and make certain other economies which are only possible in the case of a large number of firms working together. The same tendency is discoverable in other trades, the reason being that many traders feel they are faced with competitors organized in America into enormous combinations, and in Germany into elaborately organized cartels. In Germany some of the cartels have actual State support. Certain other countries are, in fact, organizing their trade in the direction of centralized import and export.

#### INTERNATIONAL CONTROL OF LABOR CONDITIONS

THE solidarity of labor in the different countries of Europe had been steadily increasing before the war. It might be thought that the immediate result of the war would be to put back the clock in this respect, and to create a gulf between the workers of the belligerent countries. To a certain extent this has inevitably been the case. During the war there

could be, and has been, no direct exchange of views between the working classes of the countries at war with one another, and many of the incidents of the war, notably those in regard to the treatment of the Allied prisoners in enemy countries, and the brutal treatment of the seafaring population, have inevitably alienated sympathy between the masses. At the same time there has been a counter-influence at work, especially on the Continent, the force of which it is at the moment impossible to estimate, but which may prove sufficient to reverse the balance. This counter-influence is the tendency among many workers of all countries to regard themselves as the victims of the war spirit, and therefore as the comrades of the very men with whom they have been fighting. On the whole, it seems probable that the international demands of Labor will not be lessened, but will be increased after the war. Even before the war there was a strong movement for the leveling up of labor conditions in all countries to the same standard, a movement which found support in rather unexpected quarters, since those who asked for a high tariff and for strong measures for the prevention of dumping found themselves in agreement in their aims, though not in the methods advocated, with the extreme Socialists, though on different grounds.

From the purely economic point of view and quite apart from any demand put forward by Labor as such there will be difficulty in applying President Wilson's suggestions that there should be no trade discrimination between associates in a League of Nations if it is going to be possible in the future for one manufacturing country to compete, by the use of juvenile or female labor employed for long shifts and in unhealthy conditions, against another country which has discarded such methods and conditions of labor. Although there is an advantage in well paid and healthy labor, which goes a long way to counterbalance the effect of such competition, the danger exists. On the broadest possible grounds it is necessary that there should be an educated, prosperous working class in every country, and that the factory laws and the conditions of remuneration of all countries should be brought



as nearly as possible to the level of the most progressive member of any League. Even though no economic necessity were evident this demand would inevitably be made by Labor.

#### ECONOMIC AIM OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THERE is a whole series of questions connected with justice, trade and the supply of raw material, food, health, transport and postal facilities, labor conditions, and wages, which should be the subject of definite international agreement if the causes of dissension are to be removed. The League of Nations will have an equally great interest in maintaining the standard of health; in securing freedom and rapidity of transport by sea, land, river, and air; in securing fair dealing in trade in the spirit as in the letter; in preventing the exploitation of colored or of juvenile labor with a view to underselling manufacturers in other countries employing well-paid labor. Economically, the aim of a League of Nations must be in the end the elimination of selfish commercial competition between nations. One of the contributory elements in the dissensions which led up to the war was the attitude of the German Government to individual shipping, banking and trading German firms, which were understood to act as the agents and with the full political backing of their Government. Any League of Peace must seek to restrain governments from seeking manifestly unfair commercial advantages for its nationals, whether by secret rebates or other differentiation, by dumping or any other way of evading national obligations. The growth of a higher standard of international commercial honor is essential to any permanent peace, but it can only be gradual. These functions will not be immediately developed. The League of Nations will advance from a simple to a more complex organization as national States have done. But at an early stage it will be forced to deal with some international problems rendered urgent by war conditions. In the forefront of these will be the revictualing of Europe in the widest sense. For this great work of reconstruction basic machinery is provided in the ex-

isting organizations on which the Associated Governments are represented.

The League of Nations will no doubt have a permanent organization in being, under the supervision of which the various judicial and administrative bodies provided for in the peace settlement will conduct their affairs.

## THE PESSIMIST

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

**I**N the imagined darkness of his trivial hell  
He smirched God's heaven with the hands of woe,  
He closed his eyes against the comfort of the stars,  
With Dantean gloom he robbed the twilight of its glow.

He dragged the funeral garments of a stygian night  
Into the songburst of a many-throated dawn,  
He barred his soul against the miracle of spring,  
Yet sighed to find the daffodils had gone.



# THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

A Statement By The British Government to the Forum

By JOHN LEYLAND

*At the request of THE FORUM, the British Government prepared a statement on the much mooted subject, "The Freedom of the Seas," written by John Leyland, a well known naval expert publicist employed by the British Admiralty.*

SOME people seem to discover a curious antithesis between President Wilson's claim for the Freedom of the Seas and the strong support given to Mr. Josephus Daniels' proposal to prosecute a large naval scheme for at least three years, which according to Rear Admiral Badger will be the beginning of a program which will make the United States Navy equal to the most powerful navy maintained by any nation in the world.

In reality there is nothing contradictory between the projected Freedom of the Seas and the creation of such a navy, because it is quite certain that the intended League of Nations will employ against any offending state exactly the same blockading measures as the British and American navies, acting together, have employed ever since the United States came into the war.

However much the United States may have criticised or opposed the point of view of the British Navy, the necessities of the war soon brought reasonable American opinion round to the British standpoint.

The situation is quite clear and beyond question. All that has been done has been to prevent as far as possible any neutral power from giving support to the enemy. The German claim for "Freedom of the Seas" was that this neutral traffic should continue untrammelled. This is an old controversy. The neutral never willingly sees his commercial interests threatened by the belligerents, and the most powerful belligerent never permits, if he can help it, anyone to assist

his enemy. At the Peace Conference, or subsequently, the allied belligerent powers will settle this matter among themselves, and the German claim that a course should be pursued at sea which is never allowed on land will certainly not obtain hearing.

#### HISTORICAL PRECEDENT FOR THE PRINCIPLE

IN the Political Testament of Richelieu, England appears as the tyrant of the seas. After the Seven Years' War her evil repute among the neutrals increased. The French Monarchy gladly welcomed the assistance of the Neutral Powers against British sea supremacy in the Armed Neutrality of 1780, and Napoleon was the practical organizer of the Armed Neutrality of 1800. In the Treaty of Tilsit, 1807, we were denounced again as wrongdoers at sea. The United States in the Treaty of 1785 with Prussia demanded the immunity of private property at sea. During the French Revolutionary War, while our practice was tolerated, the Americans did not relinquish the principle, and interference with American shipping practically led to the war of 1812.

The phrase, "Freedom of the Seas," has in reality nothing German about it. It originated with the Dutch and the French, and the expression, "Empire des Mers," was often on Napoleon's lips. The legal aspect of the question cannot be discussed here. But the practice of blockade and the suppression of neutral supplies to the enemy has continued with increased effect since the Americans came into the war. Whatever interpretations therefore be set upon the Freedom of the Seas it can imply nothing different from the means employed by the Allied Navies during the war.

The Americans are a practical and logical people, and though nearly every American President from Washington downward has enforced the neutral point of view, the belligerent's practice was employed during the Civil War as in the war which is now drawing to its close. It is quite clear from the features of the United States naval program that President Wilson can intend nothing antagonistic to the mainte-



nance of such navies as are required by great maritime Powers. That is the British point of view also.

The League of Nations has yet to come into being, and years may elapse before it becomes organic and practical. Nothing, therefore, is likely to be changed in the policy of the nations, and President Wilson's hope of disarmament will have to be regarded in the light of each nation's responsibilities. There is ample time—not, perhaps, at the Peace Conference, but at subsequent discussions among the Powers—to settle points arising from the multitude of economic questions which may be grouped under the proposed Freedom of the Seas, such as embargo, coastwise navigation, the use of the Suez, Kiel and Panama Canals, and perhaps protection and free trade.

• On one point there may be some assurance of certainty. It is that the good understanding will continue which now exists. There is a sincere intention, both in England and the United States, that they should work in co-operation for the good of the world and the liberties of the peoples. War never leaves nations where it finds them, and the Government of the United States will inevitably adopt and make its own the British point of view on the "Freedom of the Seas."

# NATIONAL EDUCATION AND ITS PILOT

What the Federal Government Under the Leadership of  
Senator Hoke Smith is Doing to Annihilate Ignorance

By AARON HARDY ULM

**T**HIS year the National Government will spend millions on popular education. Most of it will be spent through machinery provided and controlled by the States. Virtually every dollar must be matched by another dollar from the States or other sources; in fact, every such dollar will be more than duplicated. Next year the amounts given by the general Government will increase automatically, and again the next year and for several thereafter. And the increases must be duplicated. The Government stands committed in perpetuity to the program of education so far adopted as much as to paying interest on the funded debt, and the program will be enlarged. It is not extravagant to predict that within a few years the Federal Government will be spending hundreds of millions of dollars to the end that illiteracy be made impossible and every child in America be given opportunity for acquiring skill in some kind of profitable and congenial work. Some of the bills providing further extensions will be passed before this is printed if Congress finds time at the present session to vote upon them. They, with what has been done, cover a scheme of Americanization, via education and vocational training, through huge Federal subsidies.

True national aid to education is a development of recent times and was made largely through the legislative endeavors of Hoke Smith, United States Senator from Georgia. Others contributed thought, agitation, leadership and votes, but the educational program of the United States Government, as that program stands today is—more than anyone



else's—Hoke Smith's program. He originated and conducted the inquiries, drew the bills and led the fights for the appropriations.

#### IDEA ORIGINATED WITH JEFFERSON

WHAT the Government is doing and proposes to do for education can be best illustrated by telling of what was done in the past, say, up to 1911, when Hoke Smith entered the United States Senate. Its contributions, in actual cash, consisted then almost solely of modest subsidies for the so-called land-grant colleges. Those subsidies began in 1862 and were the offshoot of an idea originating with Thomas Jefferson.

Jefferson proposed, when the new territories inherited or acquired by the original thirteen States were surveyed for sale or division, that certain parts of the lands be reserved for the support of State universities and public schools. Thereby was established, without cost, great endowments for education. The endowments were added to from time to time, and they account for the rapid development of universities and public schools in many of the States. But the aid took no money out of the Treasury and was restricted largely to new communities.

Later it was recognized that all the States were entitled to share, in part, money procured from the sale of lands which all had fought or paid to secure. The Morrill Act, as approved in 1862 by President Lincoln, provided for the distribution of certain land funds among all the States to provide for mechanical and agricultural education. The amounts received by the States, never large, were finally put in the form of an annual appropriation of \$50,000 to each State. For many years the States operated theoretical agricultural or mechanical schools, usually as departments in their universities, and went ahead and spent the Federal revenues on all kinds of education. Finally the University of Wisconsin led the way in showing how scientific agriculture could be taught. Others fell in line, with the result that real agricul-

tural schools, along with technological schools, came into being throughout the country. This development, of the last few decades, came about without special prodding or additional assistance from Congress.

Thus the situation stood as recently as eight years ago, with educators and students lamenting the shameful fact that the United States lagged behind every country of western Europe in the field of vocational education.

Meantime, Congress had provided funds for the conduct of agricultural experiment stations in each of the States and established in Washington a Bureau of Education, which then as now possessed little in the way of funds or authority.

Everybody realized and had long realized that much more needed to be done. In fact, all three big political parties of that time declared, in 1912, for liberal Federal aid to vocational education. The movement awaited, as it had long awaited, some one man to get and keep it going along the turgid channels of legislation.

#### SENATOR HOKE SMITH BUILDS AN EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

**W**HEN the Democrats organized the Senate in 1913 Hoke Smith became chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor, a post he has held for six years. He set to work building a genuine National program of education, based on liberal aid from the Federal Treasury. And a big part of his time, despite many other activities, has been given to that work.

During the preceding administration Senator Smith brought about the creation of a Bureau of Markets in the Department of Agriculture. That Bureau has grown into the largest one in the Department. While it is not directly an educational venture, it jibes beautifully with the educational program as later devised, as does also Federal aid to good roads which Smith helped bring about though he did not originate.

Early in the first Wilson administration Senator Hoke



Smith prepared and brought about the passage of a bill providing for agricultural extension work on a National scale. Of all domestic measures enacted by Congress in recent years that Act has probably procured greatest results along constructive lines. The Act is known as the Smith-Lever bill, Congressman Lever, of South Carolina, having piloted it through the House. Its work in taking the agricultural colleges and experiment stations and the Federal and various State Departments of Agriculture directly to the farms will be briefly sketched.

No matter how efficient the agricultural colleges may be, under the old system they could reach only a small portion of the farming population. The son of the well-to-do planter who returned home with his agricultural degree helped all the surrounding country by the improved agricultural practice he put into effect. Literature was circulated and speakers went forth to country fairs and such to expound the theories of scientific farming. The Departments agitated and pleaded, but their advice went over the heads of all but a small per cent of the nation's 12,000,000 farmers. The process of improving farming practice and raising the per acre yield throughout the country was terribly slow and tedious.

The Smith-Lever bill made it possible to place, through machinery established and controlled by the States, trained farm and home economic demonstrators into the thousands of farming communities in the country. Demonstrators now work in virtually every farming county in the country, for each State has accepted the terms of the Smith-Lever bill, which provides that the States must duplicate every dollar supplied from the National coffers. In fact, they do more than that.

#### TEACHING FARM ECONOMICS

THOSE farm extension agents, in co-operation with farmers, supervise the planting and cultivation of specific acres, whereon they apply the newest scientific methods for

the education of farmers all around. The home economics workers proceed along similar lines, but mostly through clubs and community centres in teaching women and girls the latest about canning, drying, cooking, preserving and household management. Each is an expert adviser and a human link in a chain that joins virtually every American farmer, and his wife and children, to all existing specialized knowledge bearing on their occupational welfare.

President Wilson has described the agricultural extension service inaugurated by the Smith-Lever Act as "the greatest practical and scientific agricultural organization in the world." Secretary Houston says in his last annual report: "It has become increasingly clear that no more important piece of educational extension machinery has ever been created."

The regular appropriation for the work amounts at present to about \$3,000,000. War emergency legislation added temporarily about \$4,000,000, but allowances from other sources—States, counties, communities—have been so liberal that approximately \$15,000,000 will be expended this year in taking scientific knowledge to the farm. The regular Congressional appropriation increases automatically each year and will continue to do so until it reaches nearly \$5,000,000 and will go on in perpetuity, subject only to enlargement.

Farm extension already has increased production per acre and in time, with other help, will double it. It has raised the quality of agricultural products and has promoted conservation practices worth millions. It increases the happiness and contentment of farm life, which it seeks to raise to its true intellectual sphere. Despite war's drain of man power from the farms, lowered quality of fertilizers, scarcity and increased cost of seed and implements, it was a big factor in enabling agricultural America to rise to war's big demands, feed ourselves, in big part our Allies, and enter Peace with such an abundance that the potent agricultural problem right now is essentially one of distribution.



## SCOPE OF FARM EXTENSION SERVICE

ON July 1, 1918, there were 6,216 extension workers, including 3,001 county agents, 2,034 home demonstration agents and 1,181 boys' and girls' club workers, omitting an enumeration of specialists, directors, supervisors, etc. More than 1,000,000 farmers belong to organizations formed to assist the county agents in their work. A million or more women belong to community clubs or centres organized by the home demonstration agents. Home economic agents supervised the putting up of 35,000,000 cans of vegetables in the South alone last year. There are more than 2,000,000 juveniles participating in the thousands of competing corn, pig, poultry and other clubs promoted for the benefit and training of children. The products raised by the members of those clubs are worth millions of dollars. One group alone last year reported more than a million dollars' worth of vegetables grown in home gardens.

The country, the villages, and on a smaller scale the suburbs and on a slight scale the cities, have been organized into institutes, community clubs or centers, wherein there is mingled competition and co-operation, all working under expert guidance to increase and improve the productive capacity of each individual and of the nation. Certainly that phase of American life threatens no Bolshevism!

If the writer may wander afield for the moment and aim his pen at a threatened social tangle, let him suggest that those who fear Bolshevism's coming contrast the I. W. W. and other extreme socialistic or anarchistic organizations with the far stronger, more general and representative—and unsung—organizations like those begotten by agricultural extension—and the contrast will dissipate all serious fears.

The agricultural extension act reaches directly only the farming element. There are millions in industry equally entitled to aid from the Government. They are receiving it, or are pledged to receive it, on a scale even bigger than agricultural extension. It is to be provided through an act that

also was initiated and passed at the instance of Senator Hoke Smith. It provides a Federal subsidy that will increase automatically until it reaches a total of approximately \$7,000,000, for general vocational education, and as with other like appropriations virtually every dollar must be duplicated. The fund will be expended by State authorities. The plans will come from the State authorities in each State, but require approval by the Federal Board for Vocational Education before the Federal fund goes to the State, and the machinery of execution is left in control of the States. An allotment can be withheld only by approval of Congress. The fund is divided between teaching agriculture, the trades of industry, home economics, and for training persons to teach all those vocations. This act will put us on a par with western Europe in training youths for occupations; for the seed sown by Congress will fruit ultimately, as experience shows, into annual expenditures of tens of millions.

#### VOCATIONAL REHABILITATION OF THE DISABLED

**A**ROUND the vocational education machinery, there was built the plan for vocational rehabilitation of soldiers disabled in the war, another measure sponsored by Senator Hoke Smith. Ample funds are provided not only for re-educating every soldier unable by reason of disability to follow his old occupation, but also for helping each to get and hold a new job. Already some 20,000 have applied for the benefits of the Act.

Another Hoke Smith bill, along the vocational line, provides funds for the vocational rehabilitation of persons disabled in industry. The number is said to amount to about 750,000 a year. The measure as drawn gives an all-inclusive meaning to "industry." It would include the farmer permanently disabled in being thrown from his horse or the hobo whose trespassing foot is crushed between the "bumpers," as well as the mechanic who loses his hand or the fireman whom a wreck leaves unfitted for muscular work. The scheme is not predicated on individual deserts, but on the economical



necessity for society seeing to it that all its members are fitted to earn a livelihood. And it is proven that none, no matter how badly disabled in a physical sense, are beyond vocational rehabilitation. Not one voice was raised in opposition at the recent committee hearing on this bill, which will pass when voted upon.

Another contribution to general education prompted by Senator Smith is a provision written on his suggestion into the standing military law providing that enlisted soldiers in the regular army be educated along vocational lines, including the industrial trades and farming. War has prevented general application of the measure but since the armistice encouraging experiments have been made, notably by General Leonard Wood at Camp Funston.

Other Smith measures awaiting enactment, and which almost certainly will be passed when reached, set aside several millions of Federal funds for seeing to it that every citizen or his children is taught to speak, read and write the English language. Those bills would wipe out the barriers in the way of Americanizing recalcitrant elements in our foreign population and would extinguish illiteracy among the natives.

A further measure of big industrial importance provides funds for setting up industrial experiment stations in each of the States, the same to be patterned after the agricultural stations, and conducted under the general supervision of the Federal Bureau of Standards, but controlled by the States.

#### NATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION WANTED

**B**UT the complete fruition of the big national program of education as visioned by Hoke Smith and his co-laborers awaits the creation of a National Department of Education with a cabinet member at its head. A bill so providing is now pending and will be pushed to passage, which is unlikely to be long deferred. The measure as it stands sets aside \$100,000,000 of Federal funds for the support of common schools.

"There is some objection to direct Federal financial aid on a huge scale for the common schools," says Senator Hoke

Smith. "The objection predicated on community or sectional selfishness. It is an attenuation of the old protest against taxing the man of means for the education of the children of his less fortunate neighbor. The immense wealth in the big centers of population was not created in those communities. It came from all the country and should be made to help educate all the country. Just as the man of wealth has found that he has a vital interest, beyond any philanthropic impulse, in the education of his neighbor's children, so does New York, Boston or Chicago have a vital interest in seeing that the children of poverty-stricken Podunk or Dark Corner are prepared for sustaining and producing citizenship. Therefore, the Federal Government can no longer properly refrain from giving liberal direct support to the common schools.

"What we need and are developing is a truly constructive plan of real National contribution to education, without infringing on State and local management of the schools. No appropriations made by Congress have been so productive of additions from other sources as those made to education. They are not only duplicated, when such is required, but the rule is to increase the duplication far beyond the requirement. Funds given for the support of the land-grant colleges are duplicated many times.

"It shouldn't be made the function of the Federal Government to support, by direct appropriation from its Treasury, so-called 'higher' literary education. That will take care of itself provided adequate facilities for primary and intermediate education are established and maintained."

With Hoke Smith, education is a hobby, education along vocational lines a special hobby. He himself never went to college. He was educated by his father, Dr. H. H. Smith, some time of the University of North Carolina and for long a representative of the Peabody Fund in the South. Dr. Smith was one of the first scholars of his day. He was so devoted to scholarship for its own sake that he never, of course, accumulated much money.



His son, the present Senator, taught school while studying law. While in his thirties he served in the cabinet of President Cleveland, later became twice Governor of Georgia, from which office he went to the Senate. The only other public positions he ever held were the presidencies of the Young Men's Library Association and the Board of Education of his home city, Atlanta. And of all he is perhaps proudest of his work in those two, particularly in that of the local educational board to which he gave about twenty years as chairman.

Naturally, he has his political critics, and many persons, this writer among them, have not approved all his political tenets which have ranged widely the field of public questions. But political critics have ever agreed with his political advocates on one phase of his public life, that having to do with education. They join in saying that his approach to educational subjects has been along the line of true statesmanship, and guided by a vision extraordinary in bigness, insight and practicality.

#### EDUCATION PRODUCES WEALTH

“**E** DUCATION is no longer a matter of philanthropy, of charity, or a purely local or sectional question,” said Senator Smith to the writer. “It is good business more than good philanthropy. It is preparedness for war as well as peace. Money intelligently spent in training people to do better and more productive work is the one investment bound to earn ten-fold and even a hundred-fold. It produces wealth. It develops citizens.

“Our people have the best surroundings the world affords, and the best opportunities. We must give them an educational system just as nearly perfect as human mind and money can produce, so they may become as productive as possible through being given special skill in various lines of production. We should lead the world not only in production per man but per acre as well.

“If you wish to guard against discontent, you must

satisfy the aspirations of the people. If you are to have a happy people, it doesn't make much difference how much wealth or how little they possess, or what kind of work they do—you must see that they are fitted to apply the touch of the artist to whatever they do. There is no satisfaction like doing something well. If I were a capable carpenter, I would get as much joy from working with wood as I get from trying cases in court.

“We should make our people realize that education begins at the cradle and should not stop until the individual reaches the grave. The desire to improve and the facility and incentive to steadily better that which we do bring a satisfaction and a compensation that no product of idleness or inefficiency, however gilded by wealth or luxury, can give.

#### WHAT THE VOCATIONAL EDUCATION ACT DOES

“**T**HEREFORE, the Congressional enactments I have had a hand in passing aim at helping as many as possible become better and more joyful workers. The vocational education act, for instance, sets to work a process by which the teacher of the primary grades in our public schools will be led to study her pupils, get a vision of the future of each one and steer all toward the career in which most enjoyment will be found. Then the schools will afford special training for those careers; I mean the public schools and high schools as well as the colleges that will finish up the higher experts and specialists.

“There is no work, no matter how lowly or commonplace, which cannot be raised to an art as pure and appealing as the painting of pictures or the manipulation of a violin. All that is necessary to make it so is for the person pursuing it to want to do it above all other work and to possess the knowledge and trained skill needed for doing the work in the very best way.

“Providing national aid for education doesn't tend to centralize Government or bring within the Federal power control of any of those things rightfully belonging to the



States or smaller governmental units. The aid given and proposed consists substantially of subsidies that may be accepted or let alone. The strings attached to those gifts are not arbitrary and aim only at seeing that the funds are employed, as intended, in stimulating as fully as possible particular forms of general education. For example, the big appropriations distinctly provide that none of the funds be used in purchasing land or erecting buildings. Such equipment must be provided from other sources. Congress isn't interested in educational plants, but only in the individual. It wants to help, not control. It reserves to the Federal Government the right to pass on plans. But none of the legislation contemplates transferring any responsibility from the States to the Nation. The State authorities present the plans and administer them.

"The fight for further national aid to education will go on. Such bills that are still pending and which are not passed by the present Congress will be renewed as soon as the new Congress meets.

"There is still much to be done, and it will be done. The war has shown us how rich we are and how enterprising. The time will come and come soon when no comparison of education of any kind in the United States with that of any other country in the world will be other than creditable to America."

# THE SCARLET THREAD

By DANIEL HENDERSON

*"Behold, when we come to the land, thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window which thou hast let us down by."*—JOSHUA 2:18.

**R**ED as the lips of Rahab,  
Harlot of Jericho,  
Hung the thread from her casement  
Ages on ages ago.

Over the fire and slaughter  
Shone the cord's rich flame:  
Out of her ruined city  
Rahab, the shielded, came!

\* \* \*

Swiftly the spinners of evil  
Gathered the thread and spun;  
Nightly robed in its color,  
Daughters of Babylon!

\* \* \*

How its riotous tangles  
Twisted dancer and priest!  
Twined the groves of Astarte!  
Girded the emperor's feast!

\* \* \*

Solomon, from his window  
Watching Jerusalem,  
Mused on the subtle woman  
Flaunting her scarlet hem!

\* \* \*

Men go marching to battle:  
Suddenly flares from a door—  
Deadlier than their foemen—  
Crimson that Rahab wore!



Yea, and the spindles that fashioned  
Nineveh's red attire  
Spun for our present cities  
The halter of desire!

Then is the thread so woven  
Into the web of the race  
That, age through age, we must bear it  
Down to the Judgment-place?

When will our spirits sicken  
Of weaving the cloth of doom?  
When will the God within us  
Shatter its shuttle and loom?

# MILITARISM IN A LEAGUE OF NATIONS?

An International Superstate Resting Upon Prussian  
Force

By Hon. WILLIAM E. BORAH

[UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM IDAHO]

**A**T the time that the League to Enforce Peace was first organized in Philadelphia in 1918 it was apparent to those who gave it consideration that it must rest ultimately upon force, upon the principle of repression. Naturally, the first question was, "How are you going to raise your army to sustain this vast military program or this league based upon force?" Would the citizens of the United States volunteer to enter the army for the purpose, for instance, of settling difficulties in the Balkans? Would the American boys leave their homes or the farms or the factories for the purpose of taking part in the adjustment of a controversy between Japan and Russia over Manchuria? How are you to have a sufficient force in a free nation with which to maintain the program outlined by this league?

After some delay ex-President Taft was frank enough to say precisely how it was expected to raise and maintain a sufficient army to support a league to enforce peace. I call attention to this because it is one of the practical features now indicated in the workings of this program; it is one of the things which come home direct to the citizen, and which enables him to see precisely what his duties and obligations are to be if this particular principle should be incorporated in the League of Nations. We are to have conscription in time of peace. We yielded to the principle of conscription in the great emergency through which we have just passed, but it is certainly of extraordinary moment to the people of this country to have presented to them the question of conscription in time



of peace in order to secure a force with which to sustain the proposed league.

We shall never be able to call into activity or into service a sufficient force from the American homes to do our part in a league of nations—to settle the controversies of Europe and of Asia by means of military power, except by fastening conscription upon the American people. At a time when other Governments, which have had experience with conscription, are pledging the people that it shall be abrogated and eliminated from their system this Republic is to have it made permanent. While others are trying to get away from it the League to Enforce Peace would require that we ingraft it upon our system as an abiding principle. Lloyd-George and others who have spoken upon the subject have said that it shall not only be eliminated, but that it shall be forgotten as a precedent. The League to Enforce Peace states that the basis upon which it expects to operate is that of inaugurating this principle even in time of peace. That is the practical, and the first practical, proposition with which we shall have to do in the organizing of this particular form of a league. I think it well to quote a paragraph from Mr. Lloyd-George's speech about the time that he was asking the people of England for their suffrages:

“On the eve of this important election which means so much to the country I wish to make it clear beyond all doubt that I stand for the abolition of conscript armies in all lands. Without that the peace conference would be a failure and a sham. These great military machines are responsible for the agony the world has passed through, and it would be a poor ending to any peace conference that allowed them to continue.”

That which the Premier of England looks upon as the basis of militarism and the exclusion of which is essential to the peace of the world, ex-President Taft regards as indispensable to the successful operation of a league to enforce peace. Both are correct, and, peculiarly enough, both are for a league of nations.

WE ARE PREPARING FOR WAR UPON A GIGANTIC SCALE

WE pass on to another feature of this program of a league to enforce peace. We are not only to have an army based upon conscription but we are to have the largest navy in the world. Admiral Badger, appearing before the Committee on Naval Affairs, outlined the navy we should have, and frankly stated the objects and the purposes for which it was being built.

"Navies must be the principal support of a league of nations, and the United States, from its wealth, influence, and power, will be called upon to contribute a very large share of the international police force to render such a league effective."

The able Secretary of the Navy, addressing the committee a few days afterwards, among other things said:

"It is desired to enter the Paris peace conference with the assurance from Congress that the American Navy would be enlarged to a size commensurate with the greatest naval power."

Why should we enter a peace conference at which no one will have a seat other than our friends and our allies with the assurance from the American Congress that we are building the biggest war machine in history? If I meet with my neighbor to settle a difficulty, announcing in advance that we are there for the purpose of arranging our difficulties upon peaceful terms and in a peaceful way, it is calculated to disturb the serenity of the gathering if I throw upon the table my loaded revolver. There is no one at the peace table to whom it is necessary to say that we are preparing for war upon a gigantic scale. I have no particular objection to the game of international bluff, provided it is not too expensive for the taxpayers. Besides, the bluff might be called, and that would be the beginning of another war.

Again he states:

"I may say that you can not do anything in the world which would so strengthen this country's position at the peace conference as to authorize this enlarged naval program."

I quote from a report of his testimony in the *New York Times* of December 31:



"It is the desire of Secretary Daniels and the Navy officials to have a Navy which will be as large as that of any other country, not only for defensive purposes but for policing the world in case a league of nations to enforce peace is created at the Versailles conference."

This program is estimated to cost \$600,000,000. This is the largest single naval expenditure in the history of the world, all in order that a league to enforce peace may not fail for want of respectability. But to put out this extraordinary and bewildering and threatening program at this time is unnecessary to the situation, unwise as an international move, and highly unjust to the taxpayers of this country, already harried and worried with the fearful burdens of the war.

#### SHAMELESS ORGY OF EXPENDITURE

AFTER the war has come to an end, with our enemies defeated and all the great naval powers friendlier than ever before in our history, we propose to spend \$600,000,000 in the next three years upon a powerful fighting machine. Is this not a direct challenge to the good faith of our allies, or does it not throw doubt upon the sincerity of our own professions? Above all, is it not a signal act of injustice to the people of this country, who have paid taxes and bought Liberty Bonds and saved and stinted and denied themselves in this crisis? Is the American taxpayer to have no place whatever in this program of national affairs save that of a coddled peon? Are we going on with this shameless orgy of expenditure until the people are forced to cry out with the voice of revolution against the madness that is grinding them to powder? The expenditures of this war will amount to easily thirty billions, and yet we are proposing to add billions upon billions for war purposes in time of peace.

Then there comes from the War Department a demand for the purchase of all the cantonments. These vast war utilities are to be purchased at a cost of from twelve to fifteen millions and to be maintained and kept up at a cost annually of from fifteen to twenty million dollars. These things are

the first incidents or preliminary preparations of the League to Enforce Peace. These are the modest preparations for peace by repression, by force. While we seem to have great plans in theory, nevertheless in practice we are still apparently following the rule of kings and autocrats, and that is to first frighten the people and then rob them through taxation.

Now, let us see what they propose to do with that great military force when they get it. We are not left in doubt in regard to it. The whole scheme is founded on force. These advocates of this particular league can find no amelioration, no remedy, save that based upon force. "Kill them off!" cries the league's most distinguished exponent. While yet in the formative period, even before they have an army at their command, before they have actually tasted the power for which they hunger, the watchword is, "Kill them off!" What will be the program when once power is lodged in their hands? "He tasted blood and felt no loathing. He tasted again and liked it well." That is the story of all individuals and of all institutions believing in or founded upon the gospel of force. If these people would enter Russia, with whom we are at peace, and slay and decimate because of internal troubles, what would they do with other nations which might from time to time have internal disturbance or revolutions? Have they not said in explicit language that "We want a force to deal with small nations when they start a conflagration." Are all conflagrations to be put out save those which meet with their approval? The fathers started a conflagration in 1776. Other peoples may start conflagrations of the same kind. India, with her countless millions, may in future years express a desire for independence and for freedom. Other subject nationalities may feel some time or other that they want their independence and freedom. What will be the doctrine of the league? They have announced it—"Kill them off!"

#### IS THERE NO PEACE?

THE people have been told of the halcyon days that were to come with the league. Men would no longer make war. The crushing burdens of stupendous armaments were to be



lifted. The dull, monotonous struggle of the masses bending under the weight of governmental expenditures was to have an end. But not so. We are to have a larger standing army than ever. Why? In order to support the league. We are to have the largest navy in the world. Why? In order to support the league of peace. We are to compose all the troubles and put out all the conflagrations started to destroy kingship or bureaucracy. And how are we to stop the troubles? How are we to put out the conflagrations? Why, in the same old way; nothing new about it at all. Precisely the same way and in the same method of the Holy Alliance—"kill them off!"

If the people are to be taxed and taxed, and if they rebel against the burden are to be killed off, I do not see the virtue of the scheme. I confess that my vision may be somewhat blurred and I know my fancy is somewhat troubled when I see these vast equipments of war, this vast array of force, standing armies, conscription, great navies, and taxes without stint or limit, with no answer to give the people when they cry out in resistance save the cry coming down through the centuries from the lips of tyrants and despots, "Kill them off!"

You cannot establish peace by force, by repression. If you have any other workable scheme or plan, bring it forward, but the scheme based on force is more repulsive and destructive of human justice and human liberty and human progress than Prussianism itself. It is Prussianism extended, amplified, and denationalized. If you think you can seek out and do justice to all nations, great and small; if you think you can found an organization based upon the principles of human progress and whose decrees are enforced by public opinion; if you think you can prescribe reasonable rules for change and growth and progress; if you think you can look into the hearts of a particular people and interpret that inexplicable passion which when the appointed hour comes melts away all obstacles, rejects all restraints, and forces its way from a small to a great nation; if you think you can look upon a French revolution cursed with apparent stupidity, and

steeped in blood and foretell that in a hundred years those same people, disenthralled and free, will stand between civilization and organized barbarism as the French stood at the Marne; if you think you can now look upon a broken and dismembered and bleeding Russia and foretell her future or point out along what paths she will move in order that she may realize the best there is in her; if you think you can do what the living God has not been able to do—standardize the human family; if you feel you can undo what He in His inscrutable wisdom did when He planted race prejudice in the hearts and stamped color upon the faces of men—then give us your prospectus. We will be glad to look it over. We shall be infinitely happy if we find that it is workable. But if you are simply going back to the old discarded league of military power with which to put out conflagrations, to repress movements, and to kill off those who are dissatisfied and who in their madness and helplessness are striving for better things, we should reject it and denounce it as a menace to human liberty and a challenge to human progress.

#### FUTURE FILLED WITH FOREBODINGS

**I**T is likely true that the next war will not be a war between governments or between nations, but between the governments and the people. I admit that the future is filled with many forebodings, but they are of internal conflicts. Those of us who believe in an orderly, regulated liberty, in a government of law, a government by the people in orderly and manly fashion, have something of a task before us. I deplore the madness and the fearful crimes of Russia, but we must find some remedy besides killing them off. I am one of those who believe that the French Revolution or the Russian Revolution, that Robespierre and Lenine, are the legitimate outgrowth and offspring of the injustice and oppression, the hideous, prolonged, and insistent cruelty of the governments which preceded. There has not been a mass movement in all history that did not have a just foundation. We might have differed wholly with the methods, we might have deplored



the madness, but there was a cause for it, nevertheless, lying back. There has not been a crime committed in Russia in the last six months that had not its legitimate parent crime in the indescribable oppression of the bloody Romanoffs for the last two and one-half centuries.

Now, we cannot shoot up or kill that kind of movement. If we are not strong enough and wise enough to remove the injustices and the wrongs, to restore security and confidence to the people, then these things will have to work themselves out in blindness and in wrath and in destruction. You have got to feed the Russian people on something besides bullets. That is the food which the Romanoffs have fed them for the last three centuries. America should adopt a different plan. You have got to remove the causes of disturbances or the disturbance will go on, for starving people are not afraid to die at the cannon's mouth. It is natural, therefore, that the ex-President, entertaining the views he does, advocates a league which will not only determine controversies between different nations, but which will go into Russia, which will go into this country and into that country, and adjust the internal affairs of that particular nation in accordance with the program of the league.

But summing it all up, the views of the ex-President, the platform of the league, the constructions placed upon the platform by its authors and by those who are in sympathy with it, here is what the League to Enforce Peace proposes: Conscription in time of peace and a large standing army; the greatest navy in the world; adding by the navy alone to our great tax burdens from two hundred and fifty to three hundred million dollars a year; the transferring, if not legally, in effect, the power to declare war from the Congress of the United States to some tribunal over which the people themselves, who must fight the battles and pay the taxes, have no control; the renouncing of the doctrine of Washington and the entering of the politics and alliances of Europe; becoming a member of a league from which we cannot withdraw; the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine and permitting Europe to interfere in the affairs of the Western Continent; the send-

ing of American soldiers to Europe and Asia and Africa whenever any disturbance arises, although it may not affect our people at all; and the whole scheme has just one ultimate power, and that is military force—the same power and the same principle which every despot has relied upon in his efforts against the people when the people were seeking greater liberty and greater freedom, the same power which George III. and Wilhelm II. made the basis of their infamous designs. That is the program to be given to the American people under the soporific term of a league to enforce peace.

ARE WE YIELDING TO EVIL OLD-WORLD FORCES?

THE fact is we have come in contact with two evil forces from the Old World—Prussianism and internationalism. Instead of repelling and rejecting them we are yielding to their slimy maw the proudest heritage ever left to the keeping of any people—American principles and the American conception of government. One's two hands are not more alike than, in the last analysis, are the doctrines of Lenine and Trotsky and that of Wilhelm and Ludendorff. Both contemplate world dominion and the utter destruction of the national spirit everywhere. Each would undermine and destroy the individuality of all governments and compound all under the universal rule. Both are founded upon treachery, deceit, lying, repression, force, decimation, and assassination. They came together at Brest as naturally and as inevitably as common criminals combine to stay the hand of the law. They were both against America and everything for which America stands. But while civilization starts back in shuddering contemplation of the rule of either, certain American statesmen propose to take something from the creed of both and substitute it for the teachings of Washington and the faith of millions of American homes. Instead of our own government, controlled and directed by the intelligence and patriotism of our own people; instead of American standards and American principles, instead of devotion to our institutions and to our own flag, we are to have an international super-



state resting upon Prussian force, with a vast army of repression; a superstate in which the national spirit stands rebuked and the international flag is the sole symbol of our hopes. I do not know what the future has in store.

God pity the ideals of this Republic if they shall have no defenders save the gathered scum of the nations organized into a conglomerate international police force, ordered hither and thither by the most heterogeneous and irresponsible body or court that ever confused or confounded the natural instincts and noble passions of a people. Let us leave these things—the lives of our people, the liberty of our whole nation—in the keeping and under the control of those people who have brought this Republic to its present place of prestige and power. What we need in this hour is faith in the institutions that our fathers gave us, faith in the career which everything indicates we shall enjoy unless we in public place prove recreant to our duties in this great, trying hour.

# THE INSPIRATION OF THE PLAY

Some Confessions of a Woman Playwright

*An Interview in One Act*

By THE INTERVIEWER AND CLARE KUMMER

CLARE KUMMER, the author of "Annabelle," "A Successful Calamity," "The Rescuing Angel" and "Be Calm Camilla," has been accused of flavoring her plays with fairy spices. Believing herself to be unjustly charged with a tendency to imperil the sordid realities of life by mixing them with the sugary sentiment of fairy tales that never grow old, she denies it. The interviewer, a deplorable figure of speech, blunders with the usual ignorance of his wordy class, by knowing nothing about it.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY:—*There appears upon the scene that character, ever dear to the heart of all fairy tales, the FRIEND tried and true, a genie of wisdom who unfolds the Truth in that inimitable manner of all genii who know that life is made of fairy tales, though playwrights deny it as they will.*

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

CLARE KUMMER, by herself.

THE FRIEND (tried and true), by himself.

THE SILENT LADY, by courtesy of the management.

THE DOG, a part without words.

THE INTERVIEWER, by itself.

SCENE: *A room in an apartment in New York with a view of fairyland (really Central Park) from the windows.*

TIME: *Tea time.*

*(Enter Interviewer and Silent Lady)*



## INTERVIEWER

Of course, she is delayed at her manager's office and we must wait. Managers are such an inconsiderate lot, they make such a fuss over plays.

## THE SILENT LADY

If that is humor, it is too fearfully British. You must Americanize, really you must.

## THE INTERVIEWER

I can't, and besides, it's no fun pretending you're something else than you are.

## THE SILENT LADY

Imagine yourself about to write something serious if you like.

## THE INTERVIEWER

Good Heavens! Interviews are usually fairy stories that never come true.

## THE SILENT LADY

I am going to listen and decide for myself.

## THE INTERVIEWER

I could write it without seeing her at all—they're much better done that way. Of course, I shouldn't tell you this, but people who are interviewed are not nearly as clever as they seem to be in interviews. It's not their fault, but they always believe what you say they've said.

## THE SILENT LADY

I am sure that isn't true. They give you something to write about, surely!

## THE INTERVIEWER

That's just it. If they only wouldn't.

## THE SILENT LADY

Such egotism!

## THE INTERVIEWER

I've got to ask her if most plays are fairy tales. Do you think she knows?

## THE SILENT LADY

Do you know?

THE INTERVIEWER

Of course not, but I've got to make her say they are.

THE SILENT LADY

Why?

THE INTERVIEWER

Because there is an impression that her plays are like rairy tales, because they are so baffling to the critic.

THE SILENT LADY

Wait and see what she says.

THE INTERVIEWER (*impatiently*)

I sometimes wish I'd never seen a spelling book, then instead of writing silly interviews I might have been a railroad man, or an automobile salesman, or something original.

(*Through a wide doorway there enters noiselessly the Genie of Wisdom. His appearance is unheralded, unexpected. He walks very feebly, very slowly as if he were very ill. He wears a long robe (actually a dressing gown,) he glides without making the slightest noise (actually in felt slippers,) he is perfectly at home in his manner and assurance (actually he is at home) and all that one sees of him gives the impression of a very ill person about to greet two perfectly strange mortals (actually he is a gentleman who, because he is very ill, is in dressing gown and slippers, and he has come to welcome two impatient people in his own home.)*)

THE FRIEND (*shaking hands in a cordial, charming greeting that is like those rare humans who have retained their natural sympathies in spite of a cruel world. He speaks very slowly, in a low tone.*)

She had to see her manager—she may be a little late—yes, she has another play, she always has another play. You see, I've been rather ill. I've just been paddling on the River Styx, I'm not sure whether I've landed or not.

(*He sinks feebly on a couch. The other two watch him with awe and sympathy. He speaks wonderfully good English for a fairy (actually he is nothing of the sort,) but to the audience he gives the impression of the unusual. There is about him the dignity and the tenderness of a supernatural*



*being such as one expects in fairies (though actually he is only a remarkably felicitous man of intellectual pride who, while explaining why Clare Kummer's plays have in them a suspicion of fairy thought, betrays his own deep attachment to them.)*

THE FRIEND

You will find it difficult, I am afraid, rather difficult.

THE INTERVIEWER

You mean she won't talk about her plays.

THE FRIEND

I scarcely know how to explain to you about her, she is so very elusive, so delightfully elusive. What is it you want to talk to her about?

THE INTERVIEWER

Are her plays taken from fairy stories?

THE FRIEND

If you mean fairy stories other people have written, they are not. But I think there is a certain very modern fairy-like quality about the plays she has written. What mortals call imagination, is the domain of fairyland, isn't it?

THE SILENT LADY (*eagerly*)

Of course—of course.

THE FRIEND

But so few people live long enough to find that out—that's the pity of it. Now, Clare is different, she lives there most of the time, and it is such a familiar homey place to her that she doesn't realize that she is really residing in the nicest sort of fairy tale of her own. She wouldn't tell you this herself because those whom she invites to be with her in imagination are real enough people of course, but they improve so in that atmosphere. In fairyland there are never any unhappy endings, are there?

THE SILENT LADY (*eagerly*)

Never—never.

THE FRIEND

She abhors unhappy endings. She simply won't have them in the house, that's all. (*He makes a gesture of help-*

*lessness.*) Obstinate, you think? Not at all, but so far she has only written comedies in which unhappy endings do not belong. (*He produces a cigarette, lights it slowly, sinks deeper into the cushions.*) But you'll find it very difficult. You will excuse me if I tell you that Clare detests interviews.

(*During a prolonged pause, THE DOG, a gentle, alert little animal, comes into the room, looks curiously at the two mortals and creeps lovingly to the side of the Genie, trembling as it is caressed.*)

THE FRIEND (*continuing*)

Her friends in the theatre are the people who, like herself, live a remote existence. William Gillette, for instance, she has known him since she was a child. They chatter away together in perfect understanding, irrelevantly, about things they alone know what they mean. She never discusses plays with him, he never discusses acting, that sort of thing does not seem to come to their thoughts. Like two birds they speak a joyous language all their own. As one critic said of her, she is baffling, delightfully baffling.

THE SILENT LADY (*encouraging him*)

A woman of inspiration?

THE FRIEND

Yes, it must be that. In her first play, "Annabelle," she drew a remarkably true characterization of a Western man, and yet, I don't think she had ever been west of Chicago. The lines which *Annabelle* speaks are like the wind, so direct, so refreshing, so unexpected. The critics in Boston thought it was a good play, the critics in New York were divided. It was her first play, and she didn't believe she could write a play at all when she began. Some of those chaps told her she couldn't. One critic dismissed the play with a paragraph. But the people kept coming, and coming, and coming!

THE INTERVIEWER (*speaking loud*)

It lacked technique, I suppose.

THE SILENT LADY (*aside*)

Sh-h! Be still.



## THE FRIEND

No, the technique was there. Technique of a remarkable order, for back of the airy lightness was a dramatic story which was carried consistently all the way through the play. Except for being cut down, the play was produced exactly as it was written.

## THE INTERVIEWER

Who was she?

THE SILENT LADY (*aside*)

I wish you'd keep still.

## THE FRIEND

Who knows who anyone really was? There are people of whom one thinks that way, wondering where their spirit began and their mortal part ends. Her father was a Beecher, and there is in her spirit part of the Beecher whimsicality and wit. Her mother was a brilliant, fascinating, beautiful woman who left the gaiety and sparkle of society to go and live in the Beecher household. She gathered about her the most delightful people, organized an amateur dramatic club of which she was the moving spirit. Many tempting offers were made to her to become an actress, but she declined because she thought it incompatible with her name. You asked me who Clare was, perhaps you can vision how she grew up to be so fascinating and so clever. When she was still nobody in particular, and yet that most important person, a child, she could improvise beautiful music on the piano. People thought it wonderful because she wore short dresses, but it was a very mature spirit, wasn't it, in spite of them? That was her spirit part; as to her mortal part it is very timid, very shy, depending almost entirely for support upon her spirit, I should judge. The things she says and writes are true, but unexpected. There is an uncanny wisdom in her fairy tales, if you insist they are such, but I wouldn't advise you to tell her her plays are like that, if they are. Inspiration is such an odd event, isn't it? Clare lives in a remote stillness of her own that nothing outwardly can disturb. Her plays are predestined, they are not merely industry. She does not

work with the ordinary logic of work, she luxuriates in the domain of her imagination without the irksome restrictions mortals usually encounter. She writes in bed a great deal, an unusual place for industrious mortals to work, isn't it?

*(The bell rings. A maid opens the front door. Enter CLARE KUMMER, a mortal slender shape with dark hair and eyes and general air of repressed interest. Then follow the usual introductions, greetings, the rearrangement of the group. Only the Genie remains unmoved, seeing only that she is there.)*

THE INTERVIEWER (*briskly*)

Will you tell me please if most plays are fairy tales?

CLARE KUMMER (*hugging the dog on her lap desperately*)

Plays must be real, I think; don't you?

THE INTERVIEWER (*blatantly*)

What, for instance, are your ideas of play technique?

THE SILENT LADY (*gently*)

How can anyone explain inspiration?

CLARE KUMMER

Without an instinct for technique I don't think it would be possible to write a play. Of course, technique stalking along by itself is pitiful. To have a lot of technique and then write a play to fit it I should think would result fatally for both if not all three—the technique, the play and the playwright.

THE INTERVIEWER

Why don't you have villains in your plays?

CLARE KUMMER

I expect to. I am always expecting a villain in one of my plays. In fact, there was a villain in "Annabelle," only he happened to have died before the play began. *George Wimbledon's* father was a villain. He was just as real to me as any character in the play, although he never appeared. He was a terror. *George* was really very nice considering what a father he had.

THE INTERVIEWER

Really. Then your plays are not fantastic, as some people say?



CLARE KUMMER

They are as fantastic as life itself. What more can anyone ask? Don't misunderstand me—I have no objection to fairies, only up to date they have not happened in my plays. I shall welcome a fairy or a villain or anything that comes along. Only the villain must be real and the fairy, too. An insincere fairy I should consider very objectionable.

THE INTERVIEWER

Do you read Ibsen?

CLARE KUMMER

Yes. I love his plays because the people are real. They do and say what those people would have done and said. Watching two of his plays produced last season, I discovered that his work resembled mine. Yes, really; we are as much alike as a Pekinese and a St. Bernard can be. They have qualities in common, you know. You have to look for them, but they are there.

THE INTERVIEWER

Were any of your plays suggested by fairy stories?

CLARE KUMMER

Not one. Nothing was further from my mind than fairies when I wrote "*Annabelle*." Like her, I was "in great need of money." It was a very hot summer day, and I was in town longing to get to the country. I went down to spend the week-end with some friends on Long Island, and they had just returned from a motor trip to see, in the owner's absence, a wonderful country house. In this house the servants of the absent owner lived in luxury. The idea of a penniless "*Annabelle*" getting into such a household as cook came to me. I decided that it was good material for a play. Of course, the regulation complication would have been to have the owner of the house appear and marry *Annabelle*. I knew I did not want the regulation thing, because there is always something else that is longing to be done, so I constructed a "past" for *Annabelle*. Her cave-man husband—their meeting in

the hotel and his recognizing her and renting the house to which the poor dear fled in her desperation. This romance loomed very large in "Annabelle." I was obliged to make George Wimbledon, the owner of the wonderful house, drink heavily, so that there would be no doubt in the mind of the audience that she was married to the right man. I do not see any fairy story in "Annabelle," do you?

With the "Calamity" I was idly looking out of a hotel window across a lake when the idea came to me. The whole complete idea. Now, I am willing to admit the interference of a fairy in this matter. A friendly fairy, who saw that I was bored and thought I had better write a play at once. I wrote the first act of "A Successful Calamity" that afternoon. The play was finished in three weeks.

"The Rescuing Angel" I wrote without the aid or intervention of fairies. I thought I would like to get a new line on a girl marrying for love—a man for whom she felt an emotion so primitive that she was afraid to admit it even to herself, and pretending to herself and others that she was marrying to save her family from financial ruin, provided an interesting thesis. The character of the man loved was supposed to have been on the order of a charming, self-educated blacksmith who had made a fortune. I blame the fairies very much in that they did not provide us with the type of man necessary to play the part.

"Be Calm, Camilla," I was much surprised to hear resembled "Cinderella." But inasmuch as it deals with a girl who is poor and has a stroke of luck, I suppose the charge is not unfounded, and the fact that their names both begin with "C" makes it rather grave, tho' *Cinderella* never entered my mind until the critics spoke of her. "Be Calm, Camilla," is said to be my best play and to have more "heart" in it than the others. It is in part the story of myself at one time. I have lived at the "Belle Marie," and I know "Gus Beals." Only, instead of being run over by a wonderful automobile, I was run across by a wonderful manager, Arthur Hopkins.

*(An awkward pause follows)*



## THE FRIEND

Yes, Clare is very patient about making her people in the play real. (*He rises with difficulty to his feet.*) She is very patient, too, about that most important event in life.

## THE INTERVIEWER

What is that?

## THE FRIEND

The curtain.

(*The rest of the action is without words. It ends with the closing of the front door.*)

# PUTTING THE AEROPLANE TO WORK

Some Expert Opinions of Our Future in the Air

By WILLARD HART SMITH

COMMERCIAL aviation is knocking at our door. Four army planes have just flown across the American continent in fifty-two hours. The other day a big British "bomber" finished a flight from Cairo, Egypt, to Delhi, India, 2,900 miles. In the last month the Andes have twice been crossed via the air-line. Planes fitted up with a special cabin, cushioned passenger seats and tables, the whole inclosed in glass, are making the trip regularly between London and Paris.

Because of the slowness of rail communication, important documents from Paris to Alsace and Lorraine are being transmitted by air. Handley-Page, the great British airman, says that with such machines as exist today, it will be possible from London to reach Egypt in thirty-six hours, India in three days, and Australia in a week. He says that these flights can be run as commercial undertakings at a charge for passengers of six cents a mile. He believes that his new machines can easily do 2,700 miles without stop and that it is only a question of a few months when he can fly passengers across the Atlantic, four to a plane, at \$1,000 per ticket, and land them in New York two days after leaving London.

We learn that the First British and International Aerial Navigation Company has secured "landing fields" and is only waiting the word of the Air Ministry to open a passenger service throughout the British Isles, to the Continent and gradually extend it to the Colonies. We learn that the British Government is seriously contemplating subsidizing the air industry so that private concerns will build thousands of planes, operating them as mail, passenger and precious



freight carriers. We see the British boldly grappling with the problem of the airplane in peace.

So much of a matter of course do they take it that their Air Ministry is now engaged in compiling a minute set of regulations for air traffic.

We discover that Germany, despite her being in the throes of a revolution, is already running air-line passenger, freight and mail services. So seriously do the Germans take the immediate commercial future of the aeroplane that they are doing their utmost to wriggle out of the terms of the armistice compelling them to surrender numbers of planes "in good condition." They are trying to surrender many defective planes and retain their big bombers for transportation lines. Commercial aviation knocked at the door of Europe and Europe heard, as with the armistice the roll of gunfire died away. And in the United States?

#### PLANES TO LAND IN CITY LOTS

SOME individuals see the opportunity. A few officials of the Government sense it. Here and there a publicist has visualized it. Some business men are awake to it. But the great mass of American people are wondering if the aeroplane can be put to work in peace pursuits. A plane in the sky, a straining of necks, eyes turned aloft, the curiosity of the moment satisfied, "I wonder if that fellow was at the front?" And in the worries about the high cost of living and the future of business the aeroplane is swiftly forgotten. While other nations are booming ahead with clarified plans for utilizing to full the peace-time possibilities of the aeroplane, our Congress, temporarily the supreme authority over American aviation, waits.

The leaders of American aviation tell us that this will not be for long. Individuals are stirring while the government which controls today the manufacturing of planes, the training and licensing of pilots, is making up its mind. Meanwhile those government officials who are awake to the situation are raising their voices. Only the other day Sec-

ond Assistant Postmaster General Praeger, director of our aerial mail, told a meeting of airplane manufacturers that they must develop a better commercial vehicle than "the thinly disguised army planes, a craft which could be landed in a city lot if need be, or better than that, a craft of such stability that it need never come down at all through emergencies. When you get this ship," said Praeger,—“and the man who doesn't believe it will come shortly has no place in aviation—then you will have a machine which will command a market, by the side of which all your government orders will pale into insignificance.”

Coming as that prediction does in an official way, the boldness of it bids us look carefully into the aeroplane situation in our country. Is the day here when we must regard the peace-time aeroplane as something more than a toy for the rich? Has the speed of scout planes and the carrying capacity of bomber types, a vital significance in our country's commerce and travel?

#### POLICEMEN OF THE CLOUDS

**A**DVANCE thinkers in American aviation are agog with prospects and plans. The New York City Police Department will soon have a squad of twelve flyers. The idea was inspired by the fact that last summer army aviators soared above the burning munition plant at Morgan, New Jersey, and in directing the work of the fire fighters, prevented a great explosion of TNT. An inspection of the files of aeroplane companies near New York show that letters are coming in from business men inquiring about planes for commercial purposes, their cost, upkeep and life. From Colorado, Texas, and Oklahoma, from the oil fields have come letters asking for estimates on machines. The borax companies, weary of tediously hauling every ton of borax to civilization by twenty mules, are asking if planes can be used for transporting their product. Our cattle and sheep ranchers contemplate using scout-planes to locate their animals and to provision their far-riding herders on the trackless ranges via the air, instead of by pack burros. Mining companies in



the Andes and brigand-infested Mexico are wondering if their wealth cannot be transported to civilization through the air instead of on slow-going pack animals whose route is fraught with danger. Coffee and cocoa men of Latin America, remote from railheads and harbors, are asking about the airplane as a means of communication. The pot is boiling; but only here and there. The commercial possibilities of the aeroplane have not been brought home to the average man. If they were, we should today have a well-knit national plan, under national leadership, for putting the aeroplane to work.

The situation in America today reminds one of a pilot who has lost his way in the clouds and is fearful of coming down. Mr. Average Man reads one day of an explorer who from a plane is going to photograph the white regions about the North Pole. He sees in a "Sunday supplement" an imaginative drawing of a monster plane, a greyhound of the air, with de-luxe cabins, restaurants, smoking-rooms and promenades. He has seen similar pictures, on and off, for the last ten years and does not take them seriously. He has read how aeroplanes will usurp the work of steamships, railroads, automobiles; and these things do not come to pass. Imaginative "boosters" of aeronautics have made extravagant statements and promises, one upon another, all premature, impracticable of fulfillment.

#### AMERICA'S AMAZING STRIDES IN AVIATION

SUCH thoughts are merely the natural effect of the amazing strides that America has made in aviation since the war began. It is an industry which up to the signing of the armistice had turned out 12,285 complete planes and 31,814 engines. It is an industry which, allowing for the wastage of war, has caused the Government to own today more than 10,000 planes; and to have trained more than an equal number of pilots. The army aviators alone, now being returned to civil life, have flown, in total, almost a million hours or about seventy million miles. The national inventory shows, too, that the war has left us with about 150,000 men trained

by the army in airplane mechanics and administration. In the factories there was developed a new class of labor, thousands of men and women, skilled in the manufacture of planes and their parts. We have engineers, mechanics, woodworkers, fabric experts, propeller experts and instrument men.

We have the trained personnel of factories, each with its own staff of experts, which turned out the special tools and machines used in aircraft construction. We have plants equipped to make twenty different kinds of accessories. We have developed new products to furnish the raw materials. We so developed the spruce and fir industry in Oregon and Washington that by November of last year the monthly output of the forests had increased to 2,000,000 feet; a gain, over the time when we went to war, of 1,000 per cent. Because it was impossible to obtain the millions of yards of linen cloth necessary for the enormous number of planes we were building, we devised and made a cotton substitute at half the cost. In our great army flying-schools we changed flying from a haphazard, mysterious thing into the exact science of aeronautics. The nation was "sold" on aeroplanes—for the purposes of war. What about peace?

For the use of the sportsman practically all the existing types of American planes, with the exception of heavy bombers, are adaptable. The extent of the sporting market is problematical. It all depends on the number of young men of independent means in the air service who, having had a taste of flying for Uncle Sam, will want to continue it as a recreation. It is pertinent that of all our flying officers only about 2 per cent are "regulars," the balance being Reserve Officers, the overwhelming majority of whom are being discharged from the service. What proportion of these men can afford to fly planes?

Orville Wright says that the cost of operating a privately-owned plane is no greater than the expense of a comparatively small motor-boat, and thousands of young Americans are able to afford that. Wright does not believe that the failure of the past to interest men in owning planes for sport pur-



poses was due to an opinion that air navigation was unsafe; rather to the fact that the sportsman had nowhere to fly. He wanted to fly from city to city, as one would tour in an automobile, but there were no landing fields. Wright says that privately-owned planes will be popular when landing fields are established in such numbers that one could always be reached in the event of the motor stopping.

That is the kernel of the proposition of privately flown planes.

#### PLANS AERIAL TAXI SERVICE

**A**SKED to give his opinion on the future of aviation John North Willys, not an aviation fanatic, but a clear thinking business man with capital invested in the new industry, said: "One of the earliest uses for the aeroplane, and which, in my opinion, will come within the year, is the carrying of passengers between such points as New York City, Boston and Atlantic City as well as other sea coast cities. I look for the first passenger craft to be of the flying-boat type, because of its ability to land with greater safety as well as the possibilities of a landing point at any place along the coast."

This is well worth serious consideration for it would seem that the flying boat will make possible the operation of sky traction lines above waterways, while the lack of landing fields is delaying cross-country transportation projects.

Glenn Curtiss says: "Extensive flying over water is sure to come soon. Lakes, rivers and sheltered bays form ideal landing fields for flying water-craft. There are no difficulties caused by trees, wires, smoke-stacks, towers and buildings. Furthermore, the relative speed of boats, on which the world has to depend, is very slow, and therefore the aeroplane offers a considerable advantage. Competing with a sixty-mile-an-hour express train is more difficult than with a fifteen to twenty-mile boat. Passenger routes, mail and taxi service will unquestionably be in full operation soon.

The reason I believe marine flying will be developed quicker than land, is because there are no new landing fields needed. Terminal facilities are already provided. Quiet harbors, rivers and small lakes are ideal landing fields for seaplanes and flying-boats. Furthermore, there is no limitation as to width of a plane because there is ample room for even the largest sea-boats to maneuver. We know more about weather conditions on the sea, more about tides and more about the general directions of the wind than we do on land. America, of course, has always led in the production of flying-boats and seaplanes, and, under a vigorous naval policy, will continue to do so."

#### HOW MUCH DOES IT COST TO FLY?

**B**UT Mr. Average Man is not the Navy Department, and in considering the possibility of his supplementing his auto with a plane, the questions of cost, upkeep, life of an aeroplane and safety raise themselves pertinently. The L. W. F. Engineering Company, which, like the British who used to fly their new planes from factories in England across the Channel to the front, flew their products, when completed, from their plant near New York City to naval stations along the Atlantic coast, believes that cost is no obstacle to private ownership. They told the writer:

"The cost of operation of a plane is not as great as most people consider it to be. The entire cost of operation at present should not exceed forty or fifty cents a mile for a plane carrying five passengers. About ten cents per mile per passenger would amply cover the cost of operation maintenance and pay good dividends on the investment. This cost is decreasing rapidly. Among other factors, the cost of production of only a few machines of each type, expensive experimentation and lack of co-operation between design and economical production have, in the past, increased the initial cost of operation. The necessity of rapid production together with the high price of labor and material and the lack of trained men have added unduly to the cost in the past. With



the use of aircraft for commercial purposes all these items will be materially decreased, just as they have been decreased in the automobile, telephone and telegraph industries."

Concerning the life of a plane, John North Willys says:

"The average life of a motor contained in a fighting or war-plane did not at a maximum exceed fifty hours actual flying before it was necessary that the motor be torn down and overhauled. Motors used in commercial planes should have a longer life, as they would not be called upon to run at and sustain the high speeds of the fast fighting or war-planes. The Curtiss OX-5 motor contained in a Curtiss training plane has a much longer average life, in fact one of these motors performed the feat of actually flying 15,000 miles before being overhauled. An aeroplane motor is necessarily required to undergo greater strains and stresses than is required of the automobile motor, because the aeroplane motor is compelled the greater part of the time, while in flight, to run with its throttle wide open at maximum speed. The parts of the plane, other than the motor, should with ordinary usage and care last substantially as long as the average automobile."

#### ELIMINATING DANGER FROM FLYING

THE idea that every time a man goes up in an aeroplane he takes his life in his hands is, according to authorities, wholly fallacious. Curtiss tells us that flying is no more difficult than handling an automobile and shows us statistics to bear out his contention that the only accidents are caused by "joyriders of the sky," men who do "stunt flying" to thrill spectators.

Harry Bowers Mingle, President of the Standard Aircraft Company, which built many planes for the Government, says:

"As proof of the degree of stability with which air-planes can be built today we have manufactured a small target machine which flies up into space without a pilot and returns to earth when the gasoline runs out. All machines

being built for peace-time purposes contain the inherent quality of stability. They are constructed in such fashion that nothing less than the destruction of a vital part of the plane can render it useless. The common obstacles which confront the military aviator are completely overcome by this type."

All our planes were made for use in war. Can they be used in peace? The president of a large company states:

"All of the present type of machines now owned by the Government or in the process of manufacture throughout the country can be utilized with a moderate amount of adjustment for civil purposes."

While the president of another company says:

"The commercial adoption of the airplane is dependent upon its development and design along commercial lines."

The training planes, landing as they can at as low a speed as 37 miles an hour and capable of greater capacity by increasing the wing-spread, are suited for the Air Post until a new commercial type is developed. They are suited to that work and the carrying of parcels post and light express packages. The De Haviland-4, with a Liberty motor, was tried as a mail carrier. A fast fighting type, it is more suited to reconnoissance work—to the mapping out of air highways, photographing intercity routes from the sky, determining and mapping landing fields en route. Likewise it is good for police duties, observation work of any kind in a commercial way, flying over great forests and "spotting" trees of rare wood. The big bombing planes with their two Liberty motors, capable of carrying the deadweight of a ton in cargo and five men, can be used for the transportation of passengers, long non-stop flights and for carrying heavy express packages.

#### FEDERAL SUBSIDY FOR OUR AIR INDUSTRY

OUR aviation engineers have planned new types of planes—planes with brakes to assure greatly reduced speeds. They are thinking of increased reliability in flight



through the use of multiple-motor machines, thus greatly reducing the chances of a plane "going dead" in mid-air. They are thinking of comfort, increased by the use of limousine bodies, of life lengthened by progressive designing. They will lay stress upon maximum convenience, service and endurance, rather than on maximum speed planes built more heavily and sturdily, to be flown, unlike the war-plane, at three-quarter speed. And they are ready to build planes in which the motors are heavier per horse power, for it was the extreme lightness of military motors that caused their "life" to be so brief.

But these things are not yet. Nor will the building of new planes suited to commercial needs come to pass upon a large scale until American aviation knows where it stands. What is the Government going to do? The Government is opening mail routes and the Government is using army flyers, who are charting and mapping landing fields and danger spots from the air. All of this cannot be regarded as anything but good will, as the Government owns most of the machines that the Post Office is using and the route mappers are army officers, who fly army planes, and work of this sort is necessary training in the art of aviation.

Senator Thomas said: "I am satisfied that the importance and the development of the aircraft industry make it competent to take care of itself."

But the president of a large aircraft corporation says: "The Government should exercise a parental interest in this newest civic establishment. The most effective means of getting the work under way on a well-established basis would be to subsidize the commercial air routes, this, however, only to the extent of personnel and such equipment as can be released from the military and naval departments, and only for so long a time as is needed to place a particular air route on a basis of commercial operation. As soon as this has been accomplished to continue the same pioneer service on another selected route with the same object in view. . . . The Government should organize air ports, supply depots, repairing stations and emergency landing facilities. An experi-

mental station should be established by the Government for the purpose of co-ordinating aerodynamic research under a centralized control."

Other manufacturers declare that the Government should organize aerial ways, signalization, special maps, landing fields and atmospheric information bureaus. They say that flying-fields should be national property like sea harbors and that the Government should give financial assistance to the first commercial aeronautic companies. Others gloomily declare that unless the Government constructs landing-fields, these plans cannot be realized for many years and that American commercial aviation will be held back in its development correspondingly. But while waiting for some word from Washington, such as England has uttered to her people, alert Americans here and there are already putting the aeroplane to work.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

*In the April FORUM Mr. Smith will complete his series on the commercial future of the aeroplane with an article discussing aerial mail, aerial passenger-carrying, aerial highways and trans-Atlantic flying from the viewpoint of commerce. He will also show in detail what every nation in the world is today doing in aerial post and aerial transportation of passengers and light freight. A message for America to awake, if we would not fall behind in the "control of the air."*



# BRITAIN'S CONQUEST OF THE SKIES

An Object Lesson for America

By SEVERANCE JOHNSON

[The FORUM'S Foreign Correspondent]

WHILE the Peace Conference delegates were discussing the "Freedom of the Seas," England was devoting her vast resources and her traditionally persistent energies to the "Conquest of the Skies." The British have come to realize that the world empire of the future will be dependent on ships of the air, as well as ships of the sea.

I visited a British aviation field on the outskirts of London, where I witnessed an army of mechanics and aviators at work in a veritable city of aerodromes. Airships more than half as wide as a New York City block were being assembled, tested, and perfected.

"We are just as busy, despite the armistice," said the officer in charge. "England has built up a great aerial fleet, and it is her intention to keep on building. We hope to have machines inside of a year that will fly across the Atlantic. They will be a combination of the aeroplane and the dirigible. At present no aeroplane can carry enough petrol to make the transatlantic flight. A combination ship, however, can be constructed which will fly from London to New York or Chicago without difficulty."

My visit to this British aviation center was made at the invitation of the British Government. England has no desire to hide her plans of aerial achievement. Instead she seeks publicity to arouse the co-operation of private interests. The British Government has plainly announced that the initial development of aeronautic transportation should be under the direction of the State: but that, in order that airships may

more and more take the place of railroads and water craft, private individuals and corporations must also take up the work. The government, therefore, has instituted a thorough campaign of aeronautical education in which Lord Weir, Secretary of State for the Royal Air Force, and other officials, have been traveling through England, delivering speeches, and exhorting the British people to give all possible aid. At Manchester, Lord Weir visited the National Aeroplane Factory and, after telling the workmen they were employed in the finest aeroplane factory in the world, he added: "Whatever can be done industrially in other countries, we can do better in England if we decide to do it at all." Later before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce he said: "In August, 1914, the Flying Services consisted of 285 officers and 1,853 other ranks. In November, 1918, the strength of the Royal Air force consisted of 30,000 officers, 260,000 men, and 30,000 women and boys.

"Even those of us in the heart of this great industry have scarcely grasped the significance of the prodigious strides made during the later months of the war. I will offer you just a single fact. We now possess aeroplanes which carry a crew of seven and passengers to the number of 30, which climb to a height of 10,000 feet, which travel at a speed of 100 miles an hour, and which can make a journey of 1,200 miles without a stop.

"We possess such machines for travel over land, and similar machines which, if necessary, can come down on the surface of the seas, float and rise again with a full load."

Lord Weir said that the present Air Ministry should be expanded to meet every new problem arising from the commercial employment of airships, that it should be in the charge of a few men, highly paid, and of the very best efficiency. He then appealed to private interests to co-operate:

"I would like to see the big shipping and other existing transport organizations actively interesting themselves in this development."



## INTERNATIONAL AIR CONVENTION NEEDED

“**A**N international air convention was imperatively necessary,” he said, and added: “I may say we have already drafted the articles of this convention, which was submitted to our allies. I have reason to believe that within the next four or five months the principal nations of the world will have reached an agreement on this momentous question.”

According to the plans of the British Air Ministry, so far as its own aerial program is concerned, it may be said that the British Government is to take permanent possession of a large number of military aerodromes and lease them to private interests. The State will merely charge a fee for landing, which will spare aerial transportation companies a large initial expense entailed in the construction of such stations, as well as returning to the government some return on its capital invested.

The Imperial Air Department will assume charge of the training of pilots, and thus assure the creation of a corps of men whose skill will be of the highest and thus guarantee as far as possible the successful operation of all British aircraft.

The government, furthermore, will map out all aerial routes, establish meteorological stations and furnish a continual wireless service along all aerial lines regarding atmospheric conditions and all other information necessary for aerial navigation.

Major-General F. H. Sykes, Chief of the British Air Staff, in speaking of England's aeronautic plans, said:

“Last June arrangements were begun to bring aerial reinforcements from America to Europe. We found that the accomplishment of a transatlantic flight is not so much one of endurance of machine and personnel, as of navigation, meteorology and wireless. It is necessary to supply the aerial voyager with advance information regarding weather conditions the whole length of his route. We also know that at present our machines even when navigated accurately have

very little more endurance than that required to reach the intended destination."

#### OVERLAND SKY ROUTES TO ASIA AND AFRICA

THE overland routes which have been laid out by the British Air Ministry to link up the various parts of the British Empire, including those regions where British arms have triumphed during the war just past, form a veritable network in which England, Asia and Africa will be brought within a few days of each other. One trunk line is from London to Cairo, by the way of Marseilles, Pisa, or Rome, Taranto, Suda Bay, Crete; and Sollum, on the African coast. From Cairo one line runs to India and the other to Cape Town, Africa. The Asiatic route is via Damascus, Bagdad, Bussorah, on the Tigris, Bushire, the Bunder-Abbas coast, Charbah-Karachi, on the Indian coast, Hyderabad, Jodhpur, and Delhi. Twenty-five aerodromes have been ordered built or have been already constructed for this line, the total distance of which is 6,000 miles.

Major Sykes said that airships should be able to make a weekly mail service between London and India as a standard aeroplane should make the trip in seven or eight days.

Major-General W. G. H. Salmond, commanding the Royal Air Force in the Middle East, flew from Egypt to Delhi in an experimental flight of 3,233 miles in only 47 hours, 21 minutes. The longest single flight was from Damascus to Bagdad (495 miles) in 6 hours, 53 minutes. During the journey from Damascus to Mesopotamia the aeroplane carried a seven days' supply of food and water. The machine had already flown from England and taken part in the Palestine operations.

The other route upon which the Royal Air Force is working runs from Cairo to the Cape, thus consummating, aerially, what Cecil Rhodes sought to do by rail. Survey parties have been sent out from Cairo to map out the details of the line, the best stopping places, and points of connections with branch lines that will traverse every part of Africa and



penetrate many miles of wilderness at present little known to the outside world. Two main north and south routes are being considered, one from Cairo along the Nile and across land to Lake Tanganyika, Baira, Lorenzo Marques, Durban, Port Elizabeth and Capetown; the other along the first route to Lake Tanganyika, and thence to Bulawayo, Pretoria, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, Capetown. The first, 5,700 miles long, will be for flying boats; the latter, 5,300 miles inland, for aeroplanes.

Since the armistice was signed it has become known that the R. A. F. communication squadron between August and November, 1918, made 279 cross-country flights as, for example, from London to Paris, Nancy, Dunkirk, Manchester and York, without a single crash. One pilot, who is over 40 years old, crossed the Channel 287 times.

#### AIRSHIP HOLDS MORE PROMISE FOR COMMERCIAL EXPLOITATION

ACCORDING to Major Sykes the airship has more promise for commercial exploitation than the aeroplane.

"The airship has practically no limit to its range, provided it can be made large enough," said the British Chief of Air Service to the London Chamber of Commerce. "The large rigid airship is still in an embryonic stage, but enough has already been accomplished to show that with increased capacity there is no reason why they should not be built capable of completing the circuit of the globe."

One of the devices, which has been perfected for enabling aircraft to travel through fog and cloud and the darkest night without fear of losing the way, was developed by the British during the war. It is still a secret. It consists of a wireless apparatus which keeps the aeronaut in constant touch with various meteorological stations. "Aircraft so equipped," said Major Sykes, "can fix their position constantly and report to their base at any time. The ground transmitting stations are a kind of aerial lighthouse or beacon, unaffected by fog and with a range of visibility of 600

or 700 miles. Their cost would be £60,000 or £70,000 a station."

In connection with the statements of Major Sykes regarding dirigible airships, an article in the *Evening News* that the British Admiralty is planning the construction of airships, containing 2,500,000 cubic feet of gas and capable of lifting 60 tons, may be regarded as extremely significant. The *Evening News* went on to say that these aerial super-dreadnoughts would have a radius of 8,000 miles and a speed of 80 miles an hour. Each will carry a crew of 25 men. A regular mail and passenger service between Great Britain and the United States during 1920 will be established, the London newspaper also stated.

#### FRENCH AERONAUTICAL EXPERTS ALARMED

**I**N France the dirigible has not been regarded as seriously as in England, and in consequence many of the French aeronautical experts have taken alarm. Count de la Vaulx recently in *Le Matin* said:

"In France the failure of the Zeppelins has become a thing in which we have put our faith. It is not so with our allies, the British. England has at present 15 rigid dirigibles in construction or in service, and is looking forward to a still greater program.

"Why this difference of viewpoint? For the simple fact that England is a maritime nation. She has come to know that if Zeppelins may have been vulnerable over the land, they are not in similar danger over the sea."

The writer then averred that the dirigible had proved its superiority in long-distance flying, as in 1917 a Zeppelin was ordered from Bulgaria to German East Africa with a cargo of various war munitions. It departed and on reaching the vicinity of Khartoum received a wireless that it should return, as the Germans, whom it had gone to aid, had surrendered.

The airship wheeled about and returned in safety, having been aloft four days without landing.



## MISTAKE THE ALLIES MADE

COUNT DE LA VAULX said that the Allies made a great mistake in not demanding the surrender of all the German dirigibles. As the armistice was drawn, only Germany's aeroplanes were to be turned over to the Allies. He intimated very strongly that even now the Germans were engaged in a great program of aerial construction, and that after the peace treaty has been signed German airships will sail forth to every part of the world.

"The distance from Hamburg to New York is about 6,500 kilometers," he said, "and this passage across the Atlantic by a super-Zeppelin is perfectly practicable."

# MY STAGE PRINCIPLES

An Actress Reveals the Personal Creed of Her Stage Career

By FRANCES STARR

THE dual life (not the double life) of an actress is really not so troublesome as fictitious rumor might make it appear. The character of an actress, like that of any other woman who develops economic preferences, is exposed to the affection of her friends, friends she could not exist without, and yet friends who hold their breath as she progresses in her stage career. They love her, she loves them, but there is that delicate, lustrous line of footlights that divides them.

That line is susceptible of a new interpretation if we accept it respectfully.

Most women make their own altars on which they burn a peculiar incense of their own, in homage, of course, to their own creed. In this way women have cultivated reserves, because they do have these private altars where they face things unreservedly—and alone.

The world is so full of people improving their lives or degrading them, that one sometimes is at a loss to find one's course in the crowded passage of real and unreal emotion. I have found it difficult sometimes to push through, to go forward, to escape the restraint of complex opinion. Having firm objections to the controversial faculty, I have perhaps failed to meet these opinions frankly, to explain the relation which I have as a woman to my profession as an actress on the stage. Those who know me best find contradictions in the actress and the woman. Because this is a question that may stimulate interest in the very important influence of the theatre upon men and women of all degrees, it is perhaps worth while to attempt a definition of certain hidden principles which belong to a stage career, principles easy to understand, and which are when understood strengthening.



## WHY WOMEN GO ON THE STAGE

ARTISTIC occupations attract women chiefly because they are by instinct more curious about the spiritual mysteries of life than most men, and because these occupations are themselves profitable. It is customary to adorn women with certain impractical impressions that are quite false. The economic advantages of a stage career to a woman who has a desire for independence are superior to any other within her reach. I believe most actresses have chosen a stage career with a very intelligent reason, in spite of some elaborate sensational explanations which are often made for them. We may aspire to romantic excuses to clothe our experiences, but shorn of all romantic adornment the actress goes on the stage because she expects to earn a good salary. Every woman knows that her own money is better than someone else's, and every woman today is rebellious against any hindrances to self-support. Therefore, we can assume that the first principle that makes a woman chose the theatre for a career is her personal independence.

## IS THE THEATRE DANGEROUS?

THIS of course brings up the issue which her dearest friends constantly impose upon her—the dangers of the theatre. I never hear the phrase without a secret resentment against it. One can easily describe these dangers, if one's imagination runs in that direction, but I think the majority of women who are out in the world, as the novelists say, do not find the dangers they are told to expect.

The dangers of the theatre have always been obvious but entirely indescribable by those who are in the theatre. In fact it is not the theatre that is dangerous—it is the people in the theatre, more often the people outside who are looking for danger in the theatre, and find it. They find it because acting is an emotional experience, a dual impression of feeling that might be true. It is because the theatre always touches the emotions of people who are not in the theatre that it is dan-

gerous to them. If they were actually working in the play themselves, they would realize how wholly impersonal the actress really is in the love scene she projects.

There are depressing days, there are introspective valleys through which all women pass in the adjustment of their emotions, but as a whole the woman who meets danger is perhaps looking for it. However, we are complex beings, and there is no searchlight of opinion by which we can fasten the direction in which a woman's feeling is moving. No woman of the stage can mix the life of the theatre with that of her home and friends. I am fortunate in having very dear friends who watch my stage performance with more or less misgivings. Every time a new play is announced for me, they seem to get together and whisper to one another, "What will she do next?" I understand perfectly how sincere and affectionate their anxiety for me is, but I find it quite impossible to explain to them that the characters I interpret in that other world across the footlights in which they have no place are entirely separated from myself.

#### MORAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE ACTRESS

ONE is, of course, deeply grateful for these tender considerations that occur only to prevent the indiscretions which they fear are in the theatre. They have been dreadfully disturbed, silently mystified when they have seen me in plays like "The Easiest Way," "The Secret," "The Case of Becky," and just now "Tiger! Tiger!" These women of the theatre, which from my fireside I can look at with entirely impersonal interest, were of course unconventional. In my identity as Frances Starr I became neurotic, or vicious, or weak, or a bit mad in obedience to the playwright, and I abandoned myself to a truthful interpretation. That is perhaps the second principle which a successful actress must adopt. It is a principle that is a natural outcome of any artistic endeavor. Every human being represents a story adaptable to artistic expression. The artist is not the judge of the right or wrong in these people. Artists are not



moralists—they could never arrive at any interpretation in art if their purpose was merely that of the moralizing preacher. It may be that the artist in the theatre can point a moral, but when he does it is entirely incidental to the motive of the performance. I am quite sure that the people on the stage do have a sense of moral responsibility.

In my own attitude toward the theatre I have always felt myself obliged to find a message of some spiritual character in the plays I appeared in. There are bad women in life, and dramatists have found them sensational box-office successes—but I have never consented to present any character on the stage that did not have the redeeming feature of some regeneration. If one did not combine with the work of one's life something more tangible than the reward in money, one would be very useless. I have tried to be useful in the theatre, not merely to myself, but useful to the theatre-goer. I feel that this should also be a principle which all artists in the theatre should consider. I have been very careful of this principle myself, although my friends have sometimes been shocked at the unconventional way in which it has been kept. They do not quite understand that the artistic necessities and impulses of acting have no connection whatever with one's private character.

#### THE SACCHARINE HEROINE

**I** BEGAN with quite a different set of principles. I began my stage career with the idea that my chief appeal in the theatre was that of the "sweet young girl." I began with the principle of the saccharine heroine, which consists in crowding the theatre on matinees. This future was beautifully heralded for me in "The Rose of the Rancho." My friends were ecstatically happy. They all said I had found my niche in the theatre. A long career stretched before me of sugary parts and the matinees were crowded with young girls. A certain obstinacy in me objected to this outlook. I felt that as an actress I should be able to play any part—not one part. So there came "The Easiest Way." It was

a study of a somewhat volatile, wavering girl, quite as good as a girl should be, but lost in the whirl of her own undecisive character.

The great price that must be paid for any violation of the spiritual laws is the prevailing motive of this play, as it has been of every play that I have appeared in. I like the tragic evolution through which the emotions always arrive at a spiritual clarity. I confess that I was somewhat in doubt about "The Secret." I saw it the other day played in French, and I was more than ever convinced that my uncertainty as to its essential value to the theatre, rather than its dramatic value, was just. Of course what this play really did was to reveal the disaster of jealousy in women—or their secret vanities. In that respect no doubt it was a new and keen analysis of the peculiar jealousies women show of each other, towards each other. The heroine of the play had an inordinate desire to make everybody happy—but she was extremely jealous of anyone else who attempted the same thing.

In "The Case of Becky" the heroine was a study in neurology. Out of the darkness of her neurotic state, however, her spirit emerged. As I review more closely these characters, it is quite clear that if any of their qualities were in my character I should have been perfectly mad by this time.

#### SELF-EFFACEMENT VITAL

SO another of the vital principles for an actress is the principle of self-effacement during the hours in the theatre. There is no danger in this abandon of emotion to artistic necessity, because it is work. It has nothing to do with one's friends who are the dearest part of one's life, but who might become dull and tiresome except for the reaction of one's work.

It so happens that the performance I am giving in Knoblock's play, "Tiger! Tiger!" has especially exposed me to the well-intentioned criticism of my friends. There are times when they have made me feel as though my work in the theatre was very bad for me. I have been very much



depressed by the opinions of those I love, most of which did not agree with my own. I have not discussed my views of "Tiger! Tiger!" because I object to controversy, and chiefly, perhaps, because I think my continuous purpose in the theatre has been to demonstrate the spiritual motives in women's lives. There are no saints in petticoats because they could not tread the byways of the world and sustain the standards of saintliness. The prevailing virtue of the heroine in "Tiger! Tiger!" is the fact that she believes all that she lives, and she lives in the magnificent cleanliness of her primitive soul. She is not to be bought, but her love is not to be denied. And when the awakening comes, and she discovers that there is a wide difference of caste between her and the man she loves, she does not flinch from the issue. She leaves him bravely and marries a man of her own caste and so buries any suspicion of dishonor that might otherwise be attached to her story.

#### THE THEATRE MUST AMUSE

**B**ECAUSE I appear to understand these emotions of the modern woman, and because I find voice and presence with which to interpret them, some people insist upon associating my personality with them. There are plays with a very frank appeal that cannot be mistaken. Plays that reveal only the amusing side of folly and omit the outcome. I was recently advised, by a man whose opinion I have always valued concerning certain moral values of the play, to go and see a play which he recommended to stimulate my stage ideals. I saw it, and it was such a poor play that I was far from being stimulated—I was bored.

After all, it is necessary to be amused in the theatre, to be entertained, or to be stimulated. There are some theatres which invite the stimulants one can get around the corner, and others where the stimulus is presented in good dialogue, in portraits of life from life, and with a story that sends the people out of the theatre inspired with a better impression of their own problems than they had when they came in. One of the valuable principles for the artist to pursue is the need

of being refreshed from the draught of one's secret problems. In this respect I have not violated the rules of art, I have insisted that any part I create shall inspire absolute spiritual cure for any tragic crisis.

#### DO AN ACTRESS' INTERPRETATIONS CONTAMINATE HER?

**A**N actress is frequently asked what the influence upon her nature may be of the various parts she presents. It has been suggested that a woman of the stage endangers her moral nature by interpreting moments of moral crises in women of the stage. There are always bad ladies who are glorified in some artistic guise, but no matter how becoming this masquerade, the bad lady is rather an ugly, useless, undesirable association. An actress can depict with perfect understanding a woman's bad character, without being impressed favorably by it herself. She may give a very fine performance of a most undesirable character, but that does not mean that she is herself at all in sympathy with it. Of course, there enters into such performances the quality of abandon which is so important in drama. But it is an abandon always kept in perfect control, just as the painter controls the brush with which he colors his sympathy for the scene he is painting. Acting is something like that. There is a subconscious duality of perception, for while the actress is playing a part in the play, she is never unconscious of the fact that she is acting. There is no such thing as complete abandonment of one's mind, one's soul, or one's morals in the theatre. The women of the theatre, like other women of the world, have their own moral responsibilities, their own obligations, their private standards which they do not surrender because they are temporarily cast in stormy emotional roles.

#### POWER OF PERSONALITY

**T**HERE is of course in acting a great deal to be said about personality. Many of our favorite actors and actresses have enjoyed their fame through this appeal. Their charm



is really themselves, for they are the same delightful, magnetic, amusing people in every play. Personally, I believe that the theatre is a place in which acting comes first—personality should be subservient to it. I am very frank in my outlook upon all conditions of people and I believe that there is good—even spirituality—in all of them. I have no faith in traditions that interfere with this frankness of vision. I am not afraid to look things in the face, because in doing so I find the best in everyone. The emotions of my work may be woven out of the fabric of my own heart; the pattern of feeling which is different in every play is designed by the impulses of my heart, and since it is my aim to be sincerely useful to the world in the art of acting, it seems to me that these beliefs which underline my work must eventually strengthen my nature as a woman.

# NEED WE FEAR IMMIGRATION?

What We May Expect as a Result of the War

By HON. ANTHONY CAMINETTI

[COMMISSIONER GENERAL OF IMMIGRATION]

**A**LL prophecy right now can consist of little more than conjecture, and by the nature of conditions must be largely futile. This is particularly true of prophecies as to immigration, for we do not know what the policies of governments, including our own, will be, nor, more important still, what effect the war and its aftermath will have on the instincts and inclinations of those people who might be classed as potential immigrants to our country.

Shall our pre-war record of immigration be re-established or exceeded, or will, as some predict, the tide turn the other way and America become an emigrant instead of an immigrant nation? There is but one concrete, non-conjectural answer which is, "We do not know."

No doubt the effect of the war on the migration and distribution of people will be far-reaching but just how no one can in detail tell with any degree of precision.

One would have thought naturally that many Europeans would have endeavored to escape the actual fires of war by emigrating to America or other countries far from the war zone. Of course shipping and other conditions made emigration difficult. However, it would seem that the war tended to depress rather than to stimulate the instinct of migration among the peoples most vitally affected by the violence of the conflict.

Immigration to this country from Europe fell off tremendously as soon as the war began in 1914, and continued to decline more or less steadily until, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918, there was but little net gain in our



population from that source. In fact during that year only 110,618 immigrant aliens entered the United States from all sources, while 94,585 immigrant aliens left the country during the same period. This left a net gain of less than 18,000.

The decade preceding the opening of the European war gave us annually an average immigration exceeding one million and the net increase in population from immigration sources in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, was 769,276.

#### WHAT INFLUENCES IMMIGRATION

**S**PEAKING broadly two considerations underlie nearly all alien immigrations:

1. Social conditions.
2. Economic conditions.

The first brought about the founding and original development of our country.

The second accounted largely for the phenomenal growth in population characterizing the last fifty years of our history and upon which was builded our modern-day industrial greatness.

Whatever changes the war will cause, it may be assumed that the migration of peoples will continue to be influenced as heretofore by social and economic conditions, barring, of course, artificial restraints or inducements.

Therefore, immigration to the United States or emigration from the United States in coming years is apt to depend substantially on the social and economic conditions existing in this and those other countries whose citizens are admissible as immigrants.

Thus the effect of the war on immigration will be to a large extent, for some years, influenced by the political and economic changes caused or produced by the war.

#### SOCIAL IMPROVEMENTS ABROAD DUE TO THE WAR

**I**T is probable that the war will produce great social improvements throughout most of Europe. The many reforms projected and the promise of land distribution to the

masses in many countries where hitherto it has been held by the privileged few may retard the current that has been flowing towards us for generations; and yet, with all that, the average European is likely to continue to look upon our country as the great haven of freedom. And there is no doubt in my mind that many thousands will continue to seek refuge here for the same reasons, though they may not be so potent, as inspired the bulk of our early immigration.

Nothing but pure conjecture can be ventured as to the future operation of the other chief moving force in the tide of immigration, *i. e.*, economic conditions.

If European countries maintain the validity of their war obligations, taxes will in future years demand a tribute which few persons until lately believed any people could bear. Those burdens may be reduced somewhat through lessened expenditures on military establishments, more economical governments and more equitable distribution of the taxes, but that they will be far beyond those of *ante-bellum* days, then considered highly oppressive, is certain.

Yet we must realize that the citizens of a number of European countries, England of course is included in this statement, bore, during the past four years, burdens far weightier than any they can expect for the future; and that those burdens were accompanied in some ways by a degree of individual prosperity among the masses exceeding any they had ever enjoyed in peace times. That such prosperity was economically false, may be true; but the fact is that, despite the tremendous tax of active war, workmen in nearly all the countries involved enjoyed better wages, and more favorable wage margins, than they had been accustomed to.

While food conditions in Europe for the present are distressing and threaten much suffering, such is only a temporary or passing factor which will be removed as peace-time production gets under way.

We must remember also that the four years of war had great adverse effect on the populations of European countries. While emigration all but ceased, millions were killed or died from disease or wounds at the front, millions were



incapacitated, millions of civilians died or were broken by the strains and privations of war, and the birth-rate dropped almost universally.

Then, also, it may be estimated that there is more work at hand in Europe for those who survive, or rather more work needing to be done than was the case before. All the vast destruction of war calls, at least potentially, for replacement and the deficits in the implements of peace-time commerce caused by the deflection of energies into the activities of war need to be replenished. Indeed, the outlook for the European workingman of the peasant class, barring the period of adjustment from war to peace, may be much better than it was before the war.

Despite the tremendous destruction caused by the war and the huge debts incurred by the governments involved, and the consequent possible increase in taxation, it is not extravagant to imagine a post-war Europe offering to the potential immigrant attractions superior to those he had prior to 1914.

It is also true that the experience of war intensified the love of most Europeans for their native lands and gave added potency to the feeling of Auld Lang Syne. Many thousands who otherwise would have sought new lands will now find it difficult to break the bonds of blood and suffering which the war has added to the usual ties binding them to the environment of their fathers.

#### LARGE IMMIGRATION OF SOLDIERY POSSIBLE

CONVERSELY, the conditions mentioned may inspire many to seek new scenes in which to try and forget the experiences they have known and witnessed; and this may also affect the millions of soldiers, most of whom—despite the heavy casualty lists—are strong and virile, will be released from the armies to find new life niches wherever they can. The migratory spirit has ever been strong among veterans of wars. And the veterans of the Allied armies are likely to feel a veneration and respect for America even exceeding that always felt by the masses in Europe. Con-

tact with our soldiers no doubt has enhanced their visions of American liberty, freedom and economic well-being even beyond the reports of fact and fancy which have ever made America a fairyland of promise to the peasantry of the Old World.

Of course immigrants will come.

Events only will indicate the comparative extent and duration of the movement. No doubt considerable more will come as soon as travel facilities are provided than arrived during the active war years, when as stated the net additions to our population from that source were negligible. Whether the tide will reach former proportions depends upon circumstances in this country and abroad.

Whatever may happen in the matter of volume, we may be assured that under existing laws there will be such an inspection that will cause to be debarred all those who cannot pass the prescribed tests. These will include not only all of those physically, mentally and morally not entitled to admission, but also that still more undesirable type commonly referred to as anarchists, who come for license rather than freedom.

#### WILL THE UNITED STATES BECOME AN EMIGRANT NATION?

THE statement recently given public attention that the United States is in danger of becoming an emigrant nation, should not be taken seriously. No doubt many residents of this country of foreign nativity whose kin have suffered from the privations and horrors of war may visit the place of their birth to give comfort and aid to their loved ones; but in my opinion a large majority of them will return to the places in which they have prospered. No valid foundation has been found upon which to base the radical change predicted. Such statements have encouraged plans to bring in laborers, now prohibited by law, to fill the places of those who would become part of the emigrating classes.

Without now taking up the claim that more laborers will be needed, whether or not the prediction is verified, I desire



to call attention to the fact that a supply exists in abundance in Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands and the Philippines. What better way could be found to build up these possessions or what more suitable plan be devised to bind them to us, to obtain their confidence, to secure their trade, and aid their development, than to engage a portion of their people in our industries on the mainland? We would benefit them immensely and also avoid the reappearance of a disturbing problem that it has been our hope, from economic and other viewpoints, had been settled more than a quarter of a century ago.

# SOCIALISM IN FRANCE

## Its Economic Forms and Political Methods

By AUGUSTIN HAMON

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LÈGE LIBRE DES SCIENCES SOCIALES, PARIS]

THE Socialist Party is the only French political party that is strongly organized on a democratic basis. One of the causes of its great influence lies in French inward and outward politics. All men and women above eighteen years of age may join the party if they agree to the following principles:

“International understanding and action of the workers, political and economical organization of the working class in class-party for the conquest of power and the socialization of the means of production and exchange, that is to say, the transformation of the capitalistic society into a collectivist or communist society.”

Such is the constitutional basis of the party that bears the official name of “Parti Socialiste, Section Française de l’Internationale Ouvrière.”

Before the war the party counted some 75,000 subscribers. By 1915 the war had reduced them to 25,000. It is a party of young men (the majority of socialists being recruited among workmen, few of whom reach old age), the proportion of old men being very small and that of men from forty-five to sixty not high. After mobilization large numbers ceased their subscriptions to the party. But in 1915, when the needs of industry called workers back to factories, the syndicates increased in number and the Socialist Party grew again to 34,000.

But as a fact, Frenchmen hold various political opinions. I may truthfully state, however, that excepting a small minority they are all Republicans and Royalism is dead, though some of its supporters still talk loudly.



The Republicans include Progressists, Liberals, Conservatives; Radicals, Radical-Socialists, and Socialists. The first group constitute a very small minority. The other groups hold some views in common, among others their strong democratic tendency. The French democrats are recruited among the peasantry, the workmen and the "petit bourgeois" (traders, clerks, skilled laborers). Beyond question they constitute the bulk of the nation.

#### SOCIALIST STRENGTH IN CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

IF we take for a basis the representation at the Chamber of Deputies—elected in April, 1914—we find approximately that the Radicals and Radical-Socialists make up 5/10 of the voters; the Socialists—including the so-called Independent Socialists—2/10; the Progressive-Liberal-Conservative Republicans, 2/10; the Royalists, scarcely 1/20. The balance, 1/20, is made up of citizens who, without disregarding political strife, refrain from voting. They often hold very advanced opinions, for many among them are Anarchists or have Anarchist tendencies. Those who belong to the rich classes seldom refrain from voting.

Those known as Socialists are the "Independent Socialists"; and those called "Socialistes Unifiés" in pre-war times were grouped in one party composed of various Socialist groups joined in one. Today they are simply called "Socialists."

The "Independent Socialists" have but a few representatives in the Chamber of Deputies. They number perhaps 1/30 of the electors. Messrs. Briand, Augagneur, Viviani belong to this group, which is a kind of transition between the Radicals and the Socialist Party. Their program is not essentially Socialist, for their object is not the socialization of the means of production. On the other hand, the Anarchist-Communists must be held Socialists, considering the communistic character of the ideal they are trying to realize. They are few in number, but have much influence among the workers' groups. Their influence was greater still some fifteen to twenty-five years ago. Let me mention

among them Paul Reclus, a nephew of the illustrious geographer and sociologist Elisée Reclus; Jean Grave, André Girard, etc. Others, without giving up their ideal of liberty and communism, joined the Socialist Party, being of opinion that collective action alone made it possible to change capitalism into a socializing and afterwards socialistic society.

#### THE SOCIALIST PRESS

THE Socialist Party spreads its propaganda at frequent private and public meetings in towns, large and small, by booklets and leaflets, and of course in daily and other newspapers. Jean Jaurès, until his death the dominating personality in French Socialism, founded *L'Humanité*, the organ of the French Socialist Party. His successor as editor was Pierre Renaudel, a Deputy, but after the Congress of Paris, last October, he was supplanted by M. Cachin, also a Deputy. Another Parisian Socialist paper, the evening *Populaire*, is edited by Jean Longuet, a Deputy, and Paul Faure. It is an exponent of the policies of the *minoritaires*, with whom I shall presently deal. The daily *France Libre* represents the group known as "The Forty."

In the provinces, *Le Populaire du Centre* (Limoges), *Le Midi Socialiste* and *Le Droit du Peuple* (Grenoble) are purely socialistic dailies partly affiliated with Federations. A few "bourgeois" papers that publish articles by Socialists and are sometimes edited by Socialists are *L'Heure*, edited by M. Marcel Sembat; *Le Journal du Peuple*, edited by M. Henry Fabre. Of the same kind are *La Vérité*, *Le Pays*, *La Lanterne*, edited in Paris; *La Dépêche de Toulouse*, etc.

Among the weeklies are *Le Cri du Peuple* (Brest), edited by E. Goude, a Deputy; *La Défense du Cher*, *La République Sociale* (Aude); *Le Socialiste Nivernais* (Nevers), *Le Travailleur de l'Yonne*, *Le Cri Populaire* (Bordeaux), *Le Progrès* (Loire-et-Cher), etc. In Paris, an illustrated satirical weekly, *Le Canard Enchaîné*, designed by H. R. Gassier; *Le Droit des Peuples*, half Belgian, half French, published by E. Grenier. A monthly review, *L'Avenir*, edited by J. B. Séverac, has taken the place of *La Revue Socialiste*



and *Le Mouvement Socialiste* that the war caused to disappear. Two other monthly reviews, *La Clairière* and *L'Action Internationale*, published in Paris, represent a kind of Socialism tinted, the first with Syndicalism and the latter with Anarchism.

The list shows the activity of the Socialists' propaganda by means of papers. During the war it was the best way they had of spreading their opinions and criticizing the "capitalistic" policy. During the two first years of the war some Socialist groups as well as individuals resorted to clandestine leaflets and pamphlets, posting them as letters to escape censorship.

#### STRENGTH OF THE PARTY

IT would be an error to judge of the strength of the Socialist Party by its 34,000 adherents, about 3/2000 of the French population above eighteen years of age. It is not in our French habits to form political groups and pay subscriptions. Those who do so are only those who care for public matters and are conscious that their personal welfare depends on the welfare of the collectivity. More often the Frenchman is satisfied to express his own clear political and social opinions individually in conversation and at election time, but he does not take the trouble of joining one or several groups.

The number of votes gathered by the Socialist Deputies at the legislative elections show then with more truth the strength of the different political opinions. The last elections took place in 1914 and the candidates of the party gathered more than a million suffrages. And the voters were men only of twenty-one years of age and above. At that time the Socialist Party represented therefore in reality about a sixth of the French nation, for even if women were called to vote, the relation between the parties would not be greatly modified.

In January, 1905, the different Socialist organizations of France that had existed for years became merged in one group, commonly called the "*Parti Unifié*." They were

really absorbed in the party, with the exception however of the Parti Ouvrier Français (P. O. F.), whose principal leaders then were Jules Guesde and Paul Lafargue. For that reason the P. O. F. was often called the "Guesdist" Party. Its well-trained adherents obeyed strictly their leaders, who were much influenced by the German Social Democrats. They borrowed their inflated and revolutionary vocabulary and phraseology, while their action and policy were quite different. The "guesdism" was in fact a state of mind that still lasted after the unification of the party.

At that time Jean Jaurès—a political genius of a high encyclopedic culture, great orator, simple and hearty in his ways—was still alive. He had tremendous influence among all the Socialists. His great erudition, straightforwardness, kindness and sincerity placed him at the head of the Socialist Party, and he gathered all the Socialists round him, except those belonging to the Guesdist faction. He knew that in a party founded on democratic principles a leader must never break from the popular masses, but must always be in touch with them, were it sometimes necessary to follow them and alter the policy that he thought right. He knew this and he practised it. That is why Jaurès tended more and more to the left of the party. The latter existed before the war: it was a group of young men with a few older ones, the "Syndicalists," who were anxious that the party should agree with the C. G. T. (Confédération Générale du Travail). The leaders of this latter group were Pierre Dormoy, who became Conseiller Général de la Seine; Gaston Lévy, Ernest Lafont, Deputy of the Loire, and the writer of this article.

#### EFFECT OF JAURES' ASSASSINATION

ON the eve of the invasion of French soil by the Germans, Jaurès was murdered. His death deprived France of a political genius who would certainly have played a very important part in the tragedy of the world-war. It deprived French Socialism of the man most influential in it and who predominated over all the other leaders. The leaders that



were left were intelligent and active, but not first-rate men. They were Pierre Renaudel, Albert Thomas, Marcel Sembat, Jean Longuet, Pressemane, Paul Mistral, Alexandre Varenne, etc. I do not mention Edouard Vaillant or Jules Guesde, the veterans of French Socialism, and the protagonists of the first hour. Old age was weakening their power. One of them, E. Vaillant, even died during the war.

Among the remaining leaders none was great enough to set himself over the others. The party then found itself a prey to contests for leadership and antagonistic clans.

#### THE WAR BRINGS ABOUT A "UNION SACREE"

**F**RENCH reverses at the beginning of the war had an influence on the Socialist masses as well as on their leaders. They were thus led to accept the "*Union Sacrée*," namely, the cessation of political strife between adverse parties. From the *Union Sacrée* the policy of class co-operation was to derive. It was openly practised when the French government counted at first two, and then three Socialist Ministers: MM. Marcel Sembat and Jules Guesde, M. Albert Thomas.

In agreement with the organization of the party, none of its members may be a Minister without the authorization of the party represented by a Congress or, failing the latter, the Commission Administrative Permanente. But considering the circumstances of the war (mobilization, "état de siège," partial occupation of French soil), a Congress was impossible. The C. A. P. should then appoint the members of the Ministry of Coalition. Such a democratic system had its drawbacks in the eyes of some individuals, for the party might delegate as Ministers men who would fail to please the President of the Republic because unbendable and thoroughly socialistic.

#### PRESIDENT POINCARE'S POLITICAL SKILL

**T**HIS danger was avoided with the greatest ability in the following manner: M. Raymond Poincaré sent for his colleague of the Court of Justice, M. Marcel Sembat, a

wealthy barrister like himself, and explained to him the necessity of a Ministry of Coalition, while he offered two ministerial seats to the Socialists, one for M. Sembat himself, and the other for another Socialist. M. Sembat immediately assented to the combination. And, with his great suppleness of mind and his excellent qualities of Parliamentary manoeuvre, he immediately thought of Jules Guesde for the other seat. This was very clever because it prevented the Guesdist clan from opposing a Ministry of Coalition, that clan which was, according to the phraseology so dear to Germany, the ardent protagonist of class-strife, and the fierce adversary of class co-operation. Did M. Sembat entertain the President with this? I do not know, but it is probable. Howbeit, he disclosed the situation without delay to what remained of the C. A. P. and exposed the wish and offer of the President. He naturally supported but weakly the idea of a Cabinet of Coalition, but laid stress on the gravity of the situation, and then glided over the offer he had received of a seat. But noticing protest on the faces of a few members, he added that the President had also thought of Jules Guesde. From that moment every possible opposition disappeared, and MM. J. Guesde and Marcel Sembat were allowed to enter the Cabinet. M. Raymond Poincaré's tactics had succeeded. Later on M. Albert Thomas also entered the Ministry, but he was called there by reason of the great activity he had displayed in organizing the munitions industry during the war.

#### SOCIALISTS IN THE CABINET

THE policy of the government was such that no one could have guessed that there were Socialists among the members of the Cabinet. Instead of exerting their influence to make the government act in democratic way, they let the various governments of which they were members exercise a conservative policy, less liberal than that of the English governments. It was so because M. J. Guesde was old and ill, had lost his energy, and M. Marcel Sembat looked on events more as an artist and dilettante than as a man of action



and a thinker. How different the situation would have been if Jaurès had been alive!

The democratic and socialistic spirit appeared a little in the Cabinet with M. Albert Thomas. Young and energetic, highly cultivated—he took his degree in the Ecole Normale Supérieure—extremely active, M. Albert Thomas' work was enormous and excellent in his Ministry of Armaments. But it was only after a certain time that he was able to exercise any influence over the general policy. To him we owe the answer of the Entente to the questions asked by President Wilson in December, 1916.

The presence of Socialists in the Cabinet had given to the mass of the people the impression that something was altered in French politics. It was therefore a great disappointment to see that such was not the case. Displeasure grew and spread among both mobilized and unmobilized workers. It led some members of the C. G. T. and some Socialists to go to Zimmerwald in September, 1915. It is then that the group of the "minoritaires" first appeared and afterwards gradually developed in the course of the long war, under the pressure of circumstances. The dissatisfaction was great to see the leaders rule the party in an autocratic way without the bulk of the Socialists being able to know the reasons of the apparent apathy of its Socialist Ministers. The people were complaining over the rupture of international relations and the silence of the Allied governments regarding war aims.

As I said in my book, "Lessons of the World War":

"The circumstances created by the war were revolutionary and a revolutionary spirit sprang up in the mass of the proletariat, asking only to be set in motion by the attitude and the actions of the leaders. But nothing came of it. The admirable human material ready to hand was not utilized. Not one of the Socialist leaders understood, or dared to understand that the situation was truly revolutionary and that revolutionary means necessarily matched a revolutionary situation."

Because of the long duration of the war, and in consequence of the conditions just enumerated, the "Minoritaires"

group gradually grew in number until it became the majority at the National Council of July, 1918, confirmed by the Congress of October, 1918. In the course of this development the "Majoritaires" had been forced to yield ground, as for instance after the return from Russia of two deputies, MM. Marcel Cachin and Marius Moutet, who were quite enthusiastic over the Russian revolution. But if the greater number of the Majoritaires were accentuating their policy toward the left, a small minority tended to lean on the right. It is thus that some intellectuals had formerly made a group, the "Comité Socialiste pour la Paix du Droit." In the same way, 40 Socialist deputies had issued a manifesto at the beginning of 1918 and published a daily paper, *La France Libre*, that was more nationalistic than socialistic.

#### SOME SOCIALIST LEADERS

ON the eve of the October Congress the Socialist party was divided in different groups. From the extreme right to the extreme left we have first the "Forty," then the "Majoritaires," the "Centrists," the "Minoritaires," and at the extreme left the "Kienthal" section.

The Forty are a staff of deputies without any troops. Their principal leaders are MM. Compère Morel, Alexandre Varenne, Adrien Véber. These men, who are good speakers, active, of an average intelligence, have no authority whatever on the Socialist masses; there is even a certain suspicion regarding MM. Compère Morel and Varenne, who are commonly regarded as "très embourgeoisés" and "très arrivistes."

The Majoritaires had the direction of the party until the last Congress, with men like Albert Thomas, Pierre Renaudel, Bracke, Louis Dubreuil, etc. Besides M. Albert Thomas, the most remarkable leader of this group is evidently Pierre Renaudel. His physical appearance immediately shows his natural strength, for he is tall, rather stout and massive, his brow broad, though somewhat receding. In intelligence he has not the amplitude that Jaurès had, whose disciple and imitator he is. But he has sufficient qualities to become one



of the best if not the best leader of the party. To attain this end, he should however get rid of the influences that sway him, and the narrow views he, too, holds. He is an orator whom the masses listen to. He is bold and able to impress himself upon his hearers, and he is besides very often a clever political tactician, perhaps even too clever sometimes—a heritage from his Norman origin. Being a veterinary surgeon by profession, his culture is far from being as developed as that of Jaurès or Albert Thomas, but as he is an active worker, he has considerably added to his knowledge, while remaining a man “of the people,” a valuable asset.

The Centrists form a group with, so far, but few adherents. They wanted to prevent scissions occurring in Councils and Congresses so that the party would always be united in its opposition to capitalism. Their intention was good, but to realize it they should have had other men than those who set themselves as leaders, not at the beginning, but during 1918. When the group was first formed, in 1916-1917, the leaders were MM. Auriol, Bedouce, Ernest Lafont, a deputy. Later on MM. Marcel Sembat, Marcel Cachin and others joined this section. The first place was taken by M. Sembat who slowly and skillfully turned to the Minoritaires in order to regain his popularity, lost when a minister. M. Marcel Cachin is a Breton, born among the lower class. After having studied hard, he got some university degrees, but he began his political career early as a Socialist of the Guesdist section. He met with success, for he speaks easily and convincingly though his speech is too phraseological. At the last Congress, M. Bracke, a university professor and a remarkable Greek scholar, called to him, during an interruption: “Humbug!” The epithet is somewhat sharp. Does it express the truth? It would be hazardous to say, but it must be noticed that the variations of Marcel Cachin’s policy and speeches seem to give some ground to Bracke’s appreciation. After the Congress of October, M. Marcel Cachin became the editor of *L’Humanité*. His editorials are far from equaling those of M. Renaudel. The Centrist group possesses a man of very fine intellect and

great culture, M. Ernest Lafont, a barrister. Still young he is only beginning his political career.

#### THE NEO-MAJORITAIRES

THE Minoritaires are no longer the minority. They have become the majority and are now known as the "Neo-Majoritaires." Their leaders are numerous, and include deputies and others, but none of them is above the average. In this, they are like the leaders of the other sections. They are: M. Jean Longuet, a barrister, who hardly ever speaks in the Chamber, of which he is a member; he is a grandson of Karl Marx and the son of an old "Communard," Charles Longuet. His relation to Karl Marx is one of his greatest cards in the part he plays in the party to which his average intellect scarcely fitted him. M. Mistral, formerly a merchant of Grenoble; M. Mayèras, a professor whose eloquence is cutting; M. Emile Goude, an official of Marine, an active worker full of common sense; M. Valière, an intelligent man whose modesty partly annihilates him; M. Paul Faure, emphatical and passionate; L. Léon Frossard, formerly a schoolmaster dismissed because of his political opinions, afterwards a manual worker and now secretary of the party. M. Frossard is an intelligent man, his speech is clear and incisive; he is a real force. His square jaw betokens will and energy. He is ambitious and, in a few years, if the course of events is not disturbed, Léon Frossard will probably be one of the party's principal leaders.

At the October Congress the Kienthaliens made a block with the other Minoritaires, in spite of the great difference in their policies. They represent about a third of the present majority. Their leaders are MM. Lorient, Rappoport, Alexandre Blanc, Raffin-Dugens, whose intellectual values are middling.

#### MEDIOCRITY A GENERAL THING

AS one may judge from this rapid survey of the leaders of the party mediocrity is their general characteristic. When Jaurès lived all these men were good lieutenants un-



der his leadership. But Jaurès' death broke up this entente. Each lieutenant thought himself called to be the principal leader. This caused different clans to appear in the party. As it is easier to rule autocratically than democratically, the autocratic tendency became manifest. Men were inadequate to the situation. And this was so because no new man is allowed to appear in the party because of its growing strength and rigidity, in the course of years, through its having been organized on the model of the German social democracy. If a newcomer wishes to rise, he must belong to one of the clans and follow the regular channel.

This situation of the party makes it clear why the Congress of October, 1918, was still, more than before, a contest of persons for obtaining the places, and not a contest of opinions. No policy for the future was decided on. This is weakening a good deal the party in its action. The responsibility rests on all the sections alike. Three motions were issued, all three vague and verbose. That of the Minoritaires gathered the majority—a small one on the whole: 316 mandates out of a total of 3,000 mandates. The Majoritaire, Centrist and Minoritaire motions did not offer great differences, at least in wording. But it was difficult to divine the ideas that permeated the party, so obscure were the motions. We must, to judge of the state of mind of the whole party, compare them with the motions voted unanimously to approve President Wilson's peace policy. One may say without error that the party's wishes are for a durable and just peace, based on the free disposition of the peoples, the renewal of international relations with the other Socialist parties of the world, the revival of the Internationale, keeping as ever its aims of socialization of the means of production and goods.

The change of clans in the direction of the party has not altered its policy since August, 1914, and it will not change yet. The Neo-Majoritaires will do what the old Majoritaires did. Events draw men rapidly along and men must follow them and submit to them.

## CONFLICTING CONCEPTIONS OF SOCIALISM

THIS war, as I said in my "Lessons of the World War," was a contest between two conceptions of socialism, State socialism, represented by the German Social democracy, and federalist and libertarian socialism, represented by the Franco-Belgians. The destruction of the German autocracy ensures the triumph of federalist over state socialism.

In the course of the world war, the Socialist Party is the only one that had a war policy, especially in financial and economical matters. On several occasions, the government had to apply measures proposed by the Socialists, but always some months too late. The Socialist Party is the only political party of France that did not stop its political life. If public meetings were forbidden and private meetings made difficult, men whose influence was felt politically did not remain the less active militants in the *Ligue des Droits de l'Homme*, the *Coalition Républicaine*, and economically in the co-operatives and in its relations with the C. G. T.

Somewhat handicapped though the party was, it had however the best position in the recent cataclysm, and men joined it who belonged to the Radical party, or even more to the Right. Under the pressure of circumstances the Socialist ideal has won adherents among the peasant class, the small bourgeoisie and the urban proletariat. The duration of the war has played an important part in this fact. The hate of war and militarism, expressed only by the Socialists before the war, has become general and has brought many people to the socialistic ideal. The socialistic measures adopted as regards food questions, repartition of raw stuff, transports, etc., have accustomed men to the possibility of the realization of Socialism. That is why I draw from it the assurance that the Socialists are growing in number. At the time of the elections—probably during the first six months of 1919—at municipal elections, and general councils, deputies and senators, we shall have a tangible proof of this. I presume that we shall have Socialists in the Senate, and that the number



of deputies will double, thus representing a third of the French population, if not more. The result will be that the Socialist Party will be called upon to play a more and more important part in the policy of the country.

#### SOCIALIST PARTY FACING A CRISIS

EVERYTHING tends to prove that the French Socialist Party is just now facing a crisis. It is being transformed, as were the Socialist parties of Denmark and Germany. Between the extreme Right and the extreme Left, the common points are so rare that a true understanding is almost impossible. It seems as if a split would be the inevitable result. Logically the party ought to divide into three sections: a central section, the most important one, including the Neo-Majoritaires and the Neo-Minoritaires, and the two other sections would be the Kienthaliens and "Forty." It may be that owing to the zeal of the leader, the division will take place in the center of the party, thus causing two sections to appear having each a well differentiated extreme Right and extreme Left, and causing in consequence a complete breaking up of the party. Howbeit, it seems certain that the party will divide in two or three new parties. But this will not weaken Socialism—on the contrary. The section of the extreme Right will hold, in spite of all socialistic tendencies which will influence governmental circles, while it will itself be subjected, *nolens volens*, to the influence of the Socialist Party. On the other hand, the latter will be influenced by the separate section of the extreme Left. I do not doubt that the war has given a powerful impulse to Socialism, and consequently the Socialist Party is called upon to play a still greater political part than it has ever played. I prophesy this supposing that the course of events run smoothly. But the case might be different, for financial, economical, and, generally speaking, political conditions are eminently revolutionary. If such possibilities are realized the Socialist Party and the Confédération Générale du Travail (General Confederation of Labor) will hold the whole destiny of France in their hands.

# FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE —FIRST BATTLEFIELD NURSE

How Queen Victoria Awarded Her the Order of the  
Red Cross

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

THE air trembled with the roll of the guns. Rifle fire crackled to staccato and tempoed down. The sinking sun flashed bayonets, red with work. A man groaned. Through the acrid smoke from the shells a woman came. She was dressed neatly in blue, very slender, very girlish, very pretty; some called her delicately molded face spirituelle. She knelt beside the wounded man and held his head in her arms, "You are not going to die," she whispered. . . .

The cavalry had charged. The staff had thought the enemy line breaking and launched a galloping thunderbolt to spread confusion and panic. With wild yells they had crashed down the little valley, the beat of thousands of hoofs on the battle-strewn earth. . . . Then the cavalry came back, a few of them; for some one had blundered. Riderless horses, a tangle of equipment, men drunkingly swaying in the saddles, others, their spurs caught in the stirrups, dragging like effigies—clamor, chaos, rout. The woman met them, this very young, very serious girl whose face the wounded looked upon as a saint's. She bound a trooper's wounds, "You were all so brave to go," she said. He looked up with a grin, "Thank you, miss, but we'd go again." . . .

A great battle had been fought. They were bringing back the wounded to a base hospital—the trudging wounded with their chins on their breasts; the clinging wounded, arms around a comrade's shoulder, hopping on one foot, dragging something that used to be a leg; the "stretcher cases" inert



on a canvas strung between two poles, others that lay on the blankets very still and gave no sign of life unless to cry, "Water! Water!" They were bringing back the wounded by the thousands. They were bringing them into a great building where other men cut away their mud-caked boots, cut away whole patches of their uniforms where there were dark stains. Men, all men and misery. And then the woman came. As she directed the workers her gentle voice became imperious with commands; when she spoke to the wounded it was as if an angel had passed. One woman, thousands of men; and into that place of misery came cheerfulness. . . .

France? No. Italy? Far from it. Those things happened more than half a century ago. They happened in the Crimea. And the woman was Florence Nightingale. She did not live to see the Great War but her spirit was over there. Her presence walked with the thousands of nurses who tenderly cared for wounded men. Her spirit consciously or unconsciously influenced every woman who worked for the Red Cross, or in other ways sought to alleviate the sufferings of war. For Florence Nightingale was the first woman to carry mercy to the battlefields. After her work in the Crimean War, Queen Victoria of England presented her with a cross of red enamel; it lay in a box on a pillow of white satin—whence comes the emblem of the Red Cross. Henri Dunant, the Swiss physician to whom the Red Cross Society owes its inception, has said: "Though I am known as the founder of the Red Cross and the originator of the Convention of Geneva, it is to an Englishwoman that all the honor of that convention is due. What inspired me was the work of Miss Nightingale in the Crimea."

#### HER GREAT WORK

**F**LORENCE NIGHTINGALE achieved great things. She is one of the heroines of history. In the light of her vast achievements her heroism in the Crimea is trivial. It is not that she braved the dangers of battle; thousands of women have done that. But Florence Nightingale changed the profession of nursing. Before her coming it was considered in

a more or less disreputable light; most nurses were coarse, even immoral persons; if a woman took up nursing there was placed upon her the Great Taboo. That ended with Florence Nightingale.

She introduced sanitation into the calculations of military leaders. Before her day—and the Crimean War was a shocking example of it—military leaders thought that their one concern was tactics, reserves, food and ammunition. Never a campaign but brought with it the unseeing enemy, Disease; and men dying like flies. Florence Nightingale fought for sanitation in the armies and, awakening the need for this in the military conscience, saved the world, from her day to this, millions of lives. Every clean piece of hospital linen, every scrupulously scrubbed plate, every super-sterilized surgical instrument, every cup of greaseless broth, every clean-swept corner, every carefully swept camp street, every camp kitchen free from refuse, every great can for boiling water—every device known to modern armies to keep the sick and the well free from disease is due to the pioneer work of this woman.

Nor is that all. Women in business, woman suffrage, women's rights—they are commonplace today. Not so half a century ago. Those were some of Florence Nightingale's ideals. She worked for them just as she worked to relieve sufferers. She had no patience for a career that only included a knowledge of when not to trump a partner's ace, direct the serving of a dinner, or play Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." She wanted to "do things." She knew that other women had the same ambitions, that they secretly rebelled against being kept in artificial growth in a bird-cage. She gave expression to the unspoken desires of the Englishwomen of her day, and was the first champion of women's rights.

What sort of a person was she? Nothing very startling, just like thousands of other English or American girls. Possibly her greatest asset was that she did things instead of talking about going to do them. There was that and the fact that she came to be very sure of herself that she possessed executive ability. There was nothing of the Joan of



Are about Florence Nightingale. She did not hear any voices; nor was she divinely inspired. Much that is nonsense and balderdash has been written about her—particularly when she died. Queen Victoria expressed her quite neatly. "Such a clear head; I wish we had it in the War Office."

#### A BORN NURSE

THE popular conception of Florence Nightingale's career is of a girl of very good family who, moved by a wave of pity, forsook the pleasures of fashionable life for the horrors of the Crimean War, scattering on its battlefields sweet words and comfort; who retired at the close of the war to private life and lived thenceforth in the seclusion of an invalid's room, varied only by good deeds to hospitals and nurses and by gracious and sentimental pieties. But her life was built on much larger lines. She was born of an upper middle-class English family in Florence, Italy, in 1820. Her father's name was not Nightingale but Shore. The name Nightingale was a condition imposed by the inheritance of an estate. It is interesting to know that her mother was the daughter of William Smith, a member of Parliament, who advocated the emancipation of the negroes and other ideas calculated to relieve suffering in the world. Florence Nightingale grew up much in the same way as other girls. She received an excellent education, became a good musician and was facile in the use of languages. Her home was in Derbyshire at a place called Lea Hurst. It is said that when she was a girl she used to visit the cottagers there bringing dainties to those who were ill. Hers was a sympathy quick to be awakened. She became interested in hospitals, she observed that in England and on the Continent most of these institutions were in the care of Sisters of Charity. She felt that the women of the Protestant Church should also undertake work of this kind and at once began a study of it. She heard that in Germany there was already such a hospital in operation, the Fliedner Hospital at Kaiserwerth, and, when

she was twenty-nine, she took a course there. Returning to London she had a conversation with Dr. Howe of Boston, famous for his work in educating the blind. This conversation reflects the attitude of that day toward women who "did things." "Dr. Howe," said Florence Nightingale, "may I ask you to tell me upon your word whether it would be anything unsuitable or unbecoming to a young Englishwoman, if she should devote herself to works of charity in hospitals?"

"I say to you," replied Dr. Howe, "go forward, if you have a vocation for that way of life; act up to your aspiration, and you will find that there is never anything unbecoming or unladylike in doing your duty for the good of others."

Florence Nightingale, her own opinion confirmed, launched herself upon her career. By the time the Crimean War broke out, she, as a result of continuous study and training, was conversant with all that anyone could teach her in regard to nursing, diet, hospital construction and hygiene. She was active in hospital work in London when war began to rumble. In the spring of 1854 the Bear Who Walked Like a Man began to waddle down from the Russian forests toward Turkey. The Foreign policy of Britain at the time did not relish Russia seizing the Dardanelles. So Great Britain entered the war on Turkey's behalf and 25,000 soldiers were dispatched to Constantinople. The Battle of the Alma was fought and won and all London rejoiced. Then, from that out of the way part of the world, the truth began to trickle back. England was stunned to read in the papers one morning a revelation of appalling conditions in the Crimea. Russell, a famous war correspondent of his day, declared that the British War Office had been woefully lacking in hospital and sanitary planning, that there were thousands of wounded and sick lying in abominable conditions in the old Turkish barracks at Scutari without decent nursing. He ended his story with an appeal. "Are there no devoted women among us able and willing to go forth and minister to the sick and suffering soldiers of the East in the hospital at Scutari? Are none of the daughters of England at this extreme hour of need ready for such mercy work?"



## ANSWERING THE CALL

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE read that appeal. She at once wrote the Minister for War offering her services. He, roused by the storm of indignation that was sweeping England, had written her. Their letters crossed in the mail. He wrote to her: "There is, so far as I know, only one person in England capable of organizing and directing such a plan, and I have been several times on the point of asking you if you would be disposed to make the attempt." Six days later Florence Nightingale, accompanied by 34 women volunteers, sailed for the Crimea. When it was proposed to give them a parade and an official farewell, she said: "I am naturally a very shy person," and with her little band she left quietly on her splendid adventure.

Florence Nightingale arrived in Turkey the very day the bloody battle of Inkerman was fought. She found, at Scutari, that great barrack hospital, the revelation of the conditions which had caused such an uproar in England. The barracks was a huge quadrangle, its corridors rising floor above floor, and had a linear extent of four miles. When Florence Nightingale took her first walk around it there were 2,300 patients—two miles of sick beds, beds foul with mud and undressed wounds. She found mattresses strewn in the corridors; the wards steamed with fever, cholera and filth. The air was heavy with gangrene. And to this great company of the sick and dying were added hour by hour the wounded from Inkerman. By nightfall of her first day in the Crimea there were 5,000 cases in the hospital—and an army of disease and filth.

But that was not all of her problem. There was the stupid, ingrown prejudice and arrogance of old-fashioned army officers. "The War Office must be crazy to send a woman down here. War is a man's job. This little slip of a girl will only be in the way. She'll probably die on our hands and then there will be an investigation and a lot of silly rot."

"Yes," a General agreed, "it will be bad for the discipline, too. These girls coming down here and pampering the

soldiers—a fine state of affairs, I say. And they expect us to win a war with petticoats around.”

“A silly business,” an old campaigner agreed. “If the men are going to get well, they’re going to get well. If they’re going to die, they’re going to die.” This is reflected in a letter written by an officer of that day. “Our Colonel is tickled by a saying of the mess room that ‘Miss Nightingale has shaved her head to keep out vermin.’ I wonder if she will wear a wig or a helmet. Women imagine that war can be made without wounds. They will be teaching us how to fight next. As for their ideas of nursing, why some of the ladies actually took to scrubbing floors. The Colonel greatly resents her capture of orderlies for mere purposes of nursing.

#### THE HEROINE OF THE CRIMEAN WAR

**J**UST after the Crimean War was over there was a dinner given in London to the officers who had served in that campaign. It was suggested that each guest write upon a slip of paper the name of the person whose services would be longest remembered. When the papers were examined each bore the name of “Florence Nightingale.” What had changed the attitude of the military?

From the day that Florence Nightingale entered the great hospital at Scutari it was fired with a new intelligence. She brought pity, energy and womanly invention. She declared war on dirt. She brought into the hospital fresh air, clean linen, sweet food and soft hands. Previously the men had eaten the rough provender dished up by army cooks. Florence Nightingale organized a great kitchen to provide special food for the wounded. She caused to be built a great laundry and dirt disappeared. The stupid, crude devices of men and the brainless routine of military bureaucrats she swept into the air almost with the wave of her slender hand. She was impatient with red tape. Stores had arrived from England. Her wounded were languishing for them. Military red tape required that they could not be issued until they had been inspected. Heavy-footed officers fussed about the



stores all day; by night the work had not been completed, so they locked the doors behind them. The sick could wait. That night Florence Nightingale called for a couple of orderlies and under her direction they smashed the doors with axes and the stores were issued to the wounded that night.

Whenever the conditions in the hospital were most dangerous, whenever disease was most prevalent and death was hovering close, Florence Nightingale was there. As her slender form glided quietly along, every soldier's face softened with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers retired for the night and silence and darkness settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she could be seen making her solitary rounds, holding a little lamp in her hand. And there were men who in gratitude turned to kiss her shadow on their pillows as it passed. At two o'clock one morning they found her writing down the dying words of a soldier. He had committed to her his watch and trinkets, and he closed his eyes with her hand upon his brow. Night after night she walked along those four miles of sick beds, carrying the little lamp. It was that which inspired Longfellow to write "The Lady of the Lamp."

Cleaner of the Augean Stables of Scutari, Savior of thousands of lives; with her sweet, spirituelle face an exalting inspiration to thousands of rough men, she, the frail, cultured little English girl, gave her health to humanity. The terrible strain of the work in the Crimea, day after day, often twenty hours on her feet without rest, broke her down; but they called her "The soldier's friend," and she was happy. Cold statistics tell what she did in the Crimea. When she entered the hospital hell at Scutari the death rate was 42 per cent; when she left it, it was 2 per cent. Upon her return to England her health broke down. She became an invalid. Her slender little body had done all it could, but her spirit lived on, sending inspiration out into the world, stirring women to go and do likewise.

And what did Florence Nightingale say one day when she sat in her home in London, a placid old lady whose dainty lace cap fell over her silver hair in long lapels, giving a charm-

ing frame to a face singularly beautiful in old age? She said: "There can be no such thing as civilized warfare. The day must come when the killing of men by men in the name of war shall be no longer glory, but disgrace. That is the lesson, the only one worth while taught by the killing of men by men."

## A LIFE

By ARLEEN HACKETT

OUT of a mist, a dream, a vague unknowing,  
Into this world we come, to fight, to pray—  
Striving through years, perhaps, to gain a showing,  
Then through a mist, a dream, a vague unknowing,  
Into a silence deep, we slip away.



# THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

## *"Plays of Gods and Men"*

DISCOVERING Lord Dunsany in 1919 should be more or less of an impossibility, yet each performance given by the Stuart Walker players emphasizes with amazing regularity the fact that Lord Dunsany's work is not known to the majority of American theatregoers. If it were, his plays would be shown more constantly and to such sizable audiences that only the biggest theatres of the country could be used to accommodate them. This would mean big stages, and Mr. Walker's art and the Dunsany dramas would profit by spacious settings and many supernumeraries.

Any lack of popularity of this author's work lies in the fact that the average theatregoer in the United States is shy of short plays. There is a mistaken theme that they belong to the amateur and not to the regular theatre, yet no three-hour drama can develop more sustained interest than "The Gods of the Mountain," and not even the Winter Garden offers more chance for the spectacular than "The Laughter of the Gods," with its ladies weeping over the lack of gold dust for their purple, blue and green hair.

After seeing his miniature dramas one might easily guess that Lord Dunsany was Irish. From the peat bogs and rocky crags of his native land have come whispers of folklore that must have gone deep in his heart. Kings and gods have visited him with splendor and terror, and from his own everyday world he has drawn his common folk. He has a biting sense of satire that is akin to humor. Gods and men are his topics, with the gods strangely typifying the relentless destiny that cannot be altered. While he has laid his plays in the far-away days of barbaric splendor, his situations are thoroughly modern. One realizes that, after all, men have changed but little from the time of the decadence in

Babylon. Today, as ever, we believe that we are super-human—that we can cheat destiny. Like the gods of the mountains, Destiny seems to be only an image of jade.

Lord Dunsany's art has been fortunate in the fact that it has been introduced by a master craftsman of the theatre, Stuart Walker, who once again proves his talent. The plays are richly mounted, and splendidly cast. All the subtle spell of the Orient is present—color, incense, lighting, severe flat backgrounds of daring colors. The players reflect Mr. Walker's spirit of excellence. George Gaul, undoubtedly one of the most versatile of the younger players, proves himself of rare histrionic ability, no matter if he is the young, scheming beggar of "The Gods of the Mountains" or the old prophet of "The Laughter of the Gods." Margaret Mower, as clever as she is beautiful, lends much to the success of the play; her mad queen in "The Laughter of the Gods" could not be improved upon, for she brings out all the poetic beauty of the character. McKay Morris, Beatrice Maude, Edgar Stehli, Aldrich Bowker and Morgan Farley, all members of Mr. Walker's company for several seasons past, lend their capabilities to each play in the repertoire.

Stuart Walker and Lord Dunsany are a more than ordinarily interesting combination of dramatist and producer. What Stuart Walker might do with the Dunsany plays if a large stage were at his disposal is a joy to imagine.

### *Two Great Players at Their Best*

MRS. FISKE'S new play, "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," is the story of a jilted woman returning to her home after twenty years to right the love affair of her niece and the son of the man who has jilted her. Laurence Eyre, the author, calls his play a comedy of "Moonshine, Madness and Make-Believe." It is all of that, but above all it allows one of our most capable players the opportunity to offer a characterization that must stand with her best work. The play has little real suspense, just enough to carry the audience through three acts of acquaintanceship with some delightful dwellers



of the old New Orleans French *quartier*. Many of their actions, when regarded from the light of a cold Northern view, are quite "mad"—but they are amusing and offer some slangy dialect of the Creole that might find its way into our vocabulary, judging from the way the audience repeats the odd phrases used in the play. Of course, the ending is happy, making it possible for Mis' Nelly to find contentment in the arms of the man who sent her heartbroken to Paris twenty years before. The whole play is Mrs. Fiske; she "makes" it as probably no other player could do. She is a perfect Creole, touched by Paris. Her humor is excellent, leaving only the memory of her scarred unhappiness. The correctness of the dialect, by the way, is vouched for by no less an authority than George W. Cable. "Mis' Nelly" as characterized by Mrs. Fiske will find a permanent place in the American theatre.

Leo Ditrichstein, appearing in his second new play of the season, is again the great lover. The new play is a comedy for the most part, with a very realistic apoplectic stroke at the final curtain as an ending for the amorous phase of the life of the *Marquis*. "The Marquis de Priola" is from the French of Henri Lavedan, its three acts laid in Paris, and its story telling of the last love affairs of the fast-aging *Marquis*. He is a merry old roué and has devoted his whole existence to a careful study of women, dividing them into psychological groups and learning how the women of each group may be thrown under his spell. As a background for the loves of the *Marquis* is the story of his ward, a young man not at all in sympathy with the gay life of Paris, who is discovered at the end of the play to be the son of the *Marquis*. The younger man's upbraiding of his father for his disgraceful conduct so enrages the old man that an apoplectic stroke follows. The acting of the play is of the Ditrichstein variety. His portrait of the *Marquis* is reminiscent of the famous work done by Mansfield in "The Parisian Romance," with the deft touch of Mr. Ditrichstein added to the love scenes. The three women who pass under his spell during the play are admirably portrayed by Jane Grey, very clever in a role requiring a touch of

comedy, Lily Cahill as the discarded wife of the *Marquis*, and Katherine Emmett as a staid type of woman who finds a cloak for her emotions, in this case, under the guise of charity work.

Admirers of Leo Ditrichstein will find him at his best in his new play.

### A "Popular" Drama

TO attempt to outline the situations that make "The Woman in Room 13" the most successful play of the "popular" drama type that has been offered this season would be difficult. The situations switch quickly and with telling force, never for an instant becoming so involved as to bewilder the audience. It is a play of so-called "high life" with a mixture of the court. *Cherchez la femme* is the main theme, and as usual holds good, this time being the question, "Who is the woman in Room 13?" The triangle, or really the foursome, is given a note of originality by the excellent characterization of the other woman, and because the action of the play demands that the divorced husband of the leading woman character (a detective) is hired by the second husband to spy on the wife. It is a dramatic situation. Of course, the ending is quite satisfactory to the players and to the audience. One of the truly remarkable points of the new play is its construction—every ambitious playwright should see it, for there is not an unnecessary line or situation. The suspense is carefully built up from the first curtain, and no incidental characters are included for the sake of comedy. It approaches a culminating climax and ends with a quick and sufficient explanation. The acting is admirable. Janet Beecher plays the part of the wife in her usual good taste. Lowell Sherman is her first husband and afterwards the detective. Charles Waldron and Gail Kane play the other two principal parts, Miss Kane being very welcome back in a speaking role after her long sojourn before the ever-moving film of the camera.



*Comedies*

COMEDY of the most laughable type is to be found in several of the newer plays. Incidentally, bedrooms predominate as stage settings.

The funniest and quite the most risqué of the new plays is "Please Get Married," by Lewis Allen Browne and James Cullen. It tells of the honeymoon happenings of a young couple married against the wishes of the young man's father by a strange clergyman, known to the audience to be a burglar in disguise. They depart for the honeymoon and immediately after the girl's parents discover the real history of the man. Pandemonium follows—and a search. In Act II. one of the truly hilariously funny acts that too infrequently appear in farce, the young couple are discovered in the hotel bedroom. They attempt to go to bed, and regard all the interruptions in the way of frantic telegrams telling them that they are not married as practical jokes. As a climax the hotel burns. In the end they discover that they were married all the time. That fact is, of course, an anti-climax, but the humor of the audience is so high that they do not mind having been fooled. That second act, with the suggestion entirely in the minds of the audience, and the players apparently innocent of the laughter they are causing, is the winner. The acting is very good. Ernest Truax plays the part of the young husband with dignity and subtlety. He carries the lion's share of the entertainment. Edith Taliaferro is sweet and maidenly, incidentally very lovely in her *robe de nuit*. The rest of the cast is competent and plays in key with the author's script.

"Up in Mabel's Room" is another play of the month which might be left unseen by the very young. It will prove inoffensive to most theatregoers, but the plot does pivot around the possession of a lady's chemise, one given by a bridegroom to a lady of his past fancy, who, to revenge his marriage to another, threatens to show it to the bride. The result is obvious, and very funny. A company of excellent farceurs manage to keep this play from being vulgar at any

time—and always active. Hazel Dawn is *Mabel*—making her first appearance in straight comedy. She succeeds in being very clever in her most beautiful manner. Enid Markkey, fresh from the films, is the bride in the case, and Walter Jones and John Cumberland, capable through long experience of obtaining the best values in any farce, are the leading male players. It's a successfully funny play, though decidedly intimate.

Another comedy—this time a most respectable one—is “Cappy Ricks,” a dramatization of the Peter B. Kyne stories that have been popular in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Like most dramatizations, they are rather disappointing. The play tells one of the incidents in the life of the peppery shipping man—this time regarding a lumber deal. The characterization allows for much humor. As a foil for *Cappy Ricks* is *Matt Peasley*, from “down east,” though a *Matt* made very romantic by the dramatist and Mr. Courtenay, who plays the role. The play is hardly the type that will go in the big cities but should prove more than ordinarily popular on the road. Several well-known players are featured in the cast—Tom Wise playing *Cappy Ricks*, William Courtenay, *Matt*. Helen Lowell, free from a grotesque character role, is playing *Aunt Lucy*, and wearing handsome gowns—a novelty for Miss Lowell and her admirers.

### *The Song and Dance*

THE new musical comedies of the month are three in number, but one of them, “Just Around the Corner,” in which Marie Cahill is starred, has already gone, so need not be considered.

Of the others, “The Velvet Lady,” was the first to arrive. It is a somewhat disappointing renovation of Fred Jackson's amusing farce, “A Full House,” with Victor Herbert music. The music is good, but not the equal of most that Mr. Herbert has produced. The story, for those who do not remember the farce, is of a young husband forced to leave his wife and get some letters belonging to a client and friend—a



mix-up in bags which brings in a burglar, a pair of comic servants—and a chorus girl. In this case the chorus girl is known as “The Velvet Lady.” If there were more of her there would be more chance for the play to run, for as *Vera Vernon*, Miss Fay Mabée, of dancing fame, is quite the most attractive player in the cast. It is a good cast, too, and not the fault of the players that it does not succeed, but Georgia O’Ramey has little to do, while the same is true of Ernest Torrence as the butler.

Much more happy was the opening of “Good Morning, Judge,” an English musical comedy based on Pinero’s play, “The Magistrate.” The story tells of a woman who, when marrying a second time, cut five years from her age, forcing her son to appear fourteen instead of nineteen. Her husband is the magistrate, and quite proud of his step-son, even when to his amazement the child takes him to one of the most notorious cabarets in all London. Of course, the wife (and mother) is there for a very good reason, and the novelty comes, not in the recognition, but in the raid, in which the magistrate and the boy escape—but the wife and her party are taken to the police court, where the husband is sitting. In the end it is the fourteen-year-old boy who straightens out the whole matter, including his own age. The play is really funny, and very well presented. Charles and Mollie King have the leading juvenile roles, with George Hassell as the magistrate. They are an enjoyable trio, and with their help “Good Morning, Judge,” should have a long run.

# The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

*(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)*

## *What Has Become of the Dollar?*

**D**URING the war Mr. Average Man stood for patriotism. It was his job cheerfully to put his shoulder to the burden and rejoice. Mr. Average Man, who saw the cost of living rising, while his own pay-check stood still, set his teeth to grin and bear it, somehow managed to buy a few Liberty Bonds, and kept his little home together. Meanwhile the purchasing power of his dollar grew less and less.

It was hard, but he stood for it; like millions of other American "Mr. Britlings," he saw it through. And not a peep out of him as prices rose. "It is the war." But the war is at an end. The American "Mr. Britlings" see the purchasing power of their dollar still dwindling and protest is going up. Bolshevism? Not from "Mr. Britling." But he is uneasy.

His dollar which in 1913 could buy a dollar's worth—taking that year as standard—could at the beginning of 1919 buy less than fifty cents' worth of the family budget; 1919 found Mr. Average Man receiving a better salary than six years before, but still unable to keep abreast of the tide of advancing prices.

In the butcher shop around the corner his wife is told that roast beef costs 55 cents a pound, lamb 45 cents and pork chops 42 cents a pound. The prices the retailer paid the wholesaler on the same day were, for beef 23 to 25 cents a pound, lamb 23 cents and pork chops 25 cents. Then he reads that the Government is "investigating the packers," and a great light dawns. "Ah, the Trusts!" But the packers say a thousand-pound bullock costs them from \$160 to \$180; that only 650 pounds of it are edible meat, and that they receive for this from \$125 to \$145, and do not profit from the sale of meat but from the by-products from the animal.

The butcher and grocer and baker all tell Mr. Average



Man that their present stocks were bought or contracted for while the war was on, at "war prices," and that as soon as these stocks are sold prices will come down. But invariably the day that wholesale prices rise the retailer raises his prices, although the goods on his shelves were bought before the rise went into effect. Mr. Average Man pays either way, and he is apt to blame some of the reduced purchasing power of the dollar on his butcher, baker and candlestick-maker.

#### CODDLING THE FARMER

**H**E can blame more of it upon the coddling of the American farmer. The farmers planted seven million more acres of wheat last Autumn than they did at any previous time. It was the policy of the Government to assure the wheat supply for ourselves and our Allies, which was wise; but the Government guaranteed the American farmer \$2.26 a bushel for his wheat. The wheat harvest will yield about one billion bushels, according to David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture, which means a billion dollars that Uncle Sam is going to have to *give* the American farmers because of the price of \$2.26 a bushel that the Government guaranteed the farmer. Write it off to "profit and loss," a billion dollars, not forgetting that what is Uncle Sam's loss is Mr. Average Man's loss.

About a billion dollars is also to be written off to "profit and loss" on the shipyard extravagance. There is \$100,000,000, mayhap a billion, to write off because of the scheme to check Bolshevism in Europe with free food from America. "What's the odds? We're a rich country." But Mr. Average Man is wondering what has happened to his dollar, why he can't buy more with it. We cannot eat our cake and have it too. We are in the midst of what Senator Borah calls, "a shameless orgy of expenditure." Mr. Average Man is told there will be a \$600,000,000 building program for the Navy and that the Army wants to buy all the huge cantonments it used during the war. All that is giving Mr. Average Man's dollar a knock in the head. There are public men who look with fear into the future. Senator Harding says:

"We are building \$3,000,000,000 worth of ships at prices necessarily contracted in the emergency of war; we are building them at from \$200 to \$250 per deadweight ton, and we are going on now laying keels day after day, proposing to build \$2,000,000,000 more after the crisis is passed, and while we are so building the head of the United States Shipping Board is proclaiming to the world that we must write off a billion dollars—and practical shipping men say that is not enough—to permit profitable operation. Where are we going? What is to be the end? Where is the magic source in this wonderful Treasury that you can spend one, two, three, four, five billion dollars, and write it off with a sweep of the pen!"

The "magic source," of which the Senator inquires, is the dollar bill of Mr. Average Man. By the time the Government is through writing off billions to "profit and loss," the purchasing power of the dollar is due for another dwindle.

We have adopted national prohibition; write off a loss of a quarter of a billion dollars in excess revenue. Consider the loss in real-estate taxes due to the depreciation of property which housed 2,400 plants making alcoholic beverages, and 303,000 establishments selling these beverages. And who will have to make up this loss? Mr. Average Man. His dollar is bumped again.

#### WHY THE DOLLAR DEPRECIATES—A REMEDY

THE conditions in the business and industrial world continue to be such as to tend to further lower the purchasing power of the dollar. Roads, irrigation projects, dams, canals and other public works are planned by the Government to put the unemployed to work. Which means that in the last analysis the American people will foot the bill for it, that Mr. Average Man's dollar will be depreciated some more.

Business is in a state of uncertainty. It does not know what it may and may not do. Goods are not moving. Production is hesitating. Directly or indirectly Mr. Average



Man participates in the loss to the country that such inactivity is causing.

Theoretical economists tell us that the inability of the dollar to buy as much as it used to, is due to a vast surplus of gold in the country, which flowed here from Europe during the war. Professor Irving Fisher blames the low purchasing power of the dollar upon "too much gold" here, causing, as he says, an oversupply of currency, bringing inflation, as from the issue of worthless paper money. It is claimed by students of this school that if the weight in gold of the dollar were changed from month to month as prices rise, that the purchasing power of the dollar would be constant. Thus all our troubles would be at an end.

But, in the meantime, what is Mr. Average Man, the man on a salary, the man with the "white collar job," to do?

### The Profiteers of Sensuality

**W**ATCHING the parade during the showing of a notorious midnight cabaret in the flaming heart of the Great City, the cynic said something that was stimulating:

"Solomon's wives," he mused, "were not more glorious than these."

It was a remark that Solomon himself would have wished to hear, just as all the descendants of that great monarch today like to hear about their own beauty shows. Any night, for the price of a king's ransom, you can look at them, arrayed in all the arts of sensuality, for Solomon of Broadway displays them in his temples of sensual delight to all who enter. The Oriental lasciviousness of fancy is emphasized in these public harems. One can trace the inspiration of forbidden thought in the intricate daring of their artistic debauchery. With ignorant obedience to Solomon's hire, these young women exhibit their bodies in the sensual market places, inviting human passion to share the dissipation with wine.

The feast is prepared for no other guest but Passion, for the admission price bids the glutton defiance.

Sitting at Solomon's tables, in the regal splendor of his sensual taste, in the immobile light of intoxicated senses, Passion sees passing before his stimulated vision a panorama of beauty that is Youth, vulgarized by display. To every cunning device of stage lights, of clinging draperies, of transparent veils, of all known arts to display the beauty of young flesh, Solomon's wives submit. Some are called show-girls because they have such shapely bodies, others are called "ponies" because they have such beautiful miniature bodies, others are called dancers because their limbs are nude and agile, others are called singers because of the sensuality of the words they sing.

Out upon a raised platform that runs to the edge of the tables, exposed to the glare of calcium lights that search out their bodies through the silken web in which they are enmeshed, they proudly strut. Not meekly, as those white women who centuries ago were sold in slavery to dark-skinned men, but frankly bidding, for the glory of flesh, that belongs to the wives of Solomon, the king of sensual dreams. Solomon knows their value; his market is the highest priced cabaret in the world. He never sells them; he leases them for a season, sublets their fleshly beauty at exorbitant rates for an hour or so, to the rapacious eyes of the race of Tarquin, and keeps them for himself and his kind.

What Solomon does with his wives does not concern us, nor why they display themselves for him, but it is with Solomon's obvious debauchery of purpose and his profiteering in their sensual display that we take issue.

The fame of Solomon's entertainments has spread over the land, and the wives of Solomon are not all in one place. The kith and kin of modern Solomons, seeing the profit in young flesh, have adopted the plan of syndicating such fare for the sensual. It is an expensive fare. Five dollars for a seat, a dollar for a cocktail, two dollars for a sandwich, seventeen dollars for a bottle of wine—the price varies with the time and place—all to see Solomon's wives. They are elsewhere, these temples of delight, in large cities, but nowhere so prolific or in magnificent defiance to conventionality as in New



York, for the modern Solomon, bred in the theatre underworld, the racetrack, or the gambling house, and of varying nationality, reigns supreme over them all.

With his accession to the kingdom of white flesh he has exerted a diabolic influence, for he has greatly increased his sensual sway by his supreme taste for sensuality. Those of Solomon's tribes who have failed to accept their chances for profit in sensuality alone are not financially so successful. There is a royal discrimination against the spiritual forces of life that Solomon has decreed in his own kingdom of pleasure.

He has smeared New York with his dirty thumb-marks till the morals of New York are held responsible for his sensual appeal. This is a protest against the tribe and kind of Broadway Solomons and all their fleshly wives, who display themselves in semi-theatres and cabarets of French flavor, because they are not typical of real New York. They are, in fact, ostracized in New York, save in their own circle of commercial sensuality. Their show-places are smothered in the oils and perfumes of sickening desire and their profits are extortionate of the baser thoughts of men.

With the skill of their flesh-ridden tribe they have contrived to entice the flesh-hunters with wine.

It requires no particular acumen to trace the surprising shift of national feeling towards Prohibition when we consider the temptation, released by wine, of the modern Solomon and his wives. Prohibition is the protest of a national revolt against the sensual profiteering as much as anything else.

Of course, Solomon has his defence. He smiles, while his red lips turn white and his small eyes snap fire, as he sees the men from everywhere but New York crowding about the orgy of flesh he supplies. His patronage and his profits are his defence. With Prohibition in force, however, Solomon and his wives will have to find other pastures green, where they can pursue their sensual profiteering. With Prohibition in force, Solomon's present patrons will still come to New York to transact their business, but they will find that the old days of sensual entertainment have passed into oblivion.





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Take the ordinary longhand letter *d*. Eliminate everything but the long down-stroke and there will remain *l*. This is the Paragon symbol for D. It is always written downward.

From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon E *o*.

Write this circle at the beginning of *l* and you will have Ed *9*.

By letting the circle remain open it will be a hook, and this book stands for A. Thus *l* will be Ad. Add another A at the end thus *l* and you will have a girl's name, Ada.

From *o* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain which is the Paragon symbol for O.

For the longhand *m* which is made of 7 strokes, you use this *one* horizontal stroke.

Therefore, *—* would be Me.

Now continue the E across the M, so as to add D—thus *l* and you will have Med. Now add the large circle O and you will have *l* (medo), which is meadow, with the silent A and W omitted.

You now have 8 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word signs, 6 prefix contractions and add one natural rule for abbreviations. That is all.

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# The FORUM

For April, 1919

## THE "WHITE WOMAN" WHO HAUNTS THE KAISER

A Fantasy

By H. De WISSEN

WHEN, from the crumbling, crenelated towers of the Hofburg, a flock of black ravens flew, disaster came croaking into the house of Hapsburg. Ancient and legendary, the sombre birds have glided through history. When the black brood winged up from out of the darkness of their tower retreat, draping a funereal guerdon across the clear sky, woe came to Austria-Hungary and their many lands. "The Ravens!" gasped Franz Joseph one day, and then, he died. . . .

When, into the song of the winds as it hurried from the Siberian steppes westward to the palace of the White Czar, there crept a note, strangely human, panic always came to the Romanoffs. The *muzhiks* imagined many things in the winds. They heard voices—voices calling for rain, for bountiful harvests, for peace of soul. The White Czar never heard those voices, only the Voice of the Curse. And, one night at Tsarskoye Selo, the wind spoke to him as it had spoken to czars who had gone before him, upon whom there lay likewise the Curse. It was a wind that groaned—as Alexander had heard it groan before the assassin came. It



was a wind that complained; its voice, a dirge, the anguish of Siberia; and then the tempo quickened—just as it had before Nicholas was slain. The wind spoke swiftly of wrongs that called for vengeance; it became more shrill, enraged, a clanging cacophony. And the little Czar trembled. “The wind of Tomsk!” Then the revolution. . . .

Steeped as they were in medieval mummery, inheritors of superstitions and charms, often looking at life as through a mirror darkly, Hapsburg and Romanoff possessed primitive and childish credence in the supernatural. As did the Hohenzollerns. More mystic even than those other tragic dynasties, the Hohenzollerns put full faith in a legend which came down to them from the days when men swung axes in battle. It was the legend of the White Woman. Just as the “Black Birds of the Hofburg” presaged disaster for the Hapsburgs, just as the “Wind of Tomsk” brought its warnings to the Romanoffs, so had always the ghostly appearance of a Woman in White brought death to a Hohenzollern—or doom. They feared her. All feared her, from the old Markgraf of Brandenburg, every Hohenzollern, down through the centuries to Wilhelm II. . . . In India, where they seem to understand these things, the wise men say, “That which you fear will hunt you down to the inevitable end.” . . . Strange is the Thing that is haunting the Hohenzollern in his silence today. . . .

In the castle of Amerongen is the man who fears sleep. In the old castle quite near the German frontier, closely guarded by the soldiers of Holland’s queen, he broods. Behind its high walls in the garden he walks about, remote from the world—the world he terrorized. His hair is white as snow. His cheeks are sunken; eyes half closed, restless, furtive. Between his eyes is a deep cleft. In the days that were, he was fond of Hohenzollern traditions, customs and legends. But those were days when he was “The Instrument of the Almighty . . . his sword, his representative,” when Poland reeled before his armies, when he shouted, “Disaster and death to those who do not believe in my mission. . . . God orders their destruction and God commands



you through my mouth to do His will." He dared the world, did Wilhelm the Mad. He even dared listen to the legend of the White Woman. But today——

\* \* \*

**H**E thinks of the old legend and dreads it. In the fifteenth century Berlin and its environs were not a part of Germany; indeed, there was no Germany. The empire which was rent asunder last Autumn was, five centuries ago, marked on the map of Europe by little kingdoms, duchies and provinces, the boundaries of which were constantly changing as each fought with its neighbor. One of the little provinces was the Mark of Brandenburg, with the seat of government, Berlin. Over this and a part of Prussia lorded the Hohenzollerns. The Mark of Brandenburg was the cornerstone upon which they built their empire. In the Mark lived the beautiful Kuni-gunde, Countess of Plassenburg and Orlamunde, two small feudal districts. Her father, the Count who ruled over these lands and owed fealty to the Hohenzollerns, was a grim, old schemer who saw in his charming daughter a chance to further his political ambitions. He desired a closer alliance between his house and that of a distant cousin, Count Sigmund of Plassenburg, a senile, vacuous courtier whom Kunigunde detested.

Her heart was in the southland. There, in the more gentle, laughter-loving Bavaria lived a young noble, known in the courts of Europe as Albert the Handsome. Ruler of the city of Nuremburg with the title of Count, tall, stalwart, a famous hunter, a gallant, a warrior, a striking figure attired for battle, his curly black hair showing from beneath his iron casque, his black eyes, smiling through the slits in his visor, he was a romantic figure known throughout the land. And in the north, in her ancestral castle near Berlin, the beautiful Kunigunde pined for him. Her stern father, bent upon pleasing his venerable cousin, would have none of Kunigunde's romance. So she dreamed of the tall Bavarian and sent her dreams to him by the birds that flew from the colder northern lands where romance was chilled, down to the sunlight and shady groves of Bavaria. The birds never flew back.



The day of her marriage to the old Count of Plassenburg came. From her window, thinking of Albert the Handsome, she watched the bridegroom's carriage as it drove up. There descended, assisted by attendants, a withered man, gorgeous in bright-colored satins and silks. His face was very wrinkled and dry, like parchment. He carried with dainty senility a lace handkerchief, sweet with rare perfumes. His absurdly thin legs were encased in silk stockings of light blue and he wore slippers upon which gleamed large golden buckles. Coughing, he entered the castle on a cane. . . . And so they were married. Kunigunde became the mother of two beautiful children; and there was great feasting and rejoicing in the houses of the peasants. But, alas, the charming Kunigunde was not happy. The voice of her aged husband became more cracked. One day she saw him playing with some toys. He became more preposterous in the doddering foppishness of his dress. When she saw him being helped down by the servants to his meals, she would shut her eyes; and she would see sitting there instead, the tall, flashing-eyed Albert the Handsome, of Nuremburg. But a day came when they put away the gold buckles, the saints and the silk handkerchiefs of the old Count of Plassenburg. He had drawn his last crackling breath. Kunigunde was free—free to marry her beloved Albert.

Perhaps she was too beautiful and he was too handsome. Nature sometimes declines a marriage between two physically perfect beings. For Albert bore no love for Kunigunde and was himself infatuated with the Countess Beatrice of Hainault, a sweet little girl, very small, very slender, inclined to pout prettily, the antithesis of the beautiful but stately Kunigunde. One evening, in the gloaming, Kunigunde stood in her window that faced the south and said, "Free! And Albert, you have waited for me."

\* \* \*

**I**T being the privilege of royalty to do things which if a poor girl of the peasantry were to do would cause her to be looked upon askance, Kunigunde began the courtship of her

beloved. With joyful heart she watched the dragoon, who was her courier, go galloping away the many leagues to Bavaria, bearing her message, offering her heart and the rule of her possessions to Nuremburg's young nobleman if he would marry her. But Albert the Handsome was enamoured of the pretty little ways of Beatrice, Countess of Hainault. She was such a sweet little thing, and could wind this great tall warrior around her dainty little finger. At the same time, Albert was of noble birth, as was Kunigunde. *Noblesse oblige!* To offend her was not to be thought of. He thought of an excuse. "Ah, my parents. I will say they are opposed to such a marriage." So he told the young dragoon to go back to his mistress and say that he would be glad to marry her but "four eyes now in existence prevent."

Often womanly intuition is keen. Waiting in the castle window for the return of her messenger, Kunigunde, when she saw the little dust cloud in the distance heralding his approach, had a feeling that something was wrong. The dull drumming of his hoofbeats were as the prelude to a Miserere.

"Your Highness, Albert, Count of Nuremburg, conveys to you his most distinguished greetings and regrets that because of four eyes now in existence he is unable to comply with Your Highness' gracious offer of marriage."

With a deep obeisance, Kunigunde's messenger withdrew.

"Ah! He will not marry me because of the two children of the old Count of Plassenburg."

It was her instant deduction from the cryptic message. Her soul was set on Albert the Handsome. Hideous fate! Why should the living inheritance from that senile old person, whom she never loved, stand in the way of her great love? Was she not a noble lady of Prussia? And being such, was she not descended from the gods? A god can do no wrong. . . . That night her two beautiful children died. They were slain in a manner that left no outer sign of violence. And as the legend says, Kunigunde then went back to bed and "did sleep soundly, seeing her way clear." The next morning found her beauty serene and untroubled. An un-



fortunate incident was closed. She sent again for the young dragoon who was her courier.

"Go you to Nuremburg and present to Count Albert my gracious compliments and love and inform him that Kuni-gunde, Countess of Plassenburg and Orlamunde, desires his presence with haste."

The days passed; then a morning when the roads to her castle rang with the coming of a great cavalcade and the banners of Nuremburg streamed gaily through the trees. Albert the Handsome was knocking at her gate.

"Beloved," she said, "the four eyes that troubled are troublesome no longer. My hand, my heart, my lands are yours. Now let us be wed."

And she told him how she had received his message, and how she understood why he hated the two beautiful children of the old man who had been her husband.

"Dearest—your eyes—they are like the storm."

The tall figure of Albert of Nuremburg was as implacable as fate.

"Beloved—speak to me—your face, it is set."

Count Albert turned on his heel. "Captain, seize this woman. She has murdered her children."

The soldiery of Nuremburg turned her over to the authorities of Brandenburg. She had uttered a low moan when they took her, and looked upon Albert in a way that would have turned any but a man of stone. In prison, at her trial, she would say nothing. A tall, stately figure, coldly beautiful, she was sentenced to death by the Count of Brandenburg, a Hohenzollern.

A great crowd had gathered for her execution. There was a slight commotion and the soldiers appeared with her. On her way to the platform where the executioner stood, axe in hand, Kunigunde burst away from her guards and confronted the Hohenzollern who had condemned her. She was dressed in white from head to foot, her beauty rarely set off, a rose among lilies. She pointed her hand at the Hohenzollern and broke her long silence. "May a curse fall upon you,

your friends and relatives and children forever and ever. When you come to die, I shall be there, and no member of your family but shall know me."

They beheaded her; her estates were confiscated and given to Albert the Handsome, who in turn gave them as a wedding present to the shy, doe-eyed little Countess Beatrice. But unto the house of Hohenzollern was passed the curse of Kunigunde—the Woman in White. . . . As you shall see.

\* \* \*

TODAY in the castle of Amerongen, in Holland, life is prosaic. There is she who used to be Kaiserin who now spends her time sewing and seeking to calm the storms that ever so often come to her once royal consort. It was one of those days when the east wind brings in from the sea a cold, chill rain that Wilhelm the Mad was first disturbed. In the great hall of the Benetinks his wife was knitting, doubtless happy that her erratic spouse was in the garden; for an hour at least she would have peace. . . . But the door to the garden hurriedly closed; the rasp of old bolts were drawn; a bar fell; a moment of silence, and then she heard slow, shuffling footfalls. He who had been Kaiser stood before her, shaking. "You heard it, Augusta?"

"The storm," she nodded. "It is coming. But it is very warm and cheery in here."

"You heard it, Augusta?"

Her knitting needles darted dexterously. "The wind in the trees, the leaves blowing along the ground—it is nothing."

The haggard face of Wilhelm brightened. "There was nothing else? You are sure?"

"Unless it was the servants in the kitchen, singing as they prepare your Majesty's luncheon. It is such an honor for these simple folk."

"Certainly," and unconsciously the drooping figure of him who had been Kaiser straightened, but he frowned a little. "But, I thought I heard the voices of children"—



The storm came, and rain—the freezing, rushing rain that bursts gustily in from the sea and bears, so the Holland peasants say, the suffering voices of those who have been lost at sea. In the castle of Amerongen many lights burn, and always until dawn. It is the wish of the guest. On the second floor of the building is William Hohenzollern's apartments. There are the rooms of himself and his wife and of their personal servants. The windows are shut and heavy velvet curtains, ornate with great golden tassels, obscure the wild storm-driven night. The woman who had been Empress is reading; he who had been Emperor is restlessly striding up and down the room, talking, half to himself: “Dorothea of Brandenburg, wife of the Great Elector,” he muses. “My illustrious ancestor attended his funeral in 1688. She was dressed all in white, her face covered with a white veil, her hands in a white muff—the Woman in White,” his voice rose, “as if that meant bad luck for us Hohenzollerns!”

“It is a nursery tale,” said his wife.

And Wilhelm expanded his chest as he had so childishly often done; but when she was immersed again in her reading he stole behind her to the window and cautiously drawing the curtain, looked out. He saw a dripping, inky night. There, in a wing of the castle, a light burned, seeming through the rain a misty, pallid blur. As his eyes became accustomed to the blackness without, he discerned the nebulous shapes of trees and bushes in the garden, night shadows cast against the sky. On the roof the rain pelted and ran gurgling down the old gutters of the castle, a plaintive sound. Out in the garden he saw, in the night, a shaft of white. It moved. It came onward, swaying. Through the rain it seemed pale, sepulchrally pale. No . . . yellow. . . . The man at the window pressed his face against the cold glass. It was not yellow! . . . “Gott! . . . White!”

Downstairs the kitchen door clattered open and came a voice. “Hurry in out of the rain, Hulda, or you will catch your death of cold.” And as the girl with a lantern entered the castle the moving light in the garden was seen no more.

The man who had been watching at the window put his

hand to his brow. It was wet. He spoke to his wife: "But are we sure, Augusta, that this White Woman is only nursery talk?"

With a patient sigh the former Empress laid aside her book. "Your Majesty knows that his father nor his father's father never saw the person in this ghost story."

"True," admitted Wilhelm. "But when Napoleon conquered Germany and they made ready the Palace of Bayreuth for a residence, he refused to sleep there. He said the White Woman walked there. And Napoleon was not a child."

Augusta lifted her chin. "That is French superstition," she said. "We Germans are stronger."

And so the night passed.

\* \* \*

THERE are some things which are strange and upon which one does well not to think too much. From dreary, rain-swept Holland to a little café near the Gare de L'est in Paris it is many leagues. There, on this same night sat three *poilus* in the café, taking refuge from the showers falling now and then upon Paris. They were soldiers whose homes were in the east, quite close to the German frontier. In Paris on leave, they were discussing the day over their *carafon de vin rouge*.

"They say that the guards have been doubled around the Kaiser's place of refuge in Holland," a young Alsatian said; "he fears kidnappers."

"*Eh, bien!*" said an old bearded *poilu*. "That is what the newspapers tell you. I know better. It is not kidnappers that he fears."

"What then?" asked the young soldier. "They say that the Kaiser is losing his mind; that he fears being attacked, and he has asked the Dutch for more soldiers."

The old *poilu* grunted. "They could put an army around him to guard him," he said sagely, pulling at a cigarette, "but they cannot keep out the White Woman of Brandenburg. *Eh, bien*, I know. Who has lived in Germany who does not know?"



The young soldier laughed. "You mean, he fears"—

"*Certainment*," nodded the old man; "the White Woman is after him, and she will get his soul."

The young *poilu* laughed. "Your faith is sublime. I suggest that you change to *vin blanc*."

"You will see," said the old soldier soberly. "The White Woman always dooms every Hohenzollern who does wrong. You laugh. You are young. When you are old, you will respect the things you do not understand. May I tell you? There was that treacherous old king whom the Prussians called Frederick the Great. You know what happened? *Non?* It is as I thought. Frederick loved his sister. She was the only creature in the world whom he loved—she and Voltaire. But after Frederick had done great wrongs, his sister, who was the Margravine of Bayreuth, saw, one night, the White Woman. In a trice she was changed and Frederick came to hate her. On her death, she left memoirs written in those terrible days after the White Woman came. Her memoirs are a record of insane degeneracy. That was Frederick's punishment. She whom he loved, the White Woman made mad. . . . You no longer laugh? My great-grandfather fought with Napoleon. He was in the army that entered Berlin. A sentry at the palace there, a German whom he made prisoner, told him that just before Napoleon came Queen Louise had seen the White Woman and had fled. After that Prussia was crushed. . . . Yes, in Holland, the Kaiser cannot escape the White Woman."

And in Holland?

Strange are the stories which are whispered from out of the castle of Amerongen to the cottages of the peasants thereabout.

"The Kaiser is watching these days. That light which you all see burning in the wing of the castle is for him. They say he hates the dark. Last night Johan saw him by the window. He did not move. He looked like the great statue in Haarlem."

"He is watching for his spirit," a peasant said. "They say he is going mad."

"He talks, they say," his wife added, "of a White Woman."

\* \* \*

IN the great hall of Amerongen Wilhelm, who had ruled Germany, sits meditating. Restlessly, his eyes rove from windows to door, to any ingress from the world. At the sound of a wagon on the road he grips the arms of a great chair, as his eyes stare into space.

As he sits there, memories obsess him. He remembers that day in Belgium, the road to Malines. He hears again the piping and blaring of horns as his imperial car rolls on, splashing the Belgians with mud; on toward the little city where a cardinal of Rome was imprisoned at his command. He sees again the old tower of St. Rombold dimly taking Gothic shape above the distant poplar trees; here, what had been a busy factory, now a skeleton of walls gaping with shell-holes; there burned barns, battle-blasted orchards, the cupola of a chateau, almost shot away, but held in some perverse fashion and swaying a little when the wind blew. Round about are the fields, the hideous fields, pock-marked by the shells, dank now with innumerable pools of muddy rain-water. And over there the lumps, the regular lumps of earth quite symmetrical like one of the military evolutions which he so much gloried in; and above the lumps across the fields as far as the eye can see little wooden crosses, a multitude of the dead. . . .

The idea of a "doom" is as old as time. There was the "golden doom" that a messenger of the gods used to write on a castle gate in letters of gold when a king became too proud. There was the doom that priests read to sovereigns when stars fell. There was the doom which readers interpreted for mighty rulers when they dreamed strangely. There is the Hohenzollern doom.

Steeped in the mystical from boyhood, a student of Chaldean lore, a Christian only on the surface, his civilization a veneer that could be wiped out with one sweep, Wilhelm came into the world centuries too late. His mind was barbarically



mystic. Clinging to his fetish of rule by divine right, his subjects inferred that it was the divine of Christianity. But Wilhelm's conception of the infinite was dark with strange beliefs. In one breath he was wont to invoke the aid of God in his war; in the next, he thought of all the weird, heathen gods of mythology. It was the names of Wotan, Thor, Siegfried and Brunnhilde that he gave to those strongholds on the German front which he hoped would prove impregnable. The mythology of the Baltic lands was weirdly blended in his mind with strange beings from out the pages of old Persian and East Indian tomes.

His mind was a fog of the mystic occult and the supernatural. In times of triumph he was condescending toward these creatures of his imagination. He would allow them to ride with him as he marched over Belgium or flattened out Russia. He conjured them up for purposes of self-glorification, deluded himself with a belief in their existence and put into their fanciful mouths tributes to himself, which in time he came to believe. When he stood on the mountain looking down on the world, all was well. When he was toppled over and became a fugitive, these creatures of his fancy rose like mists from out the subterranean caverns of his Teutonic mind and began to harass him. He had brought into his world a devil's brood which it is not easy to slay. His credulity for these things had so befogged his mind that when he looked into it he could see only vague conceptions of imagined spirits, now turned sinister, and, outstanding, a Woman in White.

\* \* \*

THERE was his wife to tell him it was only a silly legend, but then what did she know of these things? Had he not, through her, told the women of Germany that all they should concern themselves with were the "three K's"—children, church and cooking. There was his private secretary, who had to agree with him, of course, that the White Woman was inseparable from the house of Hohenzollern, but who always added, "But she did not curse every reign, Your

Majesty, and surely she would not come to one who has been so good and considerate to his people as you."

That sometimes helped until Wilhelm remembered that on the night he "dropped the pilot," broke with Bismarck, his own nurse had come waddling into the palace at Potsdam, croaking, "I have seen the White Woman." Ah, he understood now—the Woman in White had cursed him from the day he had come into the world, a misshapen thing, with an arm leprously withered and with strange growths in his throat and ear. He told himself that she had held aloof through the years; that she had postponed her vengeance, waiting until he had grown great before dragging him down.

His thoughts in the daylight hours and at night in his castle of refuge in Holland are obsessed with her. As he stands at the great windows he fancies he sees her in every movement of a bush, in the gardens below. He hears her coming in the wind. By night every passing light seems to be her effulgence. Not a day but that she preys more upon him. And the nights!

Augusta, she who had ruled with him, has gone to the village church. It is the Kaiser's birthday; the simple Hollanders, who did not feel the wrath of his war, are giving a concert in his honor; but Wilhelm will not leave the castle. Alone in the study he broods; all the guests of the house save his personal secretary have gone to the little fete in the village. He can hear his secretary walking around in the room just above him; and then everything becomes still. In the grate a fire burns, now faint, now bright, like life. In the window the curtains stir—chinks in the walls, the draughts of the night creeping in? Something creaks—a board in the stairs yielding? A faint pattering of dropping water—a nation's tears—or in the old castle a pipe has sprung a leak? Wilhelm the Mad hears these things and all the unknown sounds that steal from out of the shadows of a venerable building by night.

When he rises from his chair, and crosses the room, his movements are stiff and halting, like an old man's. He stands at the window and stares out. He sees the stars shine clear,



and black and purple the night reaches away. A lonely figure at the window, peering out into the darkness. Alone? . . . In the study the candles gutter low and bring into being strange movements among the shadows on the wall. He feels presences there with him—things in the corners, behind him, all about him—vague fancies, released from the caverns of his mind. A child shrieks. “Gott!” They tell him afterwards that a servant’s baby awoke from a dream. Not until the dawn does he leave the window; then, dark under the eyes, mumbling, he staggers to bed. The White Woman has not come. . . . But tomorrow?

## IDLESSE

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

**I** saw the red sun burn away  
The incense of a bright blue day.  
Like shaken petals on the grass,  
I saw my dream-blown visions pass;  
And then the purple night slipt down  
A royal cloak upon the town.  
O purple night! O bright blue day!  
You’ll drift with centuries away,  
But you have glowed and throbbed for me,  
And set aflame the glistening sea.  
Larkspur may find a deeper blue  
In my heart’s dust, because of you.

# HOW TO MAKE AMERICANS

Take the Foreigner by the Hand—Show Him the  
Spirit of the Nation

By HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE

[SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

**T**O meet men from Armenia and Italy, from Greece and from Persia, from Russia and from all the nations of Europe, to the very edge of the Atlantic—to look into their eyes, to learn their conception of America, to hear what they believe America offers them, to help them to an understanding of our ideals, our traditions, our opportunities; this is the very first step in weaving them into our flag—the very first step in the process of Americanization.

This is an especially appropriate time for such processes, because I can announce to the country that whatever previous differences have existed between the Federal Departments in their relations to the foreign born are now composed and the larger problems of the melting pot, in so far as they lead up to the moment when an alien has determined to become a citizen and has declared himself of that mind, unquestionably and very properly rest with the Department of the Interior upon which Congress long since conferred the responsibility of supervising public instruction through the Federal Bureau of Education.

But there is another reason that makes the present an auspicious moment to prepare for a more intensive campaign against insulating and disorganizing influences in the Republic. The people of the United States have been engaged for two years and more in a task that has given them a new sense of glory—a sense of glory arising out of the consciousness that they were useful to America—and it has not been limited to the boys in khaki across seas. Those who represent that spirit—the artisans, the merchants, the manufacturers, the women—all have sacrificed as one, have wrought



with heart and hand and purse that they might make the name of America immortal—by making America a synonym for liberty and generosity and knightliness.

It has never seemed to me that it was difficult to define Americanization or Americanism: "I appreciate something, I admire something, I love something. I want you, my friends, my neighbors, to appreciate and admire and love that thing too. That something is America."

#### THE AMERICANIZATION PROCESS ONE OF HUMANITY

THE process is not one of science; the process is one of humanity. But just as there is no way by which the breath of life can be put into a man's body, once it has gone out, so there is no manner by which, with all our wills, we can make an American out of a man who is not inspired by our ideals, and there is no way by which we can make anyone feel that it is a blessed and splendid thing to be an American, unless we are ourselves aglow with the sacred fire, unless we interpret Americanism by our kindness, our courage, our generosity, our fairness.

We have made stintless sacrifices during this war; sacrifices of money and blood sacrifices; sacrifices in our industries; sacrifices of time and effort and preferment and prejudice. Much of that sacrifice shall be found vain if we do not prepare to draw to ourselves those later comers who are at once our opportunity and our responsibility; and such responsibilities invoke and fortify the noblest qualities of national character.

There is in every one of us, however educated and polished, a secret, selfish, arrogant ego and there is in every one of us also a real nobility. In this war I could see that there came out immediately the finer man and that better self we must keep alive.

We expect that man to search out his immigrant neighbor and say, "I am your friend. Be mine as well. Let me share in the wisdom and instruct me in the arts and crafts

you have brought from other lands and I shall help you succeed here."

There is no difficulty in this, if our attitude is right. Americanism is entirely an attitude of mind; it is the way we look at things that makes us Americans.

What is America? There is a physical America and there is a spiritual America. And they are so interwoven that you can not tell where the one ends and the other begins.

Some time ago I met a man who is one of the advisors of the President of China and he told me of a novel suggestion which he thought might be adopted in that new Republic—that they should have a qualifying examination for members of Congress; that every man who announced himself as a candidate should prove that he knew what his country was, who its people were, what resources it had, what its prospects were and what its relations with foreign countries had been.

If I could have my way I would say to the man in New York, "Come with me and I will show you America," and I would say to the man in San Francisco, "Come with me and I will show you America."

I would give to the man whom I wished to Americanize (after he had learned the language of this land) a knowledge of the physical America, so as to get an admiration, not only of its strength, of its resources, of what it could do against the world, but that he might have pride in this as a land of hope and a land in which men had won out. I would take him across the continent. I would show him the 8,000,000 farms which went to feed Europe in her hour of need. I would take him out into Utah and show him that mountain of copper they are tearing down at the rate of 38,000 tons per day. I would take him to the highest dam in the world, in Idaho. And I would let him see the water come tumbling down and being transformed into power, and that power being used to pump water again that spread over the fields and made great gardens out of what 10 years ago was the driest of deserts.



## UNFINISHED AMERICA AND ITS LIMITLESS POSSIBILITIES

**I** WOULD take this man down South and I would show him some of its schools. I would take him up North and I would show him the cut-over lands of Wisconsin and Michigan, which are waste and idle. I would take him into New York City and show him the slums and the tenements. I would show him the kind of sanitation that exists in some of our cities. I would show him the good and the bad. I would show him the struggle that we are making to improve the bad conditions. I would tell him not that America is perfect, that America is a finished country, but I would say to him, "America is an unfinished land. Its possibilities shall never end and your chance here and the chances of your children shall always be in ratio to your zeal and ambition."

America, we dare believe, will ever remain unfinished.

No one can say when we shall have reclaimed all our lands or found all our minerals or made all our people as happy as they might be. But out of our beneficent, political institutions, out of the warmth of our hearts, out of our yearning for higher intellectual accomplishment, there shall be ample space and means for the fulfillment of dreams, for further growth, for constant improvement. That is our ambition.

I would have that man see America from the reindeer ranches of Alaska to the Everglades of Florida. I would make him realize that we have within our soil every raw product essential to the conduct of any industry. I would take him 3,000 miles from New York (where stands the greatest university in the world) to the second greatest university, where 70 years ago there was nothing but a deer pasture. I would try to show to him the great things that have been accomplished by the United States—250,000 miles of railroad, 240,000 schools—colleges, water powers, mines, furnaces, factories, the industrial life of America, the club life of America, the sports of America, the baseball game in all its glory.

And I would give to that man a knowledge of America that would make him ask the question, "How did this come to be?" And then he would discover that there was something more to our country than its material strength.

#### A COUNTRY WITH A HISTORY—A TRADITION

**I**T has a history. It has a tradition. I would take that man to Plymouth Rock and I would ask, "What does that Rock say to you?" I would take him down on the James River, to its ruined church and I would ask, "What does that little church say to you?" And I would take him to Valley Forge and point out the huts in which Washington's men lived, 3,000 of them, struggling for the independence of our country. And I would ask, "What do they mean to you? What caused them, what induced those colonists to suffer as they did—willingly?"

And then I would take him to the field of Gettysburg and lead him to the spot where Lincoln delivered his immortal address and I would ask him, "What does that speech mean to you? Not how beautiful it is! But what word does it speak to your heart? How much of it do you believe?"

And then I would take him to Santiago de Cuba and I would ask, "What does that bay mean to you?"

And I would take him over to the Philippines where 10,000 native teachers every day teach 800,000 native children the English language. And I would bring him back from the Philippines to the Hawaiian Islands.

In Honolulu I had a procession of school-children pass before me and present me with the flags of their countries. There were represented every race, from New Zealand clear along the whole western side of the Pacific.

I went from there to Mauna Loa, to a school, a typical school, in which there were Philipinos, Javanese, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Samoans, Autralians, Americans, Koreans; and I said to the pupils, "Can anyone tell me why we are at war?" A little girl, 13 years old, half Chinese and half Hawaiian, rose and said, "I think I can, sir." We were



up on the side of the mountain, looking out over the Pacific and the only communication with the civilized world was across that ocean. "We are in this war," the child said, "because we want to keep the seas free—because we want to help those who need help." And I have yet to hear a better answer given.

And I would show the man how these children, whether Japanese or American, no matter what their source, stood every morning before the American flag and raised their little hands and pledged themselves to one language, one country, and one God.

And then I would bring him back to this country and say, "Grasp the meaning of what I have shown you and you will know then what Americanism is. It is not 110,000,000 people alone, it is 110,000,000 people who have lived through struggle, and who have arrived through struggle, who have won through work. Let us never forget that!"

#### SENTIMENTALITY ABOUT A MILLENNIUM

THERE is a sentimentality which would make it appear that in some millennial day man will not work. If some such calamity ever blights us, then man will fail and fall back. God is wise. His first and His greatest gift to man was the obligation cast upon him to labor. When he was driven out of the Garden of Eden, it was the finest, the most helpful thing that could have happened to the race. Because, when man passed that gate, he met a world in chaos, a world that challenged his every resource; a world that, alike, beckoned him on and sought to daunt him, a world that said, "If you will think, if you will plan, if you can persist, then I will yield to you. If you are without fiber—if you are content with your ignorance, if you surrender to fear, if you succumb to doubt, I shall overwhelm you."

The march of civilization is the epic of a man as a workingman and that is the reason why labor must be held high always.

We have nothing precious that does not represent strug-

gle. We have nothing of lasting value that does not represent determination. We have nothing admirable which does not represent self-sacrifice. We have no philosophy except the philosophy of confidence, of optimism and faith in the righteousness of the contest we make against nature.

#### THE SPIRIT OF AMERICANISM A LIVING FLAME

**W**E are to conquer this land in that spirit and in our spirit we are to conquer other lands because our spirit is one that, like a living flame, goes abroad.

And again it is like some blessed wind—some soft, sweet wind that carries a benison across the Pacific and the Atlantic. And we must keep alive in ourselves the thought that this spirit is Americanism—that it is robust and dauntless and kindly and hearty and fertile and irresistible and through it men win out against all adversity. That is what has made us great.

It is sympathetic. It is compelling. It is revealing. It is just. The one peculiar quality in our institutions is, that not alone in our hearts, but out of our hearts, has grown a means by which man can acquire justice for himself.

That is the reason why, to the Russian—the Armenian—for example, America is a haven. Let them bring their music, bring their art, bring all their soulfulness, their ancient experience to the melting pot and let it enrich our mettle. We welcome every spiritual influence, every cultural urge and in turn we want them to love America as we love it because it is holy ground—because it serves the world.

Our boys went across the water. Never let us hesitate to speak their glorious names in pride—our boys went across the water, because they were filled with the spirit that has made America; a spirit that meets challenge; a spirit that wants to help. Combine these two qualities and you have the essence of Americanism—a spirit symbolized by the Washington Monument; that clean, straight arm lifted to heaven in eternal pledge that our land shall always be independent and free.



In Paris the President of this country, called by duty out of his knowledge of what war can do, out of a sense of its futility, out of a sense of its barbarity, is working that a better day may be brought about. He has invoked the genius of Europe to devise with him the machinery by which this curse may at least be minimized.

If you will visualize Woodrow Wilson at the council table striving for the happiness of mankind, together with the boy in khaki whose sense of loyalty carried him into the Argonne Forest there to perish for the might of right, you have a picture of the spirit of that Americanism which is worthy of the tradition and living hope of our country.

#### HOW WE CAN SPREAD AMERICANISM

**H**OW best may we spread that spirit through the land, how best can we explain our purposes and interpret our systems?

Through the community council, through the school.

I have asked Congress for an appropriation which will permit us to deliver from bondage thousands, tens of thousands, millions of children and men and women in these United States—to liberate them from the blinders of ignorance, that all the wealth and beauties of literature and the knowledge that comes through the printed word can be revealed to them.

We want to interpret America in terms of fair play; in terms of the square deal. We want, in the end, to interpret America in healthier babies, in boys and girls and men and women that can read and write. We want to interpret America in better housing conditions and decent wages, in hours that will allow a father to know his own family.

That is Americanization in the concrete—reduced to practical terms. This is the spirit of the Declaration of Independence put into terms that are social and economic.

# UNCLE SAM'S SPY POLICIES

Safeguarding American Liberty During the War

By JOHN LORD O'BRIEN

[THE SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE UNITED STATES ATTORNEY GENERAL]

WITH the perspective of years no achievement of the Americans in the war will loom larger or more significant than the triumph of American civil law, the lack of internal disorder and the law-respecting attitude observed throughout the country by both citizen and alien alike. No other nation came through the struggle with so little disorder and with so little interference with the civil liberty of the individual. No historical appraisal will leave out of its reckoning, consideration of the attitude of Attorney-General Gregory and the Department of Justice. There is no other department of the Government whose activities during the war have more nearly affected the life and habits of the citizen; none has been so fully responsible for the protection of the constitutional and civil rights of the citizen—and, it may be added in passing, no other department has received such a plenitude of advice from the citizen.

Early in the war certain principles were definitely decided upon. Those principles were adhered to by the Department of Justice throughout the war, and the policy formulated at the beginning remained unchanged to the end. This policy was based upon the confidence felt in the law-abiding character of our citizens and the conviction that in this country it was very generally recognized that liberty meant obedience to law, self-control and self-restraint, and that in every part of the country the strongest deterrent influence against disloyalty was neighborhood public opinion.

It was the view of the department, therefore, that there should be no repression of political agitation unless of a character directly affecting the safety of the state; that the constitutional guarantees protecting life and property must



be strictly enforced, and that under no circumstances should the military or naval authorities be permitted to do any act which would arbitrarily interfere with the life and habits of the individual citizens. And, further, that protection of the innocent was at all times a correlative duty with punishment of the guilty.

The American Government entered the war with substantially no law on the statute books affecting the conduct of the individual except the Treason Statute, which proved well-nigh useless, and the Internment Statute, which affected only alien enemies. In addition to the lack of adequate war statutes, early in the war, another defect in our law administration came from the fact that prior to our entry into the war the few statutes aimed to prevent breaches of neutrality were most inadequate. In cases arising under these statutes, which came on for trial after we had entered the war, even where the maximum penalty was inflicted, the public were justly critical and discontented with what seemed to them to be a miscarriage of justice. On several occasions offenders were prosecuted and convicted under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act because no other statute could be found with which to reach their activities. In short, on the law side, this country, prior to our entry into the war, had on the statute books almost no protection against hostile activities, and, throughout a great part of our own period of war, had inadequate protection against the activity of hostile propagandists.

#### OUR SPY MANIA AND SPY ABSURDITIES

THE confidence of the public, which is at all times essential for the orderly administration of justice, was seriously affected by this condition of the statute law. But there were other contributing causes as well which greatly intensified this situation, caused dissatisfaction with civil procedure and at times imperilled the maintenance of public confidence. Of these causes, the chief was, of course, the

universal prevalence of war emotion, which naturally intensified with the progress of the war.

Curiously, one of the chief embarrassments caused by this general condition was the spy mania. Throughout the country a number of large organizations and societies were created for the purpose of suppressing sedition. All of them were the outgrowth of good motives and manned by a high type of citizens. The membership of these associations ran into the hundreds of thousands. One of them carried full-page advertisements in leading papers from the Atlantic to the Pacific offering in substance to make every man a spy chaser on the payment of a dollar membership fee. These associations did much good in awakening the public to the danger of insidious propagandas, but no other one cause contributed so much to the oppression of innocent men as the systematic and indiscriminate agitation against what was claimed to be an all-pervasive system of German espionage. One unpleasant fact continually impressed on my associates and myself was the insistent desire of a very large number of highly intelligent men and women to become arms of the Secret Service and to devote their entire time to the patriotic purpose of pursuing spies. This army of volunteer unofficial spy chasers stands in contrast to the enormous army of civilian volunteers who patiently and unostentatiously devoted their full energies to the constructive work of aiding their country in the Red Cross, the war charities and other branches of war activity.

For obvious reasons it was impossible for those in authority to make at any time a statement as to the probable extent of the spy system maintained in this country by our enemies. It is still too early to disclose the truth. Nevertheless, it may be now said, without detriment to the public interest, that any suggestion that the Central Governments had an organization of two hundred thousand spies in this country is nonsense.

One other aspect of this agitation is perhaps of more interest to the psychologist than to the student of civil rights, namely, the large number of false stories of enemy activities



within the United States, put forth through the medium of press dispatches, pamphlets of patriotic societies and occasionally speeches in Congress. A phantom ship sailed into our harbors with gold from the Bolsheviki with which to corrupt the country; another phantom ship was found carrying ammunition from one of our harbors to Germany; submarine captains landed on our coasts, went to the theatre and spread influenza germs; a new species of pigeon, thought to be German, was shot in Michigan; mysterious aeroplanes floated over Kansas at night, etc. Then there were the alleged spies themselves—Spoermann, alleged intimate of Bernstorff, landed on our coasts by the U-53, administrator of large funds, caught spying in our camps, who turned out to be a plumber from Baltimore. Other alleged spies caught on the beaches signalling to submarines were subsequently released because they were, in the several cases, honest men, one of whom had been changing an incandescent light bulb in his hotel room, another trying to attract the attention of a passerby on the beach, etc.

#### MAINTAINING AMERICAN FAIR-PLAY

THERE was no community in the country so small that it did not produce a complaint because of failure to intern or execute at least one alleged German spy. These instances are cited, not to make light of the danger of hostile activities, nor to imply that incessant vigilance was not necessary in watching the German activities, but to show how impossible it was to check that kind of war hysteria which found expression in impatience with the civil courts and the oft-recurring and false statement that this Government showed undue leniency toward enemies within our gates.

In no field was this temper more evident than in the attitude created by these unofficial organizations toward unnaturalized Germans and Austro-Hungarians throughout the country. Early in the war these people were naturally regarded by the public as our largest potential element of danger. The expression, "enemy alien," used in the old In-

ternment Statute of 1798 to describe these unnaturalized residents, in and of itself carried the impression of hostility to this country. Thousands of intelligent citizens and some important newspapers continually advocated the internment indiscriminately of all alien enemies; and no amount of statistics on their loyalty or of good conduct on the part of this large class of persons seemed to have the effect of lessening the agitation. They were under suspicion by the majority of their neighbors in every community; they were the subject of incessant investigation at the hands of police officials and amateur detectives, and the extent to which their normal lives were interfered with can only be a matter of conjecture.

No other policy so clearly and sharply differentiates America from the other nations at war as the attitude which it took on the subject of interning enemy aliens. It was a policy not fully understood and, in the earlier period, was freely criticized; but I venture to say that of all the policies advanced by this Government in the war no other pays a higher tribute to the American ideal of justice, and I believe that the verdict of the future upon this policy will be one of unconditional commendation. For, in a time of war, while punishing offenders severely, we found it possible to close our ears to insensate clamor and to perpetuate the American standards of fair play.

We had approximately five hundred thousand unnaturalized Germans and probably between three and four million Austro-Hungarians. These persons played a part in essential industries which could not be ignored—the Germans in the skilled trades and the Austro-Hungarians in certain other industries, such as steel manufacture and coal mining, to an extent which made those industries virtually dependent on their labor. Secret instructions from the German Foreign Office and other information which came into our possession early in the war showed that after the first few months of the war Germany ceased to employ many German citizens in this country in espionage work, but endeavored to employ, for obvious reasons, persons who were either citizens of this country or who belonged to the so-called friendly alien classes.



During the first three years of the Great War our various branches of the Secret Service had been closely watching the activities of the Germans in this country who were seeking to interfere with any aid to the French or British. It was in the light of these facts, and particularly because of the data gathered through the channels of the Secret Service, that the Attorney General recommended to the President that certain restrictions of movement and employment be placed upon German aliens generally, but that only those be interned who should be found to be dangerous or a menace to the safety of the country.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARILY EFFICIENT SECRET SERVICE

OVER six thousand cases were submitted to the Attorney General, in a great number of which the individuals were interned, the remainder being released on parole, under restrictions as to habitat and surveillance. Of the number released on parole, less than one per cent ever came again under complaint. Although internment cases were treated always as open cases for the reception of further proof, comparatively few individuals, once interned, have subsequently been released.

The curious anomaly in our jurisprudence presented by the exercise of this power is illustrated by the attitude of the general public on the subject. To insure its fullest value as a deterrent to hostile activities, it was essential that, so far as possible, particularly during the early part of the war, instances of the exercise of this power should be kept secret. Information in the hands of the Department of Justice proved that this was a correct theory. On the other hand, after the first six months of the war, an enterprising press kept the public fully apprised of every instance of internment, together with guesses as to the cause. Fortunately, the majority of the most dangerous enemy aliens had been interned during the early period and the original German espionage system, so far as systematically organized, was successfully broken up before this policy of publicity interfered with it.

It is at present problematical how much interference with civil liberties of individuals resulted from the operations of the American Secret Service. The largest division of this service was that organized by the Department of Justice having as an auxiliary the American Protective League with membership scattered throughout the country. Although the remarkable work of the latter organization is worthy of the highest praise, both the Attorney General and the writer are strongly opposed to any system of citizen espionage in peace time, and the organization above mentioned is already in process of dissolution.

It is not premature to say that the work of the American Secret Service was extraordinarily efficient, and a competent foreign observer is probably correct in saying that this country had during the war unquestionably a more efficient and better organized secret service than any other nation in the world. But a service organized in this manner manifestly included a large membership of persons not familiar with crime and varying widely in individual capability and judgment. This characteristic was true not only of the service mentioned but also in a measure of the membership of the military and naval intelligence forces, both of which were remarkably well officered and intelligently managed. Our difficulties lay not in the supervision of these services, but in the patriotic zeal of many of these subordinates in the field. At times they made mistakes which could not be condoned, as, for instance, on the occasion of the slacker canvass at New York City, where the methods employed were in contravention of specific instructions of the Attorney General.

But in this field again citizens everywhere seemed to understand the object of these activities and good-naturedly submitted to all sorts of inquiries about their business and private affairs. Organized espionage on a large scale is at variance with our theories of government and, as I have said, except as a war necessity, was not favored by the Department of Justice.



## AMATEUR DETECTIVES MAKE OUTRAGEOUS WRONGS

ALTHOUGH the Attorney General, so far as was possible, employed his powers to secure the protection of civil liberties, nearly all cases where outrages were committed against individuals lay outside the scope of Federal jurisdiction. During the various Liberty Loan drives, the campaigns for war charities and the loyalty drives, many complaints of ill-treatment and coercion were received by the Attorney General from people against whom assessments had been levied by non-legal bodies who fixed and collected subscription quotas. Considering the extent of the country and the extremely patriotic temper of the people it is perhaps remarkable that great injustice was not done. Nevertheless, some of the instances reported, isolated as they were, were cases of outrageous wrong for which no relief could be afforded by the Federal Government.

Owing to local conditions of intensive patriotism and the fact that those wronged were often aliens or persons under a cloud of supposed disloyalty, it was difficult for them to secure redress at the hands of their local authorities. The one large outstanding fact which most affected the enforcement of law throughout the war was that the public looked upon the war as the nation's affair and not only laymen but the local law officials looked to Washington for the fighting of all wrongs whether they were disloyal utterances, hostile activities or overzealous patriotic activities. Taken by and large the number of cases of seriously wronged individuals was negligible; but at that, the number was too large.

It is too early to appraise the work of local councils of defense and it would be wrong to attempt to do so by mere generalization. The differences between them were almost as many as the number of the organizations. In connection with floating war loans and decrying disloyal sentiments they performed services of immeasurable value. On the other hand, representing as they did the most intense spirit of local patriotism they interfered with the civil rights of many people, and evidences were not wanting that in occasional

cases their interference with civil rights and civil liberties resulted in serious wrongs. The very fact of their being in existence made them listening posts for rumormongers as well as for legitimate complaint. For example, one Federal officer of the Middle West recently informed the writer that he had received approximately three thousand complaints from local councils of defense in his territory out of which less than one hundred were worthy of serious attention. Some of them provoked grave discontent, the effects of which cannot now be estimated, because of the manner in which, without legal authority, they arbitrarily assessed, against members of their respective communities, demand quotas for Liberty Loans, Red Cross and other war charities.

The respective claims of the leaders of the farmers' movements and their political opponents, and the charges and countercharges in conflicts between employers and employees, were matters of daily concern to the Department of Justice throughout the war. A similar but more intense source of anxiety was caused by an organization of a very different type—the I. W. W., whose activities pervaded the entire Pacific Coast, as well as the mining States of the West and Northwest.

#### MAINTAINING CIVIL RIGHTS

THE general policy of the Attorney General toward free speech has been well understood and adhered to by his subordinates with a good deal of consistency. From the outset, recognizing that free expression of public opinion is the life of the nation, we have endeavored to impress upon our subordinates the necessity for keeping within the lines of policy established by Congress and bearing in mind at all times the constitutional guarantees. Repeatedly their attention has been called to the fact that expression of private or public opinion relating to matters of governmental policy or of a political character must not be confused with wilful attempts to interfere with our conduct of the war. At all times we have had before us the dangers which follow attempts to re-



strain public discussion and, so far as instructions issued by the Attorney General have been concerned, they have consistently and at all times emphasized this general policy.

No full discussion of the subject of civil liberty could be had without giving consideration to the powers exercised by the Post Office Department in connection with printed matter alleged to be of a character in violation of the Espionage Act. These powers of the Postmaster General were exercised by him alone; the Department of Justice had no share or part in administering them, and for that reason no discussion is here made of that field of war control.

The attitude of the Attorney General opposing the suggestion of military courts is a matter of common knowledge. That suggestion, in the light of subsequent events, now appears grotesque. Not only have we been opposed to any such idea, but our policy lay deeper. We were opposed to all and any interference on the part of the military or naval authorities with the civil rights and even the habits of the average citizen. Behind the scenes we took frequent occasion to emphasize this view which, I may add, was thoroughly approved by the Secretaries of War and Navy, respectively.

# VIA AIR-LINE, NOW

The New Skyways of the World

By WILLARD HART SMITH

“**T**HE commercial machine, even though it should be going on a journey from England to India, must always be within touch not necessarily of an aerodrome but of an alighting ground. My idea is that there should be landing grounds every ten miles throughout the world, with wireless or telephonic means of communication with depots, so that if your mail came down through engine failure, all that the pilot would have to do would be to telephone the nearest depot, ‘I am down with engine failure on Ground 8,’ and within a very short period a fresh machine and a fresh pilot would be speeding to his assistance.”

Those are the words of Holt Thomas, the most imposing figure in British aviation. He is not a man who pleasantly permits his imagination to riot when thinking of the scientific. Thomas comes from London, a British business man, who counts the pence, shillings and pounds. He is president of the Aircraft Manufacturing Co., Ltd., the firm which built the famous war planes designed by Captain G. de Haviland. Thomas is a doer, not a dreamer; and the tenor of his statement shows the way Europe is thinking about the aeroplane. This Englishman is somewhat concerned over the commercial use of the aeroplane; not that he has the slightest doubt but that the skies will soon be swarming with aerial expresses and mail carriers, but, to quote him: “The first point I have recognized with regard to linking up the world by aerial route is the fact that, very unfortunately, British celestial rights apparently end in mid-channel.”

Linking up the world by aerial route! The thought—“territorial air,” superseding “territorial waters.” Thomas is completing negotiations with foreign governments so the British aircraft may fly to all parts of the earth. He has or-



ganized in Norway "Det Norske Luftfartrederi Akieselskap," or the Norwegian Aerial Transportation Co—this, so as to open mail service between Aberdeen, Scotland, and Stavanger, Norway. In like manner he has affiliated his London Aviation Corporation with the Compagnie Générale Transaérienne of France, with the Societa Transporti Aerei Internazionali of Italy, with the Aerial Transportation Co. of India. All this has been done. The organizations are in existence, some of the mail routes connecting these countries are already in operation; others are being reconnoitered, photographed from the sky.

#### CARRYING THE MAILS THROUGH SPACE

**T**HE European sky teems with aviation activity. One sees there the aerial post winging its way from Berlin to Munich, from Vienna to Budapest, from Rome to Brindisi, from Madrid to Barcelona, from London to Paris, from Paris to Lyons, to Marseilles, to Nice, to Corsica. Danish mails are being flown from Copenhagen to Esbjerg, and to Aarhus, Gothenburg and Christiania. A mail-bag picked up by a French seaplane at Marseilles is rushed through space to Timbuctoo via Algiers. Planes are rising out of the ashes of Belgium, flying from Brussels to Liège and Antwerp.

Captain Herrera, chief of the Spanish Military Air Force, is in constant consultation with King Alfonso relative to an aerial post between Spain and the United States. The Italian Colonial Minister has officially announced the opening of mail service from Italy across the Mediterranean to its African colonies. The British are planning to link up their far-flung dominions with London by aerial post. In Australia a company has been organized for this purpose, also in Canada, also in Cape Town, South Africa. A big Handley-Page biplane has already charted the route from Egypt to India. A score of well organized, financially backed plans have already matured into actual operation or have reached such a point that trial mapping flights have been made throughout all the Old World excepting Russia. On New Year's Day South



American mails began operations, the first service being established between Santiago and Valparaiso, in Chile. The Brazilian Government has granted a concession allowing a company to carry mail between the various capitols of the different states. What has been done in the United States?

In using the aeroplane as a mail carrier, America has attained greater success than in any other phase of commercial aviation. The service began during the war, with the New York, Philadelphia and Washington mail opening on May 15th, 1918, and continuing under the direct supervision of the War Department for three months. During this period Army fliers demonstrated it to be perfectly practical and so, on August 12th, the entire service was taken over by the Post Office Department. Postmaster Burleson intends connecting the principal commercial centres of the country by a system of aerial trunk-lines and feeders; and also to connect us with the West Indies and Latin America. He has issued maps which show the aerial mail routes and the points they connect. His system spans the American continent with a main line from New York to San Francisco, with feeders going out from Chicago, to St. Louis and Kansas City and to St. Paul and Minneapolis. There will be another feeder from Cleveland to Pittsburgh.

The second main line extends from Boston to Key West, with feeders from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, from Washington to Cincinnati, from Atlanta to New Orleans. His third great line goes from Key West to Panama by way of Havana, and his fourth from Key West to South America by way of Porto Rico. Today most of these routes exist only on paper, but so surprisingly efficient has been the daily service between Washington and New York—the mails being carried regularly without serious accident—that the volume of business has increased 600 per cent from the day it was opened.

#### THE STUPENDOUS TASK OF OUR AIR POST

“**V**ERY few persons realize what an undertaking this is,” said Otto Praeger, in charge of the Aerial Mail.



"Never has a trip by air been undertaken whereby a ship leaves for an 800-mile voyage, one each way, a day, flying over mountains with very few landing places—an undertaking which six months ago would have been regarded absolutely impossible. When you consider that this is being done with a single motored plane, the task is stupendous."

Postmaster Praeger was referring to the New York to Chicago leg of the transcontinental line. Trial flights have shown him that it is possible to make the distance in nine hours, beating the fastest train by twelve. Five landing fields and emergency stops have been established at Lehigh, Bellefonte and Clarion, Pennsylvania, and at Cleveland and Brian, Ohio. At each of these fields is a hangar, an extra aeroplane, an extra aviator, supplies and mechanics; while at the Chicago end of the flight is a \$15,000 hangar donated by the business men of that city. To carry the mails between New York and Chicago the Post Office Department has engaged twelve fliers, five of whom have seen battle service. All trial trips have been completed and word is expected almost daily that the service is in official operation.

All the other branch lines of the American Aerial Postal System are now being reconnoitered, landing places are being photographed from the sky, emergency stops are being built. The Post Office tells us that it is only a question of time when mail service throughout the entire United States will be in actual operation. The routes to the West Indies and Latin America necessitate negotiations between the various nations involved, but the Postmaster promises that these lines will soon be operating. It is estimated that within a year twelve new inter-city air-mail routes in America will be in active service and that the Post Office will be able to dispatch by aeroplane half of the 100,000,000 night telegraph letters and half of the 60,000,000 special delivery letters which are being sent each year in the United States. The enthusiasts believe that with the advent of the aerial post the telegraph companies will lose about \$100,000,000 worth of business a year because the aerial mail system will be much more efficient and cheaper than the telegraphic night letter. They point out



that an aeroplane can fly 1,000 miles between 6 P. M. and 8 A. M., the hours during which "night letters" are sent; and that for 16 cents one will be able to send an aerial night letter containing a number of words which would cost \$5 were it to go over the wire.

Also, as the mail routes are extended, it is reasonably supposed that the cost of operation will be reduced. The Post Office Department formulates a monthly report on the cost of the aero mail service. In this they include every item conceivable. When the service was started the cost averaged over 60c. a mile; but the latest reports show that a new plane, manufactured especially for mail service, has reduced the cost to 41c. a mile.

#### COST OF TRAVELING ON THE SKY EXPRESS

THIS brings something quite new and practical into the proposition to carry passengers by aeroplane, viz., cheaper operating costs. Announcement has been made that Capt. Benjamin B. Lipsner, former superintendent of aerial mails, has formed a syndicate to begin aerial passenger service on May 15th. A ticket on the aerial express from New York to Chicago is to cost \$100. The planes used will be bomb carriers of the Handley-Page or Caproni type, capable of carrying a ton deadweight in addition to fuel. This means about twelve passengers, and \$1,200 revenue for the trip, which allows a neat profit for the sky traction company. Many business men would count the higher price of a ticket on the aerial express money well saved, considered in the light of the time saved over the railroad trip. Business men are always willing to pay well for anything that will save time. Reductions in the cost of sky traveling seem inevitable. The experts of the L. W. F. Engineering Co. believe that the cost of operating passenger-carrying aeroplanes is not as great as is popularly supposed. They say, "The entire cost of operation at present should not exceed forty or fifty cents per mile for a plane carrying five passengers. About ten cents per mile per passenger would amply cover the cost of operation, maintenance and pay good dividends on the investment."



There are other aeroplane authorities, however, who are not so sure about this. President Mingle, of the Standard Aircraft Corp., whose especially constructed mail planes are now being used by the Aerial Post, recently said: "The revenue to be derived from an aerial passenger route is all a matter of guessing, and the only way to get a clear idea of what will be the income is to get in actual operation a definite route. To prevent a waste of effort in establishing the pioneer air routes, aircraft manufacturers could work to a most excellent advantage by combining their talent, manufacturing and engineering experience. They could also operate on a practical working basis independent air lines between well-selected points throughout the United States. If they could agree between themselves not to nullify each other's efforts by overlapping service, such efforts will be successful, bearing in mind at all times that the great purpose is to develop a Civil Aerial Transport service to a high degree of efficiency and within a minimum period of time."

President Duval, of a great rubber corporation closely identified with aircraft manufacture, has still different ideas. "I do not believe that aircraft manufacturers can organize and operate air service lines. The problems of manufacture will absorb their attention and capital. Better results could be obtained from public utility companies organized for this purpose, either with or without governmental or municipal assistance. The Government has been taught a very forcible lesson from their previous neglect of the industry. We have suddenly become a peace industry almost before we were a full-fledged war industry. I believe that governmental financial aid would tend to stabilize the situation and insure the future."

Nor is American aviation thought neglecting the possibilities of express and freight transportation. John North Willys, head of the Curtiss company, and who during the war turned over his great automobile plants and organized others for the manufacture of aeroplanes, says: "I believe that, within a short time, the aeroplane will be designed and built

for carrying express parcels of the lighter weights, and development of such craft will in time make it possible to carry heavier packages, with freight as not a remote possibility. As a freight carrier, the aeroplane would be of great commercial value in the transporting of freight from places that are practically inaccessible to railroads and motor-driven land vehicles."

#### AMERICA LAGGING BEHIND THE WORLD

ARRANGEMENTS are now being made to handle this phase of aero transportation. Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America, has announced that one of the largest of our express companies is ready for co-operation with aeroplane traction companies, and will probably use the major part of the carrying capacity of their planes no matter how large they may be. Extensive blue-print plans for an aerial freight terminal near New York City are now being prepared. In San Francisco they are already building a freight terminal for aircraft. The men who have these projects in charge believe that two kinds of aerial freight will be carried. They think that the first demand will come for the swift transportation of light and valuable freight like the carrying of securities and even of bullion. They also believe that the aeroplane will be invaluable in carrying perishable goods and in bringing products from tropical regions remote by hundreds of miles from established rail heads.

Those are some of the things that are planned. What has been done? In the United States no aeroplane has operated on a regular passenger, freight or express service. There have been plans, a great many plans, a great deal of talk. Sooner or later action will evolve from this. But up to date, the carrying of passengers by aircraft in America is an unaccomplished fact. Not so in Europe. Just as America, the inventor of the aeroplane, fell behind Europe in its military development, so is it now falling behind in its commercial development. Italy is far in advance of us in aerial transpor-



tation. No sooner was the armistice with Austria signed than Italy had in operation seven different routes totaling 770 miles. In the United States only two aerial transportation companies have displayed any life, and they have yet to carry a passenger on a regular service. Germany in the upheaval of a revolution has an aeroplane service carrying passengers from Berlin to Munich, 350 miles, and can find plenty of people who are willing to pay \$350 for the trip. Two British companies instead of one are now flying daily passenger planes between London and Paris. An aerial express is operating between London, Manchester and Liverpool. A third British air company recently carried six civilian passengers from London to Cairo, to Damascus, to Bagdad. And just across the border from us, in Canada, there has come into being the Prince Edward Island Aerial Transportation Co., with a capital of one-quarter of a million dollars—to supplant ferryboats in transporting passengers from the island to Montreal, a distance of 100 miles. And in the West Indies there is the Aerial Transport Syndicate already operating one plane between all the islands of the Indies.

“Machines are making regular trips between Montreal and Toronto,” says Col. Wm. A. Bishop, Canadian “Ace.” “Three firms will have aerial garages in Canada within a year. Then one may call up a garage and a plane will call for him. Eight British firms are building planes to fly across the ocean.”

It has been demonstrated to America time and again that the aeroplane is capable of the most prolonged trips with perfect safety. Only the other day, Major Albert Smith, making his return trip through the air from New York to San Diego, Cal., flew the distance in 35 hours. Recently Pilot Eric Springer drove the 215 miles from Dayton to Cleveland at a speed of 175 miles an hour. Also, the elements are not the obstacles they were. Fog and rain have not held back the aerial post. Our army fliers have made trips successfully at night, flying by the compass. Navigation of the sky has changed from a mystery into an exact science.

## PLANNING THE TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

FROM the day that Wilbur Wright first rose in a plane from the sands of Kitty Hawk men have dreamed of crossing the Atlantic through the sky.

"It is only a matter of years, perhaps months," says Giovanni Caproni, he of the blessed bombing planes, "when you will be able to climb aboard an aeroplane in New York, have the porter take your luggage to your berth, stretch out for a comfortable siesta, spend a few pleasant hours with fellow-passengers in the lounge, dine in regular Ritz fashion, and be in London the following evening in time to enjoy your supper at the Savoy."

Gianni, as the Italians love to call him, is a dark-eyed boyish chap of thirty. His statement would seem quite absurd if it did not come from *the* Caproni who built the great bombing-planes which bear his name. "Transatlantic flight is easily possible now," adds Caproni. "I expect to make such a flight very shortly." Now, were this anybody but a master builder of aeroplanes talking one would, of course, pass it by without any serious consideration. But along with this bold statement from the brilliant imaginative Italian comes one in similar vein from a very hard-headed, very conservative Englishman, Handley-Page. He and Caproni built the greatest bombing-planes that the war produced. Both built planes capable of carrying a ton of deadweight, fuel for double motors, equipped with engines, easily able to negotiate 2,000 miles. Handley-Page was asked, "When will you fly across the Atlantic?"

"Just as soon as the Air Board permits," was the reply. That was the only doubt in his mind, securing release from Government work.

"I confidently look for overseas flights within the year," says John North Willys. "I would not be surprised to learn of such a performance at any time that the weather is considered favorable. Overseas flying is principally a matter of enough fuel-carrying capacity to permit of sustained flight for long periods of time. There has already been built a



flying boat that will carry from 15 to 20 hours of fuel in addition to the regular crew and other necessities."

And Glenn Curtiss says: "I believe that we shall soon have transatlantic flights. The reason I believe that this will be true is the same reason that makes me believe that marine flying will be developed quicker than land—because there are no landing fields needed. Terminal facilities are already provided—the surface of the water itself."

Curtiss has long been a champion of the flying boat. Before the war he had developed a number of types of flying boats and seaplanes ranging in size from a two-passenger pleasure craft to a gigantic ton-capacity flying vessel. The *America*, built for Rodman Wanamaker, was one such. Before the United States entered the war, Curtiss constructed this plane to cross the Atlantic, but the sudden war preparations of America put an end to all work of the sort. But the *America* served its purpose. It was the progenitor in the designing of several Curtiss flying boats for the Navy, of which the "N. C. 1" is the latest. This craft measures, from tip to tip of its wings, 126 feet; it can carry four and a half tons live load. The feat of Lieut. McCullough in taking fifty passengers aboard this plane and carrying them in a flight along the Atlantic coast without a mishap of any kind is significant from the point of view of a transatlantic flight.

#### HOW OUR NAVY WILL TRY TRANS-OCEAN FLYING

NOW that the war is over and Governments are easing the restrictions on the manufacture of aircraft, preparations for the transatlantic flight are rapidly progressing. The prizes for such a flight total \$125,000. The Aero Club of America considered offering a prize of \$150,000 to the first man to fly across the Atlantic, but hesitated after they tried to insure their offer with Lloyds, the insurance concern, famous for its wild gambles. Lloyds would not bet against the flight being made no matter how high a premium was offered to underwrite the Aero Club's contemplated prize money.

This is quite significant, for Lloyds will take almost any chance.

Two governments, several manufacturers, and individuals are preparing for the transatlantic flight. Our Navy Department has just ordered Commander John H. Towers to take charge of "the development of plans and assembly of material and personnel for the proposed transatlantic flight." It is believed that the Navy will use the huge Curtiss plane "N. C. 1," or a newer product of the same design, the "N. C. 2." The British Government is actively preparing for the Atlantic flight. It has tested out three different types of aircraft for the trip. One is a dirigible balloon which is supposed to be capable of the round-trip without stop. Another is a flying boat to be manned by two pilots and two mechanics. The third is a very fast small aeroplane with lifting power enough to carry sufficient fuel to allow it to cross the Atlantic without stop. Italy is in the contest with Caproni; France with Vedrines, Germany will make an essay with Zeppelins.

Aviation experts do not regard the Atlantic flight as very difficult. The obstacles to be overcome are human weakness and the fallibility of the machine. The men in this country today who guided fast but treacherous little fighting planes between the cotton-white puffs of bursting shrapnel in France have been through experiences beside which the strain of piloting a plane across the Atlantic is trivial. Regarding the fallibility of machines, there are in America today fair standard types capable of being altered so as to carry enough fuel for the oversea voyage. They are the huge Curtiss seaplane, the Glenn L. Martin bomber, the American modified Handley-Page and the monster Caproni triplane.

The problem of fuel being solved, there is that of the weather. On the elements the aviator must take his chances. Then there is the danger of getting lost in fog or storm. The route above the seas is, of course, without landmarks, but aviators have successfully flown by night without landmarks. There is the experience gained in all the hundreds of bombing flights during the war.

As Handley-Page says: "Nine years ago Bleriot flew



from Calais to Dover, twenty miles, and the world wondered. Now we have aeroplanes that can fly at more than 90 miles an hour and can carry fuel and supplies for a continuous flight of more than 30 hours. That gives an air distance of 2,700 miles. There is no reason why long-distance aeroplanes, built in America, should not fly to Europe. The map of the world may be judged on a scale of days, not miles. Take a map of England of 100 years ago and compare it on a time basis with a map of the world of today. New York is now actually nearer London owing to the aeroplane than Edinburgh was 100 years ago."

Colonel Bishop, the Canadian, who during the war brought down 72 German planes, says: "At the end of the year I feel quite confident that scores of machines will have crossed the Atlantic."

#### WHAT ABOUT "FREEDOM OF THE AIR"

SO much as a matter of course does Europe take this trans-ocean and transcontinental flying to be, that a conference has been called in Paris to determine the future of international aerial navigation. The United States and the Great Powers will this spring officially study the question of how to prevent aeroplanes of different nationalities from crossing customs barriers and how to prevent postal or commercial aeroplanes from being transformed into bombing machines within a few minutes. Who owns the air? With airplanes capable of flying 2,950 miles, as a Handley-Page machine did recently, this problem of the air is worrying statesmen who, although professing devout belief in a League of Nations and universal peace, have a way of looking into the future—for war. A nation's jurisdiction of the water ends three miles from its coasts. Does a nation's jurisdiction over the air end three miles from the ground? Now that the question of the "Freedom of the Seas" is being settled, what about the question of the "Freedom of the Air"?

When peace is signed, England will, of course, permit German ships to enter its territorial waters, but would Eng-

land permit a swarm of German aircraft to fly above its harbors, its great naval bases? Would we care about allowing foreign airplanes to fly above the defenses of the Panama Canal?

The swift progress of aviation has brought these questions of the future before the minds of statesmen today. By the air route, if we are to believe the most prominent men in aviation, New York soon will be just two days from London, or three and a half days from Bagdad, which we think of as the end of the world. Constantinople and Petrograd will be only twenty hours from London. The astounding stride of aviation has brought the nations of the world closer together. Some years ago when a steamship came cleaving into New York Bay five days after leaving Europe we marveled. Let the first aircraft wing its way across the Atlantic in less than a day and we will awake thunderstruck. The aeroplane by annihilating distance has brought nations at each other's doors. This should mean getting acquainted with Europe, exchanging ideas, establishing close friendships with the different peoples of the earth.



# WHAT FRANCE FACES

A Summary of the Awful Havoc Wrought by the  
Hun in France's Richest Region and Her  
Immediate Economic Needs

By CAPTAIN ANDRÉ TARDIEU

FORMER HIGH COMMISSIONER TO THE UNITED STATES

**T**ECHNICALLY speaking, the war is over. But for France there stretches ahead a long weary way before its effects can be effaced.

When it is understood that two years of work will be needed before a single ton of coal can be extracted from our great coal mines in northern France, you have a graphic epitome of the German havoc wrought in that region. And when one adds that it will be ten years before the coal output of that section can be restored to the totals of 1913, the full disaster of German occupation will be realized. These sinister facts are not rehearsed as an illustration of money values of loss, but as a visualization of calamity. There are figures in plenty, and they are staggering, showing what the destruction amounts to in money.

Our total war expenses will reach 120,000,000,000 francs. But the great tragedy is the loss of two million and a half men—some dead, some maimed, some returned sick and incapacitated from German prisons. The fifteenth part of our people is missing at the very time we need all our material and moral forces in order to build up our life again. None of these things have I told the American people during my visit to your hospitable shores. I kept silent on these points purposely during the eighteen months that I was there. While we were fighting it was to war alone that we, all of us, you as well as we, had to devote our energy without restriction and without stint. It was not meet to mourn, nor to think on the awful aspects of France's appalling plight. But today I can tell you where we are standing. I tell you

of our will to live again. I tell you of our needs and of our wounds. And I tell you of what we intend to do and what we will do. I know I need not wait for your answer. I know it because I know you. As a spokesman of the French Government, I want to set forth what the needs of France will be tomorrow. I want to tell of what new efforts will be required for the healing of her wounds. I want to say that France is confidently relying upon her Allies to carry out this mighty work of reconstruction.

The flower of France, the younger blood and energy, is dead on the field of battle. The most precious of our resources, the youth of our land, have been taken from us. To pay off our war debt of 120,000,000,000 francs we must work with the hands and the brains that survive the war. The German occupation extended for four years over the wealthiest part of France. In area only six per cent of the Republic was under the domination of the invader, but this six per cent paid twenty-five per cent of the tax total.

#### A TASK FOR GIANTS

**W**HAT remains of this rich region of ante-bellum days?

Of the cities and villages all that is left is ruin. Over 350,000 homes have been destroyed. To build them again would require 165,000 men to work constantly ten years, involving, together with building material, an outlay of 10,000,000,000 francs. To rebuild portions of them, or to rebuild within a less period of time, will necessitate an increase of workers in ratio. It is the task of giants. France faces it because France wills to live and to do it. And France will do it relying upon the mighty co-operation of her Allies.

In this devastated region the personal property loss, the loss through battle-destruction and stealing by the Germans, will foot up to 4,000,000,000 francs. This valuation excludes numberless war contributions and fines levied by the enemy. These sums also reach into the billions. As yet definite figures are lacking. There are no agricultural resources left in this formerly rich section. In horses, cattle,



hogs and goats the loss reaches 11,510,000 head. In agricultural equipment the loss totals 454,000 machines or carts. These two losses alone foot up approximately to 6,000,000,000 francs—very likely much more when the correct figures are obtainable.

The Germans very methodically destroyed all the machinery of this district—the district that was the very backbone of our production. I call attention to these figures of the year 1913, the year just preceding the commencement of the war. The wool output of this rich section reached 94 per cent of the output of the whole country; flax and spinning mill productions were 90 per cent of all France as was also iron ore; pig-iron was 83 per cent of the entire output of the Republic; steel and sugar 70 per cent; cotton 60 per cent; coal 55 per cent, electric power 45 per cent.

All is completely stopped. Of plants, mines and machinery nothing remains—nothing. And all must be rebuilt. To do it will require 2,000,000 tons of pig-iron and nearly 4,000,000 tons of steel. And this does not consider the replenishing of stocks and raw materials which must be furnished the plants during the first year that activity is resumed. It will take 25,000,000,000 francs to cover our industrial needs.

#### RAILROAD AND SHIPPING LOSSES

I HAVE not mentioned transportation, a vital need to factory reconstruction and raw-material carriage. The Germans ripped up our tracks, destroyed our railroad equipment and rolling stock. You may judge of the havoc when I say that during the first month of the war, in 1914, our rolling stock was reduced 50,000 cars. Four years of war has worked proportionate damage. Not a single merchant vessel has been built in our shipyards for four years. Our merchant fleet loss through submarine warfare exceeds a million tons. We must figure an outlay of 2,500,000,000 francs for rehabilitation in this connection. At the present rate of prices in France the raw material needed will cost

not less than 50,000,000,000 francs. And this is far from covering all. We must consider the loss represented by the transformation of factories devoted to war munitions, the foreign markets lost as a result of the destruction of one-fourth of our productive capital, and the almost total collapse of our trade.

France needs immediate assistance in the matter of labor. We hope the technical and other units of American troops about returning home will be able to help us meet this need. In repairing the ruins of Alsace-Lorraine and of northern and eastern France, we trust the army of the United States will aid us while our people are restoring their homes. For the necessary purchases that must be made in America we are in need of credits, in dollars, covering about fifty per cent of our total purchases for reconstruction. We need labor, credit, raw material and ships. Courage and faith will be brought to France with the assurance of this help.

The liberties of the United States and France have developed fraternally for more than a hundred years. United we prove to the world today the victory of democracy. But to complete this victory, it is necessary that France shall rise from her ruins and in the peace of a reconstructed country find full compensation for all our sacrifices. No nation has ever had a more formidable task put upon it. France will be equal to the effort. I feel confident that the United States will be our magnificently helpful comrade on the march to the goal.



# PICKING AMUSEMENT FOR NINETY MILLION PEOPLE

By LEE SHUBERT

*Known from Maine to California, "the Shuberts" are producers of the most varied range of theatrical entertainment, controlling more theatres and supervising the production of more plays than any other theatrical organization in the world. This interesting analysis of picking the public amusements is a contribution, from authoritative source, of unusual interest.*

**F**REQUENTLY theatrical managers are asked to divulge the mysteries and hidden secrets of the stage, to open wide, for the benefit of an unsuspecting public, the magic bag from which we extricate the plays we know will prove successful, and to expose our methods of elimination in making our selection. The managerial mirror has been held up for all to see precisely just how it is all worked out, vividly picturing in great detail all the processes of play-producing from the time the author conceives the idea for a play to the time the curtain goes up on the first act of the first night on Broadway.

But the more we explain the more complex the whole thing becomes, the more baffling it is, and the more we realize that the theatre-going public is, in the final analysis, the best picker of its theatre entertainment. We select and produce the plays, but the public sits in judgment on what we produce, and we stand or fall on the percentage of times the public agrees with us. In other words, we put up our time and money against public opinion. If the play proves successful, we have anticipated what the public wants, but if the play fails, we have lost the amount invested in the rejected production, because once a play has failed the manager has little means of recovering upon his original investment.

If, on the other hand, we could foresee the future of a play the theatrical business would be just about as romantic as the shoestring business and about as speculative. Also there would be no failures, either artistically or financially,

and the managers would become millionaires in a season. There are, however, safeguards and watchwords that managers follow as far as the human equation enters into the theatrical business, and fortified with these proven safety-gauges the percentage of failures is reduced to a minimum.

The theatrical business is unlike any other business, be it commercial, industrial or financial, and being different there are no set standards to guide the theatrical manager such as are open to men who enter any other form of business activity. Putting it a little differently I might say that the theatre presents far more hazards to the amateur who would solve this mystery than almost any other business. In the theatre he has nothing to go on except his own judgment of the merit or demerit of a play, whereas if a man decides to make shoes or clothing or any other necessity he at least is producing a commodity, and whether he succeeds in making a highly successful article or not he still has a market for whatever he turns out.

This is not true of the theatre. We invest our money and spend our time on nothing more substantial than our judgment of a play. We may spend thousands of dollars on the production, weeks in casting and rehearsing, and in the end produce it only to discover that the public doesn't want it. Right here our market for the play is closed and our money and time have gone for naught. To the amateur, staking his all on one production, this would be a catastrophe, not only in that he lost his money but also in the effect it might have on him as a future producer.

#### FORTUNES AT A STROKE—BUT THE EXCEPTION

**Y**ET there are enough precedents to prove that the man who goes in for one theatrical production, either musical comedy, farce, or drama, has a chance of success and if successful the prospect of making a huge fortune in one stroke. But these are exceptional instances and are by no means an indication that the amateur has the same chance of succeeding that the seasoned and experienced manager has, for



after all experience plays a great part in the successful presentation of entertainment for the theatre.

For example, the experienced manager knows, through the various avenues of information open to him, the condition of the "market" at the moment, how many actors and actresses are available for parts as well as the work for which they are suited. He knows also the hundred and one other purely physical and technical phases of the business at every stage at a given period. He knows, too, the trend of the theatre, what plays have been successful and the ones that have not and the reasons for the successes as well as why the others failed.

Only men directly and intimately associated with the theatre, not only in New York but throughout the country, as well as the big European cities, can know these conditions, which offset to a considerable degree the uncertainty back of every production made. Surely a man who has this information charted and at his finger-tips has a better chance of presenting a play that will please the public and prove a financial success than a man who depends entirely upon his own judgment of a play from purely an artistic point of view.

Despite the fact that a play must succeed or fail on its functions to interest and entertain, there are elements that enter into the production that are wholly technical and the proper application of these may turn an ordinary play artistically into a big financial success. In this connection the manager of wide experience has a tremendous advantage over the amateur, or the man who is making one production and making it with limited capital and stage equipment.

#### WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS—THE PROBLEM

**T**O interpret what the public wants, however, is, after all, the greatest problem confronting a theatrical manager. And the fact that public taste in the theatre includes every phase of the theatrical art, a manager must select and produce successful dramas, comedies, musical comedies, classics,

farces, and all the other forms of expression open to the theatre. His success depends upon his being able to think for the public, to anticipate what the great masses will be pleased with in the theatre and offering them just the right proportions in the three or four popular forms of standard entertainment.

It would not be a very wise thing for any manager to say that the public likes or dislikes some particular branch of the drama. Their taste varies. Some prefer tragedy, some farce, and some comedy. Then again, different parts of the country seem to respond more readily to a certain type of play. Keeping in touch with the preferences of the public, and catering religiously to those preferences, shows, for instance, that the public has a leaning toward plays of the lighter type; that the drama which portrays, in some measure, the thought of the day, is more apt to succeed than the play which does not.

You cannot set a definite rule by which to judge a play. A poor reading script may evolve into a wonderful success. If the play has merit, the manager will realize it within the first two weeks, or more often within a week. A drama, tragedy or mystery play must be exceptionally worthy to remain for any length of time in New York. A musical comedy usually stands the better chance of success. That is because of the psychological axiom that every normal individual will always prefer the bright, cheerful, optimistic environment to that of the sombre and dull.

Now the public is simply clamoring for plays of the light and frivolous type. A serious play has necessarily got to be exceptionally meritorious to succeed. One feature of the after-the-war effect on drama, is the insistent if infrequent appearance of the play based on sociology. With five million killed, and spiritualism and immortality in everyone's mind, it naturally follows that plays touching on these topics will appropriate a certain measure of the public's interest. Therefore, there is absolutely no way of determining exactly what type of play the public wants. There are too many changing influences, constantly playing on the mind



of the people, that prevent any definite likes or dislikes and which consequently do not allow the formulating of a logical answer. It is a matter determined by the prevailing conditions of the world, the temperament of the people and relative merit of the play.

#### THE AFTER-WAR REACTION AND THE PHOTO-PLAY'S PLACE

**B**ASED on an experience covering the last twenty-five years I should say that the standard forms of theatre entertainment are drama, farce and comedy, with an occasional spectacular melodrama, and of course, grand opera. The success of a manager depends on his ability to produce these in proportion to the popular vogue of each. Added to these is musical comedy, which has now become a standard form of entertainment in this country, with very little of the speculation attendant upon the production of the other forms of theatre amusement.

It is next to impossible to compare one season with another and base productions on what has gone before. Public opinion is very difficult to define. Right now, for instance, the American public, fed up on the tragedies of the war for the last five years, wants the lighter aspects of life presented to them. I doubt that a melodrama of the old school, or any other play presenting a problem, would succeed now. This contention is borne out by the fact that 90 per cent of the current plays are of the comedy, farce and lighter dramatic variety. The plays of a serious nature that have been offered have not been of the morbid type.

On the other hand the situation may be entirely different tomorrow. However, I believe the motion-picture has killed forever the melodrama, as we have understood it, in this country. The reason for this is that the screen lends itself more to exaggeration and is so inconsistent and its transition so rapid that flying-fish and other absurdities seem realities. The limitations of the stage and the intelligence of its people prevent the grotesque, and it is a good thing for the stage that this is so. After all the stage reflects real life

and must be done with a fidelity to the characters portrayed, both in the lines the author puts in the mouths of the actors and in the effects supplied by the managers. In only this one instance does the screen encroach upon the stage and except for this they in no way conflict. They both have their fields and will never, in my opinion, interfere with each other, either as to the things they offer to the public as entertainment, or still in their appeal to the people.

WHY NEW YORK SUCCESS IS A CRITERION

**I**N offering a play, or rather in selecting a play for production, the manager must measure the appeal of the particular play under consideration not by what New York City might want but by what the entire country wants. For the greatest returns from a play, the real profits to the producer, begin to mount up after the piece has exhausted its run on Broadway and invades the other cities of the country. In making the comparison between New York and other cities I have reference to the so-called prosaic New Yorker, the man about town, who is supposed to have seen and done everything under the sun there is to do. It would be suicidal for a manager to offer a play with this type of New Yorker in mind.

New York is the centre of theatrical activities in this country only because it is the largest city and, therefore, has the largest number of people from which to draw. Being the largest city, and situated as it is, the population is very cosmopolitan and includes not only people from all over this country but from all over Europe as well. Therefore, I believe a representative audience from all walks of life and from all sections of the country will see a play and aid very materially in its sustained success on Broadway. This being true a successful New York piece is heralded just for what it is to all corners of the country long before it leaves this city. That is why nine out of ten New York successes will meet with the same favor on tour, and by the same line of rea-



soning that is why a bad play, or one with too much Broadway, will fail.

But on the whole I should say that the average good play, well acted, with the original New York production and cast, would have the same measure of success on the road that it had in New York. The contrary is only true of plays that are fashioned on local incidents about which the person who has never been to New York would know nothing, or on the life and habits of characters of whom the general public knows very little. A play of this type will find a certain audience in New York, have a tremendous vogue and return a handsome profit to the producer. But those are rare exceptions.

#### NEW YORK HAS NOT CORNER ON INTELLIGENCE

**P**LAYS, however, that have a universal appeal are the only truly artistically and financially successes. This sort of stage-offering will live for two or three years and play to practically all the theatre-goers of the country. For a play to do this it is not necessary that its theme be either ultra rural or convey a particular type. All plays must be modern. The people of the smallest towns are just as intelligent, know just as much of the national and international affairs, and are just as awake to the trend of the times as the people of New York or any other city. It is a mistake to think that New York has a corner on intelligence, or that the emotions are different here from what they are anywhere else.

Time and again this has been proven when a manager has revived some play that at the time of its original presentation was recognized as a piece of theatrical phenomenon only to have it fall of its own weight. I am convinced, after carefully watching the revivals for the last twenty years, that the public doesn't want to see anything in the theatre but the original production. No doubt the reason for this is, as I have explained, that the people of one community are just as familiar with things theatrical as they are of any other. Because today no class or no particular section of

the country has a monopoly on the news whether it be national, international or theatrical.

With its widespread interest, and with the functions for the dissemination of news, the people all over the country are advised of a stage-offering immediately it has been produced, either in New York or in any one of the other cities where managers exhibit new properties. Admitting that the people exact plays that are modern, and further admitting that the life of the theme of a play is two or three years, it is readily seen that revivals have a very small appeal to the general theatre-going public. Moreover conditions around the theatre are changing every day. Everything connected with the business has advanced, and what was considered modern yesterday is in reality obsolete tomorrow. This is true of the appointments of the theatre as well as of the physical part of a stage production.

In no other business in the world do the conditions change as often and abruptly as they do in the theatrical business. In no other business is the public mood such an important factor in the success or failure of a project as in the theatre. Without a very accurate knowledge of these conditions it would be next to impossible to approach the theatre with even a degree of success. In other words, to know your public is to be successful as a producing theatrical manager.



# "REDS" IN NEW YORK'S SLUMS

How Insidious Doctrines Are Propagated in  
New York's "East Side"

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

WHEN Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, the German Bolshevists, were slain in the streets of Berlin, there was held a great memorial, in New York City, to do them honor. There were ready funds to pay the hire of a hall; to pay for the printing of pretentious invitations and to meet all the expenses of promoting a monster mass meeting in the Greater City. Citizens in every walk of life were asked to pay homage to the memory of Liebknecht and Luxemburg who died for the Cause. It was the Cause which aims to confiscate all wealth; the Cause of sabotage, of incendiarism, of bombs, and of "bumping off"; the Cause which would tear down every American flag and everything for which the Flag stands. It was the Cause of anarchy.

The memorial to the German renegades was held. The streets, in the vicinity of the hall, teemed with excited people; the building itself was crowded to the doors by an excited mob, which ominously cheered every utterance any speaker made against the Government of the United States. It was a mob which sang songs of revolution in the same sullen monotone of the Russian mobs when they swept the streets of Petrograd with rifle fire and hurled shopkeepers and honest workingmen into the Neva. Feverish, hysterical, reckless, these American Bolsheviki shuffled away from the Liebknecht-Luxemburg memorial, enthralled by the speakers' words, their souls in a souring foment. It was a tribute held in the greatest city of America to the greatest force that has ever been loosed in the world to destroy all existing

forms of government, religion, family and economic life. It was a brazen tribute to Bolshevism.

But for New York, symbol of America, to have simmering and seething in its house the cauldron of revolt, is nothing new. In a furtive, trivial way it was thus for years. Only, today, the flames under the cauldron are growing fiercer month by month.

NEW YORK BOLSHEVIKI UNDERMINE RUSSIA

WHEN the Russian revolution came and Kerensky and the more moderate, more humane, leaders of the Russian people sought to guide them into an orderly form of government, there were men who emerged from the foul and dark cellars of Moscow, Kieff, Petrograd, Odessa and Helsingfors, men steeped in vodka, men who preyed upon honest men and women alike, men who had managed to learn to read and then turned the talent to the reading of books by neurotics who cursed God and any man who worked honestly for a living. And these men crept out over Russia; and from New York their kind stole over the seas to Russia. They wanted the Government that Kerensky was seeking to establish overthrown. They wanted a condition of life in Russia which would give them money without work, which would permit them to indulge all their vicious passions without fear of any law. They desired a decree that would order all women between the ages of 18 and 45 brought before a commissaire, there "to be assigned a man with whom they are to live." They wished all religions made impossible. They said, "All the misery in the world is due to the superstition that there is a God. We now propose to enlighten our children, and, with this purpose in view, we will issue a catechism on atheism for use in all the schools." And they got all these things that they wanted; for these men were the Bolsheviks. And today they are propagating their doctrines in America, belching them up from out of New York's slums.

It was not easy to overthrow the honest Russians under Kerensky. The Bolsheviks needed help. Where did they



turn to get their help? They turned to New York, to its lower East Side—where Liebknecht and Luxemburg were honored. And out of its dingy streets, there skulked Leon Trotsky, the pants presser, he who rules with Lenine in Russia today.

When the United States sought to save Russia from self-destruction and sent to Petrograd a commission composed of statesmen, experts in business, finance, food, railroads, relief work, again the Bolsheviki called for help. The call was answered in New York's East Side. Out of its cellars, meeting halls and factories they came, scores of Jews, never Americanized, who went back to Russia. There, as swiftly as the American Commission won the confidence of the Russian people, these East Side agitators undermined it. When the American Commission said to the Russian workers, "We want to help you. We will finance you, assist you in every way to make your new government a success," the agitators from New York's East Side dogged their footsteps. And to the same group of Russian workers they said, "The Americans are lying to you. They only want to grind you down into the dust like they have done with us in America. Don't believe their tales of freedom. In America the workers are slaves of the capitalists." Thus, the agitators from New York's East Side nullified the work of the United States Commission in Russia, saved the day for the Bolsheviki.

When, drunk with power, Lenine and Trotsky sought, beginning with Germany, to make Bolshevism the ruling force in every civilized country, where did they send many of their cleverest propagandists? They sent them to New York, to the lower East Side, the breeding place of revolt in the New World.

#### BREEDING REVOLT IN THE METROPOLIS

**H**AVE you seen revolt being bred in New York? Have you ever been to Forward Hall on East Broadway, the Manhattan Labor Lyceum at 66 East 4th Street, or the Rand School at 133 East 15th Street? Have you ever seen that

cellar in East 106th Street where the Bresci anarchists meet? Do you know the place at 255 Grand Street or 195 Lenox Avenue? Have you been in the crowd at London Casino or McKinley Square Casino in the Bronx when the Bolsheviks hold sway? Do you know the meeting places at 32 Union Square, the I. W. W. "flat" at 1258 Boston Road, at 1527 Madison Avenue, 74 St. Mark's Place, 27 East 4th Street, 113 East 10th Street, along the waterfront, or over in the teeming Brownsville district? Have you ever dropped in at 7 East 15th Street of a Sunday morning when radicals representative of organizations gather? In all of these places Bolshevism is being propagated. Any night, every night, our citizens are being incited to revolution in the areas of the great Red breeder. Come with me!

Just south of Washington Square, in days gone the stronghold of New York conservatism, there is, on Fourth Street, a dingy building, the upper floors given over to Bolshevik organizations of garment workers; the lower floor, a hall. It is the Labor Lyceum. There one finds a room about sixty feet wide and seventy feet long; it is filled with cheap, collapsible chairs, closely packed. At one end of the room rises a stage, screened by a tawdry curtain bearing letters in Yiddish. Underfoot is sawdust muddled by the feet of the hundreds who at night congregate there. It is a stifling place, heavy with the fumes of rank pipes, soiled clothing and unwashed bodies. From the byways of the East Side there come to this place—and a score like it—men with stooping shoulders and spreading, uncombed beards, mottled with food—men ever gesticulating and talking in strange tongues. There come, too, young men more careful in their dress, some tawdrily foppish, all a little brazen and flaunting in their manner. As children not so long ago, they stepped off a steamer frightened and cowed by the sheer magnificence which is New York's; they were refugees from Old World tyranny. Today the wine of freedom has gone to their heads. . . . There come these girls, somberly dressed and garishly dressed, the women workers from the sweat shops and factories, drawn irresistibly here where they can give vent to emotions, stifled



in the confines of a tenement room. As one watches them file into the meeting, one is impressed with their seriousness. They mean business; their faces, stamped with the power of rebellious thought, seem to convey the idea that they want everybody to know that they mean business. One looks in vain for a single happy face; unsmiling, their eyes shine with a light of purpose, one feels in the presence of all that is head-strong, merciless, bitter—the presence of Tragedy.

They take their seats quietly. The hum of voices, inevitable overture to any rising curtain, fills the air. It is a confusing sound, a babel of many tongues—Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, Yiddish. One hears a great deal of Yiddish; indeed, it is the predominant note, as it is in the ranks of Russia's Bolsheviks! With a start, one sees in the audience those that do not seem a part of it. From out of the drabness of the crowd stand better dressed people; here, a minister in the garments of the church; there a noted author; over there, a beautifully gowned woman sitting beside a young man who affects the white soft shirt open at the neck.

“ A BOMB VON'T KILL ENOUGH OF THEM ”

WITH the rising of the curtain the audience moves to its feet and, to the tune of a once popular Broadway air, sings:

*All hail to the Bolsheviks!*  
*We will fight for our Class and be free,*  
*A Kaiser, King or Czar, no matter which you are*  
*You're nothing of interest to me;*  
*If you don't like the red flag of Russia,*  
*If you don't like the spirit so true,*  
*Then just be like the cur in the story,*  
*And lick the hand that's robbing you.*

Into these cheap words they put all their souls and all their bodies. Their eyes shine; their forms sway. With up-turned faces they sing with the passionate enthusiasm of religious fanatics; it is electric, contagious, overwhelming. Almost with a sigh the sound dies away and they settle back

into their seats, intent upon a man whom the rising curtain has disclosed upon the platform. He is sitting behind a little wooden table. He is dressed in a greasy black suit; his hair is shaggy and long; a very thin moustache, inky black, streaks his heavy upper lip; his face, bulging and red, creases in a fishy smile. Through a pair of thick glasses peep furtive black eyes. He rises to introduce the speakers of the evening and, quite perceptibly, the audience moves forward a little in its seats. His speech comes with a Yiddish accent, ingratiating, drippy. Very carefully, after naming the first speaker, he brings his audience up to the proper pitch; shaking his fist, he yells: "Ve don't vant you to throw a bomb. A bomb von't kill enough of them! Ve vant you to sthand peehind your great leaders. Like Trotsky led the Russian beoble to freedom, so vill your leaders crush the rich und you vill have all the money vat they have sthole from you!"

Amid great applause he sits down and the first speaker of the evening, an English Bolshevist, begins his harangue. He is followed by a Spaniard and then a Russian Jew, a Trotsky agent direct from Petrograd. And their poison seeps into hundreds of souls. About 500 speakers spread the propaganda in New York City alone; about 15,000 persons are active in the movement against our government; there is no way yet of learning the magnitude of the thousands who are sympathetically *thinking* of revolt. In a recent New York raid upon the rooms of the Federation of Russian Workers in America on East 15th Street a Soviet composed of twenty-three radical organizations scattered throughout the Greater City and the names of six thousand Bolsheviki were revealed.

The speeches one hears at these meetings invariably take the theme of protest. A meeting was called and advertised in the socialist press in New York, the foreign language newspapers of New York, and by hand-bills and word of mouth as "a protest relative to the illegal detention of fifty-four of our comrades, International Workers of the World, on Ellis Island." The meeting of the week before was a protest against the employment of the American Expeditionary Force in Russia. The week after it was a protest against



the arrest of the fourteen Spanish anarchists who conspired to assassinate President Wilson. At every meeting, whenever possible, the agitators stage it around some current event which has *protest* possibilities. Any topic of current interest which they can twist or turn to that end they at once seize upon as an attraction to gather their audiences together.

#### WHO AMERICA'S BOLSHEVIKI ARE

THE interests of the people who stage these Bolshevistic meetings are varied. There are the professional agitators - Tresca, Larkin, Blossom, Dalton, Kirkpatrick and Kelly. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn of the "Wobblies," as the I. W. W. like to call themselves, is extremely popular. These agitators study. They read books all day. They steep themselves with false theories of government and economics. They have all the harebrained philosophy of the world at their fingertips. They are clever speakers; they use good English and always offer a wealth of statistics, manufactured for the occasion. They are "in it for what they can get out of it." Like Emma Goldman, many of them appear before their duped audiences shabbily dressed; but elsewhere they are to be seen wearing expensive clothes. Anarchy often pays the agitator.

There is another class of orator. This is the poor, honest, completely sincere man whose mentality has been poisoned by listening to the terrible power of the organized lie. He makes no money out of his talk. He lives from hand to mouth. At the meetings he gets up and talks, and to talk is his joy. With atrocious grammar, he offers absurd arguments, and drinks deep of the applause which he receives. Then there are the young Jew lawyers of the East Side who practice oratory by ranting at the meetings.

The people who listen to these Bolshevistic speakers do so from different motives. Eighty per cent of them are Russian Jews, not good Jews, but "apostates," frowned upon by the bulk of our fine citizens of Jewish blood; the remainder are Italians and Americans. In Russia the Jews did not

dare to lift their heads; they dare here. Also, they are clan-nish; they congregate together. In the beginning they go to these meetings because they have no other place to go. In the halls it is warm and generally does not cost anything. There they meet friends or they make friends. They sit for hours listening often to languages which they cannot understand; but the spirit of revolt they come to understand and to feel. Now and then a point the speaker makes is translated for them. Then a Yiddish speaker begins and their interest is stirred; him, they understand. They never heard anything like that in Russia. No one ever dared to say such things against "the government." To them a government means tyranny. Into their life a thrill has come; they have heard "the government" boldly defied.

Back they go, the next day, to the shop where they sew garments for a living. They tell a friend what a fine time they had at the meeting. The next night, the friend goes; then he tells a friend. So it is with the older man who attends New York's Bolshevistic meetings. He does not make much money. He cannot often afford paid amusements, so he takes the next best thing, a change of scene. He gets this at the Bolsheviki meetings. There is a saying of the East Side, "a kike travels on what he hears." Every thought the average Yiddish worker of the East Side hears at the Bolsheviki meetings he repeats. Bolshevistic propaganda becomes his source of material for conversation. Not only that, but they induce friends to work in the shop, underselling labor until the shop is all Bolsheviki, freezing out good, loyal workers. Once in control, they then organize a Bolshevik union affiliated with the I. W. W. and demand exorbitant pay of the owner. He pays or faces sabotage. In the garment trades of New York these Bolsheviki organizations have a tremendous hold.

The younger generation which frequents the meetings have had some schooling in America. They are very often inclined, with a little education, to become the type which is called "fresh." They see that their father cannot read; they can. They obtain Bolsheviki propaganda literature and



avidly absorb what they read. Then they go abroad and air what they have read, to show how much they know. They are ever talking about their "rights." During the working day they cannot talk about "rights," particularly if there is an Irish foreman around. But at these Bolsheviki meetings, there they can talk. They are quick to jump on their feet and contradict a speaker. They expand with ego.

#### PLAYING WITH FIRE

THERE is another group which attends these meetings. Its men let their hair grow long, and its women cut their hair short. It comes from that part of New York City which is known as Greenwich Village where everybody protests against the conventional and says at least once a day, "Isn't life wonderful?" It is the great army of failures, writers, artists, sculptors who cannot succeed. They are to be found at these Bolsheviki meetings because they are "so unconventional." Among the Greenwich Village delegation, however, there are some real Bolsheviks, men and women, like John Reed and Louise Bryant, who have been to Russia, who worked there with Trotsky in the preparation of Bolsheviki propaganda. Through these Greenwich Village radicals, persons of quite higher strata of life are drawn down into Bolshevism. Wealthy men and wealthy women of New York are frequent visitors at the Bolsheviki meetings. They are those who have no active business interests, who are more or less bored with life and to whom all this unrest and revolt appears as something new and picturesque. Then there is always to be found the human being with a grouch on the world—the dissatisfied man. He cannot lucidly tell you why, but a grievance he has. He feels it, "Down with everything!" Of such timber are the audiences which listen to the Bolsheviki propaganda.

At all these meetings for spreading the propaganda of discontent, I. W. W.'s, socialists and anarchists are in attendance. Before the war the different radical organizations

were wide apart. The socialists would have nothing to do with the I. W. W.'s and the anarchists had declared war on them both. The war brought them together; they met on a common ground—the doctrine of the elimination of nations and of capital and of militarism; the dawn of internationalism, no nationalities, the world just one big family, etc., etc. An understanding came about between the leaders of the different radical groups in America; they leagued to fight the war. Those of the socialists, the "lefts," willing to compromise, men like Walling, Russell, Spargo, rallied to the support of the United States Government. The more radical socialists joined forces with the anarchists and the I. W. W. That is the line-up today.

Their propaganda is published in all languages. The *Novy Mir* and *Bread and Freedom, Workman and Peasant* and *Freedom* are extremely pernicious, brazenly Bolsheviki.

The socialist press, some papers of which have a circulation of 200,000 copies, is today printing Bolsheviki propaganda. At a recent meeting of one of the socialist political organizations in New York, Kirkpatrick, one of the wildest rabble-rousers of the Bolsheviki, was scheduled to speak. These agitators go from one socialistic meeting to another, appearing under assumed names and changing their names every night. Thus, socialist meetings are turned into Bolshevik meetings without it being known from the list of speakers.

Their printed propaganda is a secret struggle against the authorities. The Post Office Department has authority to deny this propaganda the use of the mails; likewise, under the Espionage Act, those who write and publish it can be brought into court. So it is printed under cover, by "The Underground Press." There are little hand presses in basements and cellars of the East Side. There the Bolsheviki agitators set up in type their inflammatory articles. By night these are taken away and distributed in the small hours.



## SECRET PROPAGANDA

At first they used to post their agents outside factories at the hour when men went to work; on street corners during the noon hour and then again when the day's work was done. The agents handed out the propaganda pamphlets and news sheets to the workers. This method was broken up by the arrests of the police. The propaganda is now put out by leaving it at night in the vestibules of houses, where live people whom the agitators believe will be susceptible to its influence. Still another device is now being used. The First, Second and Third elevated railway lines of New York City run through districts where live many people who may be turned into Bolshevik converts. At night the agents sneak their bundles of news sheets away from the "Underground Press" and between the hours of two and four in the morning ride up and down in the "L" trains, throwing the propaganda out of the car windows to the streets below. During the noon hours, every now and then, some Bolshevik enthusiast hurls from a factory or workshop window a package of leaflets which he has brought in under his coat in the morning. Also, the propaganda literature is passed around at informal meetings held in their homes or is passed from one worker to another in the shop.

It raises its head in various guises in the pages of some of our best known "liberal publications," this being due to the influence of wealthy dilettanti who are playing with fire, amusing themselves with Bolshevism, seeking a new sensation. It appears in the pulpits of some of our churches, between the lines, by ministers given to sensational sermons. One such minister, extremely well known in New York, boldly preached the doctrines of Bolshevism from the pulpit until he was forced to retire. Another clergyman opened the doors of his church to the I. W. W.

Where does the money come from to finance these activities of the Bolsheviks in New York? There was a rumor current that Lenine and Trotsky diverted part of a vast sum of money which they confiscated from the nobility in Russia

and sent it to the United States by way of South America for Bolsheviki propaganda. This is said to be without foundation. However, in a recent letter written by Trotsky to anarchists in Geneva, he urges his friends to co-operate with a Mme. Barbanoff, whom he explains is in Switzerland with several million dollars to carry on Bolshevik propaganda in France, Italy, England and the United States. It is reported that the Lenine-Trotsky régime has appropriated \$8,000,000 monthly for propaganda.

Russia has sent us Bolsheviki agitators. These men went to the Argentine and then shipped as members of the crew on steamers bound for New York. In New York, while on shore leave, they of course deserted, thus being able to enter our country without passports. In the East Side they were hidden away. A number of Bolsheviki agitators of New York got into the United States this way and worked upon the Russian Jews of New York.

The agitators have money. It comes from several sources. There are the dues of the socialists, of the I. W. W. and of the various garment-workers' organizations which are not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. At many of the meetings, admissions of ten cents are often charged. When some favorite of the crowds speaks, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn or Kirkpatrick, it is possible to pass the hat and take up a collection. Considerable money, however, comes from the wealthy people who are toying with Bolshevism. Time and again picturesque figures, like Larkin, Blossom and Miss Flynn, have been invited by wealthy women to speak at their afternoon receptions. In certain circles of society it is regarded as "quite the smart thing" to entertain the guests with talk by a "radical" agitator. That is "easy pickings" for a woman like Flynn. She talks of the "oppressed" and paints a picture of horrible conditions. Then one of her hearers says, "My dear, to think that these things are true! We simply *must* do something." And the rich women get out their check-books and write off good substantial amounts—for the Cause. Then there are the direct money contributions made by wealthy men to the



Cause. Of course it is obvious that these are men who are not in business, who are not confronted with the sabotage, walkouts and "bumping off" that a fostering of the tactics of the Bolsheviks brings about.

#### THE DANGER SWIFTLY ACCELERATING

THERE are Bolshevik readers, there is a little cigar factory on the East Side where the workmen sit and roll the day long the leaves of tobacco. They are seven; six cannot read or write; the seventh can. While they work, he sits and reads to them by the hour out of Bolshevik newspapers and pamphlets. They drink in every word he utters, and brood. They are without the intelligence which would enable them to detect falsity in the things he reads to them. So, day by day, they become more bitter.

There is a little basement printing shop on the lower East Side where a man prints up little pamphlets on Bolshevism. He buys the socialistic newspapers, cuts clippings from them, arranges them in the form of a little book, sets them up by hand and sells them at the meetings for ten cents a copy. That is how some of the Bolsheviks live.

Those who have long studied these conditions say that the danger is swiftly accelerating. The Bolsheviks ever seek to undermine the religion of people and, once that happens, there is nothing at which people will stop. Preaching as they do, that all religions are a sham, they have made inroads into the faith of numbers of the younger generation of a very devout people, the Jews. The good respectable, law-abiding Jews who are overwhelmingly in the majority in New York have no sympathy with this new type which they call "apostate Jews." But "apostates" there are. All the radical socialists, I. W. W.'s and Bolsheviks unite in attacking the Church.

Those things are happening in New York today, down in its lower East Side, down in the dingy sections of the city which the Other Half never sees, never dreams exists. Down there are Russians smuggled in to America, their hands still

red with the atrocities of the Bolsheviki. There one finds the "Wobblies" who have hurled union workmen under the wheels of freight trains; there are the worst criminal types from southern Italy and Spain. They hide in the cellars in the daylight, preparing their infuriated speeches, planning sedition, ever scheming to destroy business. And at night they come out. They are clever. Our laws are not adequate to deal with them. They ever watch the line, a step across which would allow the police to pick them up; and by innuendo they rouse the ignorant to fury. And they are making converts day by day.



# BOLSHEVISM IN FRANCE

The Mad Movement That Infects French Socialism

By SAMUEL GOMPERS

[PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR]

THE political party which claims to represent French labor has indorsed Bolshevism. Strong influences are at work within the Confédération Générale du Travail working in the same direction. The French anti-war fanatics and pro-Bolshevists practically obtained control of the French Socialist party at the end of last July. At that time and up until the very day of the German defeat the slogan was "Peace Without Victory" and a compromise with German Kaiserism and Militarism. At the National Congress of the party in October their control was reaffirmed and the official party or organ passed from the hands of the so-called pro-war politician, Renaudel, into the hands of the anti-war politician, Longuet, the grandson of Karl Marx.

In spite of all that the French Socialist party could do to prevent it, the war was continued until the German defeat which brought with it the German revolution. Did the Socialists then confess their tremendous blunder or wrong? Not in the least. On the contrary, they claimed that Germany was not defeated by the valiant and heroic armies of the world's democracies, but by an impending German revolution due to the Soviet agitation in that country. They took the armistice as a sign of the failure of democratic internationalism and the victory of Soviet internationalism!

The armistice had not been signed three days when the executive committee of the French Socialist party met and passed the following amazing resolutions:

The French Socialist party welcomes the German Republic and the taking over of the power in Prussia and the Confederate States by the working class.

As in the Russia of the Soviets, Socialism has appeared in all

Central Europe as the proper liquidator of the political and social situation left by the war.

The party thus sees justified the confidence which it has always had in the action of peoples.

Considering that certain of the conditions of the armistice leave the sharply defined fear that the Allied Governments have the intention of further extending the criminal military intervention against revolutionary Russia, the party declares that it will appeal to all the forces of the French proletariat to prevent the Socialism which is being born in Russia, as well as in Germany and Austria, from being crushed by coalitions of foreign capitalisms.

The party urges the French working people most rigorously to rally to the support of their unions and Socialist groups, to sustain their class journals, and to keep themselves ready to make Socialism triumph in France as it has in the other countries of Europe.

#### SOCIALISTS BETRAYING FRANCE

THIS resolution, which betrays not only France but also the democratic League of Nations now in process of formation at Versailles, is as remarkable for what it says as what it omits to say. The only revolution it recognizes in Russia is the counter-revolution by which the Bolsheviks overthrew the democratic government of Kerensky and by force of arms dissolved the Constitutional Assembly. It is assumed that the new government of Germany will be of a similar character and it is demanded that the Socialist minority, representing less than 25 per cent of the French people, should bring about a Soviet revolution in France!

All the achievements of the democratic revolutions of the past in France, America and England are ignored or perverted. It is held that there is precisely the same need for revolutions in those countries as there was in Russia and in Germany when the Czar and Kaiser were thrown out! There never was such a thing as a Declaration of Independence, or a French declaration of the rights of man. The universal suffrage of France, England and the United States is ignored as if it had never existed. The growing power of Labor in America, as well as in France and England, is implicitly denied. The assumption is that Labor and the masses generally are in the same position in the world's great democracies today as they were under the Kaiser and the Czar.



If this is not treason to democracy and treason to internationalism, then we would better take the word "treason" out of the dictionary.

Since the Peace Conference is being held in France, the French situation has a new importance and deserves close attention. While the Longuet faction controls the party there is a strong opposition and the party is split down the middle, but unfortunately politicians are almost as common in the so-called pro-war opposition as they are in the controlling pacifist element. It is especially unfortunate that even the most able and honorable Socialist leader, Albert Thomas, formerly Minister of Munitions, signed the Renaudel resolution. Cachin, formerly a strong pro-war man, has now become the editor of *L'Humanité*, under the thumb of Longuet. Other leaders of the pro-war faction like Sembat, formerly a member of the war cabinet, are still less reliable. Even the group of forty, composed of Socialist members of the Chamber of Deputies who opposed the war under the leadership of Varenne and Compère-Morel, are apparently tied hard and fast to the principle of "party unity."

It is under this banner of party unity that the politicians have flourished. The party is obviously divided not into two, but into many groups of politicians, who change their position from day to day. But it is always possible to justify any position whatever under the pretext of party unity—"my party, right or wrong," and party unity implies absolutely blind and unthinking support of the Socialist International.

#### THE LAST HOPE OF HONEST LABOR

**T**HUS, loyalty to this "International" replaces loyalty to Labor. The Socialist International, as we see in Longuet's resolution, is now in control of the Russian and German governments, and the French Socialists accept the leadership of these enemies of the common cause of freedom, justice and democracy.

The last hope of the French working class is with the Confédération Générale du Travail. Jouhaux, the Secretary

of the Confederation, who partly followed Longuet against the American Federation of Labor at the Inter-Allied Conference of London, in September, now shows some signs of suffering from an overdose of this Bolshevism. He has recently issued a scathing denunciation of revolutionary phrases, appealing for a positive program of reconstruction.

Further evidence of a return of wholesome common sense and of a sound labor instinct is given by a proclamation issued jointly by the *Confédération Générale du Travail* and the Socialist party during the armistice negotiations. This proclamation originated with the pro-war wing of the Socialist party and the *Confédération Générale du Travail*. It was adopted by the whole party, however, and then by another important political organization called the *Union Républicaine*.

Here is the importance of this resolution. It developed for the first time in several months a co-operation between labor organizations and other honest and radical democratic elements. But an even greater significance arises from the fact that merely because the *Union Républicaine*—a non-Socialist organization—signed the manifesto, the Socialist party met and the pacifist wing obliged it to pass a resolution attempting to withdraw the proclamation. However, the *Confédération Générale du Travail* refused to join in the withdrawal and the manifesto was posted all throughout France. This proclamation has a high value as showing the attitude of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* on peace terms. We therefore reduce some of its important statements:

The organizations which represent the most active forces of labor and democracy declare their entire agreement with the fundamentals formulated two years ago and the acts accomplished . . . by President Wilson. To employ the expression of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* we declare that he has formulated the guarantees necessary to bring the allied countries "the certainty that the injuries which have been done shall be repaired, that the peoples at



present subject to the law of force shall be liberated, that the possibilities of a fresh war shall be definitely eliminated."

This conception common to our democracy which has arisen from the French Revolution and to President Wilson excludes all ideas of conquest and annexation, as it rejects any peace by the abandonment of justice.

#### FRENCH BOLSHEVIKS WILL REVOLT

THE pro-Bolshevik element in control of the Socialist party wished to withdraw this proclamation. They have never dared to make open attack on President Wilson or to repudiate him in any important feature. They profess, hypocritically, to follow him. But at the same time they conduct a ceaseless agitation in favor of the Russian Soviets and of a Soviet revolution in France. They are fully aware that Mr. Wilson has personally vouched for the documents showing the secret alliance between the Bolsheviks of Russia and the Kaiser, and they know that he has successfully appealed to all civilized governments to repudiate the same Soviets. But they still profess to follow the leadership of President Wilson.

Longuet's daily organ, *Le Populaire*, contains almost daily columns of defence of the Soviets and of all of their deeds and policies. Of course, about once a month Longuet writes a pro-Bolshevik article in which he is careful to state that he does not indorse absolutely everything the Soviets do, but he is well aware that his paper daily gives the opposite impression, namely, of an indorsement which is not only unqualified but fanatically enthusiastic.

It is evident that these French Bolsheviks are in earnest as to their supposed insurrection. Nobody can doubt that they will take the first favorable opportunity—if opportunity occurs—to attempt it. They will hardly act while President Wilson is still in Europe, but there is every indication that they will attempt something immediately after his departure.

At the beginning of the war the French Federation of Labor not only supported this war for democracy by an overwhelming majority but agreed to an International Labor Con-

gress Conference at the end of the war, from which all politicians, whether Socialist or non-Socialist, shall be excluded. The French Socialist party has never secured any indorsement of the French Federation of Labor as having the sole and exclusive right to represent the working people politically. If the French Federation is true to its own highly creditable past of the last quarter century, and especially to its splendid record during the first three years of the war, it will yet be able to foil this mad movement which can only result in putting back French labor for many years and possibly in wrecking the League of Nations, which President Wilson is so desperately striving to bring into being.

? . . . .

By RUTH MASON RICE

**I**T has the power to purge,  
And to set free;  
It's not an inhibition, but an urge;  
A thing to feel, and be;

Not creed, but Life; not caste, or cult, but spirit;  
A solving something,—to pass on, and to inherit.



# WILL OUR PROSPERITY CONTINUE?

Debits and Credits of Our Economic Life

By IRVING T. BUSH

**T**HE continued prosperity of the United States depends upon certain fundamentals:

The condition of our national wealth and credit.

The demand from other countries for articles which we produce.

The prosperity and consequent buying-power of labor.

The scale of the wages which we pay, compared with the scale of the nations that are competitors.

The value of our great stable crops.

Now any anxious thought, "What will be business conditions now that the war is over?" must, to arrive at an intelligent estimate, consider those fundamentals of our prosperity.

The condition of our national wealth and credit is robust. When war came in 1914 there existed against us, in Europe, current balances to the extent of half a billion dollars. Millions of dollars in American securities were owned abroad. Swiftly, the half million dollars against us was offset by the munitions that the Allies bought from us; we absorbed the flood of American securities from Europe that inundated us; we absorbed war-loans of the Allied nations; a river of gold flowed over to us until one day we awoke to find that we had the greatest stock of gold that ever before existed in the world. Came the war to us and we floated the four Liberty Loans—bond-issues owned by the people of America and part of which must be repaid by the Allies to whom we advanced war funds. And the war has taught our people thrift. Compared to our financial condition in 1914, the situation is today an improvement almost beyond belief.

This does not mean however that we will not have great financial burdens to bear before we shall have brought back the last soldier from Europe, cleared up all the obligations that we have for war material and begun the process of liquidating our government debt. But out of the wreckage of war many permanent assets are emerging. There is our new shipbuilding industry, the plants and the labor now skilled in that work. There is coming our great new merchant marine, ready for international freight traffic at a time of great need, when vessel property will be immensely valuable. This merchant marine represents an investment of several billion dollars. Some of the yards are owned by the government; others were built on funds loaned by the government. These yards and the ships owned by the Emergency Fleet Corporation may safely be deducted from the national war debt. And their value is great.

We may expect more salvage from the huge terminal facilities created by the government at some of our Atlantic ports; from great sums of money invested by the government in manufacturing plants in many parts of the country; from the construction of harbor terminals and railroads in France. All these things belong on the credit side of our books.

Our great crops will sell at high prices for at least two or three years. Mr. Hoover says we have to keep the world from famine. Our cotton will be needed in greater volume than we can produce it. While Europe is in the throes of her Reconstruction period, while she is refitting dismantled factories and rebuilding, there will be a demand for many articles manufactured in America. But as Europe finds herself, and her wheels again begin to hum, we shall have to face the export competition of the world once more on a normal basis. Which is bringing us to labor.

#### ONE OUTLOOK THAT IS NOT ROSY

**W**AGES must recede from the high level caused by war conditions. It is not likely, however, that wages will ever go back to the pre-war level. In the problem of adjust-



ing wages and living conditions, things are not as easy to dispose of cheerfully on the credit side of our national ledger as was our financial condition and the demand for American staples, raw materials, even manufactured articles that will exist in the world for the next few years. No, now we come to the point where we must enter some items on the debit side.

For a time we can continue under the artificial stimulus of war in our industries. The immediate demands to replenish the stocks of articles manufactured in America and the European market in the early periods of Reconstruction over there will be sufficient to keep our industries, although radically readjusted, operating under high pressure. This will be the last artificial stimulus that we shall receive, however, for the time will come when Europe will again be at work manufacturing the articles for her own wants, and when the restocking of our own shelves shall have been completed. When natural economic laws have thus re-established themselves, then look out!

When that day comes, two courses are open to us. If we maintain wages we must drop back within the frontiers of our own country and be content to supply our own needs, letting the markets of the world go to other nations. Or we must bring our wages to a basis where we can compete with foreign producers. When Europe gets going that will be an impossibility. With the wages that we are paying today, Europe could easily undersell us.

I recognize that labor has shed its blood in Europe and borne a full share of our burdens. I am one of those who believe that labor is entitled to more than it received during the pre-war days. But I recognize, too, that during the war labor has enjoyed unprecedented prosperity, even when current wages are measured against current living costs. But I admit with regret the inexorable economic law which will force us either to compete with European labor or cease selling our merchandise abroad. This does not apply to farm labor or to the specialties which we make by machinery and for which the world pays tribute to our industrial and in-

ventive genius. But it does apply to any product that requires the labor of the hand.

THE MENACE TO OUR NEW TRADE

**B**EFORE the war we could not compete with Europe on articles that necessitated hand labor, because of our higher wage-scale; but we could and did compete on machine-made articles. Our trade was therefore restricted. It will again be restricted unless our wage-scale is radically re-adjusted. Consider our great new mercantile marine, a number of ships vast enough to transport far more than we ever exported before. Where are the cargoes coming from, if, because of labor conditions, we shall be unable to compete on a big scale with Europe after the Reconstruction period over there is at an end and the artificial stimulus of its demands vanishes?

Consider, too, that during the war the neutral countries and South and Central America called upon us to export articles to them which we had never exported in peace time. The volume of these exports, although small compared with the supplies we sent to the Allies, yet form a great total. The loss of these markets would be a serious matter to the industries which have been supplying them. And lose them we will, when Europe gets going, unless our wage-scale is re-adjusted.

It is probable that the wage-scale in this country has also advanced more than in the countries of Europe. This is because they began the control of prices three years earlier than we. It is claimed that the cost of manufacturing articles in England had increased only 25 to 30 per cent, while in America the cost of making the same articles jumped 100 per cent. Not a rosy outlook for foreign trade after Reconstruction is finished, if we leave our wage-scale where it is!

It seems unlikely that it will be possible to readjust our living cost and our wage-scale from its high level to compete with the production of Europe until a number of years shall have passed. This will be due to the maintenance of high wages under the artificial stimulus of the demands of Eu-



rope during Reconstruction and the refilling of our own shelves. What seems to be a blessing in disguise will thus turn out to be a dangerous thing. For during this period the armies of Europe will be disbanded and its crippled industries will be getting under way. Then, while fatuously going on with our high-wage scale, we shall awake one morning to discover Europe in the field again with cheap labor costs. Frantically we will try a readjustment. There will be a struggle with labor, for labor will not willingly take a reduced wage-scale. And during the period of the struggle we shall probably lose the new markets that we have gained and the maintenance of which are quite as important to labor as they are to the owners of industry. The most unfortunate part of this situation is the fact that it seems inevitable. And both labor and industry will lose.

#### IS THERE A REMEDY?

**T**HERE must be some basis upon which labor and industry can meet and recognize the workings of inexorable economic laws. Profit-sharing has been suggested. This basis could be very easily determined were it not for the fluctuation of the wage-scale. It is quite simple to deduct from the income the other operating expenses, and there are recognized practices to govern the deductions for depreciation and other general overhead items. Also, it would be recognized by many employers that a return of six per cent upon invested capital is a fair compensation. This, with the proviso that capital received a fair division with labor in profits exceeding that amount. Obviously, the amount of profit to be divided will depend almost entirely upon the deductions due to wages and salaries. The six per cent paid to capital is a constant. But wages and salaries are fluctuating, even in different parts of the same industry. That is the obstacle to profit-sharing.

But a solution there must be. It will come through the grinding process of years of struggle and discord. Or it will come through a meeting of the minds of labor and industry around a common council table. The war has wrought many

miracles. It has brought to the older and more conservative nations of Europe a recognition of the advantages of modern machinery in many forms of manufacturing from which, through prejudice, they were formerly barred; and it has reconciled the labor of Europe to their use. The war has advanced the cause of rights of women and introduced them into the field of labor on a large scale. Things which the world accepted as unalterable have been swept away like sand. Cannot the leaders of labor and industry get together and at least study the problems, a solution for which must be found to their common interests?

It is better to deal with union labor than with disorganized labor. Industry can adjust itself to almost anything but uncertainty. Disorganized labor represents uncertainty. Unionized labor may not represent certainty, but it represents a much greater degree of certainty than disorganized labor. To say that union leaders are always fair and always live up to their obligations and word is as foolish as to say that leaders of industry always do the same thing. I have found that labor is exactly like other classes of human nature. It responds to fair treatment and resents ill treatment. The honest elements of labor respect their obligations and live up to their word. The dishonest elements do not. If the average employer would forget he is dealing with labor and treat labor exactly as he would treat a business associate in any other transaction, he would be met, on the average, just as fairly. If the leaders of industry will recognize that they often lose just as much through respectable business men going back on their word as they do to labor doing the same thing; if they will admit the right of labor to have unions and take common counsel with its leaders on the problems that confront our national prosperity today in the mood of "live and let live," it will be a big step toward a solution.

#### THE OPPORTUNITY OF TODAY

**I**T seems that today is a particularly fortunate opportunity to attempt a solution of the problem and establish some real basis for profit-sharing between labor and industry which



will permit of a varying of production cost in order to meet international trade conditions. The mood of the day is right. Labor has just passed through a period of rare prosperity and there is not present the bitterness which sometimes comes from hard times. Industry has learned many lessons during the war.

The head of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers, has a restrained judgment, mellowed by years of experience. While keenly insistent upon the rights of labor, he will be much more ready to recognize the common interests of labor and industry than a younger and perhaps more hot-headed exponent of the rights of labor who may succeed him when his life's work is done. And that is something to conjure with. It would be a crowning achievement to a long life devoted to the interests of labor if at the close of the world's great struggle of Democracy against Autocracy Samuel Gompers could sit at a council table with those who have often bitterly opposed him and work out a practical basis of peace for the industrial battle of generations—a conflict far transcending in importance, suffering and productive loss the world-conflict that has just closed.

# A MARY GARDEN MOOD

Some Adventures of My Destiny

By MARY GARDEN

“**I** AM in the mood to bloom!” as a celebrated poet once expressed his writing mood. I shall let it lead me where it will. It is now that indefinite hour when one is between heaven and earth, and breakfast. One looks into the sunlit mirror and then suddenly discovers a chic portrait of oneself in the gleaming tints of evening and décolleté, and the average woman of perception—sighs. I don’t, because the fact that I was born a woman, is unimportant. The glorious truth of the hour is, that I am in a world of interesting impulses. I am a woman, and I accept the responsibility and the glittering opportunities. Other good-looking women have done the same thing, exerting their energies in spite of restraining criticism echoing from the cave-dwellers of an old-fashioned period. An energetic woman is not a household word; she has too much vitality to become the homespun treasure of a quiet life. There’s enough manhood in vigorous, vital women to win a place for themselves. Perhaps it would be more feminine to accept a handicap in the race, but some women have speed enough to reach a desirable goal—without favors. Of course, we owe something to inheritance.

I have a wonderful mother. She was married when she was seventeen and my father twenty-one, and they neither of them appear to feel much older today. I was born in Scotland. There is something about the Scotch mist that forever veils the heart in its soft gray folds, shielding it from the compromising errors of susceptibility. The deepest susceptibility in mine has been a great love for the silent force of the hills, the far distances, the indescribable simplicity of open country. I’ve never had enough of it in my long life, but it is to be my reward, some day, for industry and opera. This sounds like a soliloquy, without the Shakespearean flavor, however. It



has been forced upon me, in a way. A man has been asking me questions, in the hope that the Mary Garden reputation may be sustained. He hoped that Mary Garden the exotic, the sensational, the operatic curiosity, would say something startling. His banal purpose was quite obvious.

Nothing is so difficult or so thankless as to explain oneself to the public, yet curiosity is the most industrious banality in human nature. People are equally curious about beauty in the theatre as they are about the plague, or politics, or new potatoes. I like discrimination. Everyone should have an ethical point of view. Culture is essential, if one is to be distinguished from the dramatic talent of a snake-charmer. Of course, people will always believe that the snake-charmer really hypnotizes the snake with her eyes and her figure, just as they believe that the tragic woman in the play really suffers. What this sort of universal curiosity neglects is an instinct of respect for the very important values behind the conscious human being. You can talk to them in riddles and they will believe that you are quoting scriptures. You talk to them truthfully and they don't believe you; you tell them something of the agonies of artistic crucifixion that precede the artists' resurrection and they think you have given them a riddle. You tell them that you have had a conversation with the Sphinx to obtain private information as to what sort of a woman Cleopatra really was, and they think you are truthful.

#### THE EXOTIC PRIMA DONNA TALKS

**I**T doesn't sound at all like the exotic prima donna talking, does it? One misses the undertones of mystery, the suggestion of the dangerous-woman type. I hope so. There has been too much of the fictitious fact.

Mary Garden, or Mary Smith, in a confidential vain mood should be equally interesting. At any rate, the mood is compelling; it may serve to interpret the Mary Garden the public does not know.

If I had been a man, I might have been a hunter. I should have been a traveler in remote places, a jungle enthu-

siast, incidentally a student of prehistoric drama that lies hidden in the untrodden bypaths of the world. I am sure I should have discovered new places, new beings, new life. The pursuit of life in its dramatic course of years is the only real adventure. There is a thrill in reaching for the unknown dramas of the world, for the proof of untold conflict and glory of men and women who have lived a thousand years before. In a way, that is why I became a prima donna. Music performs this miracle in the imagination, it restores the emotions of the ages.

As a child, music fascinated me, and being a child of adventure I made up my mind when I was eight years old to study the violin. I adore its flexible emotions, its sincerity without abandon, its voice that sings all moods with such invariable certainty of impulse. After a few lessons I saw that the violinist must be impassive for a long time, that before the voice of the instrument could be made to meet the mood there were very long, tiresome years of inarticulate devotion to scales and exercises. I asked my teacher how long it would be before I should be able to play. He told me that in about an eon, twenty or thirty years, I should be a brilliant amateur. I still adore my first love, but we parted long ago, though I listen to the inspiration of his voice with the tenderest memory of all that it awakened in me. It may be that the heart strings of music are in the violin, the rest are the emotions, that its small body has not the strength to create alone. The 'cello, the bassos, the wind instruments, the flute, even the harp, are all inspired by the impulses of the violin.

#### MUSIC THE BREATH OF HER LIFE

Clearly, my adventures in life were to be in music, my sympathies began when I was a child, and they have never lost their vivid impulses, they have never failed me. As the violin fastened its sentiment upon my destiny, there was no other form of creative life left in me but music. Music permeated my imagination, pursued such ardent wooing of my emotional character, that my artistic impulses refused to function without it.



Music is the poetry and passion of all moods, of all ages, of all important things in life; without it people would go back to the stone age. The greatest art next to music is painting; they are allies, they work in the same studio, they experience the same emotions, in different expression, but they exchange the secrets of nature.

After a period of adventure with the piano, during which time I explored further into the unknown adventures of my music, I became a singer. Not suddenly, not within a day or two, but after much teaching, and much tolerance. You see my route to fame has been very eccentric, because I had no idea that I was to become a prima donna. If I had been a man, I might have studied law, and ended up by being a Bishop, or I might have failed in college and become a Prime Minister. Who knows anything about the direction one may take, en route? Women are not less irresponsible than men, or more disappointing; they obey the impulse that is given them among the pre-natal treasures they inherit. Our adventures are largely a difference in the cut of our clothes, in the length of our socks, and our preferences in perfumes. We are pictorial deceptions only when we fail to be inspired.

I was fifteen when my adventure with the piano was over. Then came a period of voice study. It was clear that I was not going to be a lyric soprano. There were no regrets on this account. Lyrical singing is delightful, inspiring. It is the mystery of the bird's throat, the primitive joy of nature released from the bonds of silence. It is the articulate soul of nature without guile. I am not emotional about myself, only when I explore the emotions of some marvelous inspiration in music. Only within the last few years has operatic music invaded the emotions. Up to the time when the Wagnerian school crashed over the tender lyrical formula, the emotions of operatic quality were as the pale beauty of a consumptive.

#### TEMPLES FOR MUSIC DRAMA

**I** SHOULD like to see the word opera banished forever, and in its place let us build magnificent temples for music-drama. I am thinking of the great significance to the masses



(who love music) of building in the large cities of the world vast music-drama houses instead of ornate opera houses.

Imagine the magnificent tribute that is due the art of music-drama, with what simplicity of spirit it should be approached! I can fancy a music-drama house to be a sort of huge Greek amphitheatre enclosed in the vaulted distances of pillars and archways that would lift the hearts and minds of the people to the height of true emotional perception. It should be a place of traditions more definitely founded on the true instances of drama than heretofore. The stage of this amphitheatre should be the people's altar, where they would abandon themselves in sincere spirit to emotional experiences. Of course, this is an impulse of my own deep impressions in the work of music-drama and may be challenged in flippant criticism, but, there is no flippancy of mood in the masses I have seen in New York, in Pittsburgh, in Detroit, in Chicago, abandoning their emotional senses to the music-dramas of Strauss, of Debussy, of Bizet. The association of "Thais" with my name is perhaps the most gratifying indication, as the performance has been received, that there is a new interest in the world for music-drama. In a sense the word opera is really obsolete. It is like the hand-organ, a name for worn-out music. The world never was so hungry for a new impulse to jaded imagination than it is now. Not merely to the imagination either, but an impulse to something far deeper and more perplexing to the soul. We are all scrambling ahead in pursuit of happiness for each other, and the solution seems near us when we put aside the conclusion of old ideas for new ones. Especially are we near the perception of happiness when we yield ourselves to the song of the heart, to the voice not merely of the trained singer, but of the singer inspired by the inexpressible wonder of a new music, in itself drama.

The revolution in opera against the lyric simplicities of *bel canto* began with the music-drama. It explored the instrumental values of the orchestra. It made it more than an actual part of the emotional purpose, the orchestra became the throbbing heart of the drama, intensifying the emotional opportunities of the singer. My own sympathies are every-



where, chiefly, however, with the new school of emotional drama in music. I sometimes go to the theatre and I find the play emotionally insufficient, because its substance is robbed of the supreme emotional language of the world. There is no interpretation of life in its utmost efforts to inspire—so extraordinary, so finally true—as music.

#### NO DRAMATIC MESSAGE WITHOUT MUSIC

THERE is no dramatic message in the theatre without music to interpret its emotional meaning. The spoken word is a hollow medium, an empty show of drama as it lies deep in all human hearts. There is no drama in "Thais" without it, there is no inspiration in "Salome" the play, but a faint suggestion of what it might mean to the splendor of barbaric imagination. Music electrifies the dramatic pulse of life, it illumines the gloom of mystery in the soul of humanity. It does more than merely poetize the imagination, it gives the spirit an actual experience. That is the marvelous surprise of music-drama, the enormous attraction it has for inarticulate human beings. It lifts them from the monotony of average impression to a new culture of feeling, to a clearer understanding of sordid passions, to a real sympathy with emotional experience. From the lesser emotions of transient interest people find themselves stirred by new emotional experience.

The scene, the costume, the story of a drama itself is merely the husk of music-drama. The emotional miracle of it is controlled from the tip of the leader's baton. And he is only the symbol of the divine gift of some great composer. It is he who uses the language that is inspired, it is he who paints the emotional identity of drama with a brush that gives new meaning to the plot and passion of our lives.

The gift is not for all composers of music-drama. There are many celebrated composers who have not risen above the standard of theatrical invention in their music. Massenet, for instance, comes to mind, as one of those passive musicians who sacrificed conscience to the inflection of popular theat-

ricalism. Like Sardou in the drama, Massenet plays upon the spectacular temptations of the stage. He smooths the artistic conscience with the satisfaction that some of the masses are still unconscious of the difference between stage emotion and inspiration. Like Sardou, he assumes grand attitudes that sound equally important. Still Massenet was not so insincere in his relation to the spectacular theatricalism of music as Meyerbeer. How anyone can sit through a performance of "*Le Prophète*," is beyond my comprehension.

#### WHERE INSPIRATION BEGINS

THE question of where inspiration begins in music-drama, or where it ends is only referred to here most casually. It is an issue that demands far deeper analysis, but it may as well be mentioned. It serves to emphasize the reason for success of a new era in the emotional progress of our lives, and to qualify it. A composer like Debussy is, for instance, superior to Puccini, because Debussy performs a miracle of emotional transposition with drama, while Puccini embellishes the Italian temperament. Music-drama at its best is much more than a temperamental outburst; it is far more conservative, more subtle, more sincere than the temporary excitation of the senses. Debussy takes his dramatic theme to heart, he establishes it in an atmosphere of rare spirituality, he envelops it in the exquisite impulses of inspiration and so he transposes the dramatic fiction till it becomes emotion of supreme consequence. There is a message in Debussy's music that really stimulates the heart and delights the imagination; it is like youth in reverie, or youth in doubt, or youth in love, or youth in tragic destiny. Among other composers to whom belongs a large share in the reactionary perceptions of music-drama is Bizet. In "*Carmen*" he created music-drama, he uncovered the coquetry and passion of a woman's heart, the emotions of love and despair. The tragic hopelessness of "*Don José*," the splendor of the "*Toreador*," the savagery of "*Carmen*" are the every-day drama of today, tomorrow and all times, but, in Bizet's language,



they assume their real emotional importance to our lives, and we dignify them in the experience the music gives us. That is what I mean when I speak of music-drama as a new perception of all emotion, and, as the chief one in art.

#### A DAY OF INTENSE EMOTIONAL NEEDS IN ART

WE have reached a period in the world's history when the clash of emotional conflict has supplanted the classic mood. The lyric mood with its soothing simplicity of tender remembrances will always survive, but for the future of opera there is only one course—it is the course of music-drama. Ibsen would be marvelous in operatic fame. If the composer should appear who would find the soul of *Hedda Gabler* in music, I should glory in the opportunity of singing the rôle. Debussy could have found the emotional forces of Ibsen, perhaps, but not Verdi. There will be no more lyrical operas written for many years to come, because we are on the verge, as we have been for some time, of intense emotional needs in art, of tremendous emotional confusion. The lyric voice will be idolized and fulfill its superb mission of stirring sweet remembrances in all of us, but music will be driven from the pleasant tuneful places to interpret the great drama of emotional conflict that is upon us.

We may need some new ideas in criticism to help the interpretation of these new emotions. Music-drama is comparatively a new and important form of appeal that has not been fully absorbed by critics of music. It is a youthful inspiration, it is a new, sturdy, young appeal in art. It is the youth of emotion trying to express itself, and it needs the criticism of youth. After a certain age there comes a shadow over the spirit called habits of thought. It afflicts critics as it does composers; it is the anesthetic of nature. Criticism is necessary; I seek it, benefit by it, but it should be readjustable. There is a form of criticism that is personal, that is flippant, that is without respect for the importance of the critical faculty, that defeats the real value of criticism. There is no musical criticism of any account in Europe any more. Criti-

ism is suspended for the more important excitement of the emotions. The critics are unemotional, as perhaps they should be, but what they might be, they are not. They do not inspire the singer, as they might. They write of the things the singer knows, the faults that the singer may have overcome, in the opinion of the public. For instance, we all knew that "Cleopatra" was a poor opera, written when the composer was on his deathbed. But it was an interesting point in one's repertoire; the creation of a great historical figure stimulates the imagination, inspires the art of music-drama.

If I have lapsed into serious talk it has been merely a part of my mood, this mood that began with a purpose after all. Perhaps the purpose is clear enough if you realize that it is a story of Mary Garden's explanation of herself.

My season in America this year has impressed me chiefly with a new emotional appeal that music-drama has made. It is a satisfying justification of my creed, that the language of emotional experience is spreading, that the secret of it is in the genius of music-drama. New composers will appear with the inspiration it requires. One of the most promising and the most distinguished among them today, I believe, is Camille Elanger, who lives in Paris. In the French school of music the surprise of music-drama will be found. Elanger has written an exquisite inspirational work on "Aphrodite," he has found in the theme of the famous play, "The Bells," which Sir Henry Irving immortalized, another music-drama, which he has produced in Europe under the title of "Le Juif Polonais." He has transposed Mme. Bernhardt's poetic tragedy, "La Sorcière," and recently finished a music-drama for me, "Forfeiture," based on the moving-picture called "The Cheat."

Yes, music-drama is cosmopolitan. Like myself, it scorns no emotional values from whatever source, for inspirational experiments. Camille Elanger will be one of the surprises in store for America next season. Till then, I shall pursue the adventures of my destiny.

"I shall continue to bloom!"



# FLAWS IN THE "LEAGUE" COVENANT

## The Republican Position

By HON. WILLIAM E. MASON

[REPRESENTATIVE-AT-LARGE FROM ILLINOIS]

THE general enquiry on the lips of the American people in connection with the present great war congress in Paris is as to whether a league of nations can be consummated that will put an actual end to war, and whether the consummation of such a league will interfere in any way with our own rights, privileges, and established traditions, such as the Monroe doctrine.

I believe a treaty can be made which will limit most of the causes for war, and which will eventually bring about the lasting peace of the world. I do not, however, believe that the proposal for a league of nations as now presented will consummate such a peace, and I very respectfully suggest amendments, a privilege which I share in common with the humblest citizen of my country. I spoke in the House in favor of an international agreement two months ago and I based my argument on the propositions of the President, for self-determination, which would open the door of the court composed of a league of nations to "all the peoples, large and small," throughout the world. I confess my bitter disappointment when the proposed constitution of the league was disclosed which absolutely closes the door to the smaller governments—the little peoples—who as matters stand are being governed by the Entente allies by force and without their consent.

The first amendment to the proposed league should in my opinion open the door for a just hearing for the Philippine Islands, South Africa, India, and Ireland whenever they

seek to present their claims for self-determination. Section 10 of the proposed treaty would compel the United States to defend the territorial integrity of Great Britain against a revolution in Ireland or Canada, provided that any outside government should even threaten to assist the revolutionist. That may be taken as a single illustration of this feature of the proposed league's workings.

My second leading point against the league as now proposed is that the whole theory of arbitration is left out. In a lawsuit the case is tried before a permanent court. Defendants are forced to come into the court because the cause is justiciable. But in a case of arbitration both parties have equal rights in the selection of judges. That privilege is entirely eliminated in the proposed peace constitution. It becomes very important therefore to consider the point raised by Theodore Roosevelt in his very last statement on this question. He says:

"Moreover, no international court must be entrusted with the decision of what is and what is not justiciable. In the articles of agreement the nonjusticiable matters should be as sharply defined as possible, and until some better plan can be devised the nation itself must reserve to itself the right as each case arises to say what these matters are."

#### THE MONROE DOCTRINE

ALL the high contracting parties agree that no attempt will be made to deprive this country of the Monroe doctrine. I do not believe the proposed constitution would deprive us of that protection. But many of our best Americans think it would. They feel that under the treaty the little republics of South America might be forced into a court and a decree entered which would change their governmental autonomy; and that the United States being a party to the treaty would be compelled to consent to that decree, which might surround the United States with monarchical forms of government that would be a constant menace to our own peace. However inasmuch as all the Entente powers are



agreed that they do not want to interfere with the Monroe doctrine what can be the legitimate objection to making such a declaration a definite part of the treaty?

“ THE BALANCE OF POWER ”

**A** GAIN the people of this country at large are suspicious that the formation of a league composed only of the victors makes it only another name for the “balance of power.” To illustrate: when other nations knock for admission to this league the door will be opened or closed to them by nations that have been their rivals in trade and their enemies in war, and there is no American who is at all familiar with that commercial and military rivalry but feels there will in the end be two leagues of nations to enforce peace, and it requires no prophet to see that that simply means rapid preparation for another world-war. For instance: if Germany is excluded will the dual monarchy (Austria-Hungary) ask for admission? And in case these do not can we expect Bulgaria or Turkey to come knocking, or if these or any of them do come, will they come in good faith when their military and commercial allies are excluded?

Every proposal made by the league to enforce peace that had the endorsement of ex-President Taft embodied the idea that “an invitation to join the league would probably be extended to all civilized and progressive nations.” The proposed constitution does not extend such an invitation nor invite them in at the beginning but leaves the question of the admission of other nations to the charter-members to determine whether they can afford to admit these outsiders. We are not ignorant as to the commercial rivalry between Great Britain and Germany, and we have some knowledge of the territorial rivalry between Italy and Austria, and it is not difficult to see that this organization would be sorely tempted to exclude any nation that might, by coming in, disturb the balance of power. It is perfectly clear to me that the treaty-making power cannot abridge the constitutional rights of any citizen. It cannot even authorize the President

to commit an act of war without a declaration of war by Congress. But the fact nevertheless remains that if we were in a treaty agreement to assist any of our allies it would be most persuasive in urging Congress to a declaration of war. In my humble opinion if they will make their terms of peace with Germany, and then all of the nations about the peace-table will agree to three simple propositions which I have had the honor to advance, which I believe would be a safe solution, and are as follows:

"We hereby form a league of nations to secure permanent peace, to which all nations are invited.

"We agree to refrain from making with any nation any secret treaty or agreement.

"We agree that in case of any disagreement between the parties hereto, or between any of the parties hereto and any other nation—provided such disagreement does not involve the sovereignty of any nation—to submit such disagreement to such league of nations for conciliation before committing any act of war upon any nation."

If these simple propositions were agreed to, all of the nations being a party thereto, each disagreement that arose hereafter would be taken care of as it came up and the suggestion of the late honored Mr. Roosevelt would be met, because each nation would have power to declare whether the case presented was justiciable.

#### A CASE IN POINT

MAY I illustrate? Suppose the contention should arise whereby some nation should demand the right to try an American citizen who might have made a raid into Canada; the United States would at once be obliged to say: "Our treaty-making power had no authority to deprive an American citizen of the right of trial by jury," nor could we be blamed for declining to submit any question which involved a violation of our Constitution. If the simple agreement which I have suggested were made I truly believe that no nation would commit an act of war against another nation



without seeking conciliation as provided for above. I know it will be met by the objection that it is vague and indefinite, but each case will take care of itself and the nation that refuses to arbitrate any case that does not involve its national existence will immediately lose its case in the open court of the world.

But if you attempt to make a permanent court appointed solely by "charter-members," and exclude all nations who may be the political or commercial rivals of charter-members, and seek to compel them to submit their causes to judges in whose selection they have had nothing to say you are simply sowing dragon's-teeth, and the harvest will be more war.

#### THE HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY

LET me illustrate the difference between an established court and a board of arbitration. Suppose that on the expiration of our sealing treaty with Great Britain there should be further trouble which might be worked up as it was at one time into a warlike feeling. Both Great Britain and the United States would arbitrate beyond question as they did on the Alaskan boundary case. Would not the United States very naturally want to proceed as we have in the past by each party selecting a judge and those judges, so selected, selecting a third? What wise American would be willing to submit a question to a court or jury with a majority under all natural influence against it? In 1897 I had the honor of voting against the general arbitration negotiated by Hay and Pauncefote between this country and Great Britain which provided that we should arbitrate differences in territorial questions and that the judges should be selected: one by Great Britain, one by the United States, these to select a third. That was satisfactory and would have been ratified but for the fact that Great Britain insisted that if those two could not agree on a third then King Oscar of Sweden should be the third. In other words Great Britain had the power to name two out of the three judges; and if the purest and wisest statesman on earth was suggested by

the United States all Great Britain had to do was to decline to agree and select under our treaty two monarchial judges to our one republican. Yet that treaty was beaten by only two votes. Beaten because it eliminated the fundamental righteousness of arbitration. It may be fancied that I am prejudiced against Great Britain. On the contrary I am not, but after forty years of close observation of the diplomacy of Great Britain I regard her diplomats as the most industrious and patriotic of any diplomats in the world. When I say this, of course, I mean English patriotism. They are willing to arbitrate any question if they can name a majority of the arbitrators, and it is with no feeling of animosity against Great Britain and no feeling of unkindness towards the President that I say that if the proposed constitution of a league of nations is adopted as a part of the peace treaty Great Britain has overreached us in the field of diplomacy.

#### FREEDOM OF THE SEAS. NEUTRALITY

TAKE the question if you please of the freedom of the seas and the natural difference existing between Great Britain and the United States as to the rights of neutrals in time of war. Is there any lawyer in these United States who, if employed by the nation, would be willing to submit that question to the court that they propose to establish by this present constitution? Would it not argue on his part a lack of experience and common sense? What politician is there so dull he does not know the value of having a majority of the judges at a primary or general election? What lawyer at the New York bar is there who when he enters court does not want a judge whose natural association and environment would be favorable to his own theory of the case? He does not want a corrupt judge, but knowing the case he has to try he would like to have one whose political and religious and social environments are the same as those of his client.

I do not think for a moment that the judges to be selected by Great Britain would be susceptible to any wicked influence, but I know that an American judge in the very nature



of his blood would feel the American side of the controversy, and it is no reflection to say that the Englishman is just as patriotic as we are.

Our only safety therefore would be that England and the United States should have an equal show in the selection of the judges and each side having selected one could in turn find some statesman and jurist who is free of those natural prejudices and would be able to determine the case on its merits. Perhaps the reader will say I am suspicious. I can only say every man who is familiar with the past ought to be. I remember what *Jo Gargery* said to *Pip* in Dickens' story of "Great Expectations." He was trying to explain to *Pip* the peculiarities of *Mrs. Jo* and he remarked, "*Pip*, old chap, *Mrs. Jo* is given to government." Our friend and ally, Great Britain, is "given to government." She breeds and trains her diplomats—and while British diplomacy has made many wars English rights have never lost a point through the mistakes of English diplomacy.

In America let a man stand up for American rights or even call attention to additional amendments in treaties and he is often immediately branded by the people as a trouble-maker, and even probably called a fool. The United States Senate is elected by the people of this country and is made by the Constitution a part of the treaty-making power. The President has no power to make a treaty without the consent of the Senate and the least that body could have done was to notify the President who was not advising with them as required by the Constitution, that the constitution of the proposed treaty for the league of nations could not be ratified in the form in which he had negotiated it. That would have been much better than to wait until it came here as a part of the final treaty. And yet certain Senators, Republican and Democrat alike, are being berated the country over for exercising the power the people gave them.

In conclusion I am an optimist and have faith that the President and the Senate will be granted the patience and the ability to make a treaty; that will do away with secret treaties; that will give each controversy as it comes along the

opportunity to be adjudged strictly on its own merits; that will open the door to the great nation, and the little peoples alike, and give to all an even show in the selection of those who are to judge them.

Regarding my own proposed amendment as stated above it may be said by some that my suggestion hasn't any teeth, any "bite" as the President calls it, but the history of all state laws of arbitration is, that while not forced into the arbitration by law as soon as a board of arbitration was established the moment trouble arose between capital and labor the party that refused to go into the arbitration immediately lost public sympathy, and lost its case. So if a controversy arose between any two nations with this international agreement standing like an open door to arbitration, the nation that refused to submit clear justiciable questions would lose the respect of the nations of all the world and lose its case.

## LOVE

By ARLEEN HACKETT

**L**OVE played upon my heart and broke the strings,  
And laughing, ran away.  
The song within my soul was hushed,  
I thought, for aye.  
Love came again, more sober grown, more kind,  
And mended up each string,  
And taught my heart to play once more,  
My soul to sing.



# The "New" Maeterlinck

From Dreamer to Realist

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

WHAT has come over Maeterlinck? A year ago, no more, he seemed a dreamer—a sage and hermit, a serene philosopher, a reincarnation of that Antoninus Pius whom he admired and quoted freely in his essays. He had detached himself from the low and vulgar cares which fret and weigh on most men. He lived remote and free, as he desired to live, evolving dramas of mysterious charm and sweetness, wrapped in high thoughts and lapped, we thought, in happiness. He owned a romantic home in Normandy, a house in Languedoc, and a retreat in Paris. He was married to an admired and gifted woman. The surroundings amid which he dwelt were ideal.

His works, though they might not content the average man and woman, reflected the beauty and romance of his own life. But when, the other day, we read of his divorce, we saw, or fancied that we saw, that his exquisite serenity, his wisdom, his detached philosophy were subject to assault by common feeling. We were confronted all at once by a new Maeterlinck, a man of flesh and blood, like other men. Perhaps, if we had had time to watch him closely, we should have noticed a slow change of soul in Maeterlinck. Between the mysticism of his early works, and his most recent play, he had little by little somehow lost his youthful poetry.

In his "*Princesse Maleine*," his "*L'Intruse*," his "*Péléas et Mélisande*," his "*Aglavaine et Sélysette*" and his "*Intérieur*," he had dealt with marvels, with signs and portents, affecting human destiny. Then in his "*Monna Vanna*" he had put aside his mysticism and passed to romanticism. In his "*Soeur Béatrice*," he had dramatized a legend, and a Catholic legend. Then, in another sure descent from transcendentalism, in his "*L'Oiseau Bleu*," and its unsatisfying

sequel, known to us in English as "The Betrothal," he had come even nearer still to earth. At last, with the invention of his "Bourgmestre de Stilemonde" ("A Burgomaster of Belgium") he had abandoned poetry, and given us his version of a heroic, but real, episode of the world war. Contrast "Le Bourgmestre" with, if you will, his "Aglavaine" and you will perceive that, in the space of a few years, he had substituted realism for mysticism.

And before "Soeur Béatrice" there had come another work, partly real, partly symbolic, and partly poetic, that "Ariane et Barbe-Bleu," which had been suggested to him by Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck. In this work (which he treats rather lightly in his preface to his collected dramas) he had expressed, in his own way, the fight of woman for emancipation. In fact, if not in form, it was a pamphlet, the summing-up of that wide, social movement aiming at "Votes for Women."

So much for Maeterlinck the new and the earlier dramatist. As an essayist, the "Belgian Shakespeare," to be sure, had changed less quickly. Yet here, too, we could observe wide gaps between "La Sagesse et la Destinée," and "Le Trésor des Humbles," their dreamy and half-pious outlook upon life, and the articles on the war which he contributed to the newspapers.

#### WHAT "THE MASTER" SAYS OF WOMEN

AS we consider what has happened to the poet since he parted company with the first Mme. Maeterlinck, an ironic interest attaches to these lines devoted to woman, in "Le Trésor des Humbles": "Let us draw near respectfully to the least and the most proud of them; to those who are absent-minded and to those who dream; to those who laugh or weep. For they know things we do not know, and they have a lamp which we have lost. They dwell at the very feet of the Inevitable and know the roads to it much better than we know them. . . . In their most trifling actions they feel themselves supported by the sure, potent hands of the great gods."



It was Maeterlinck who wrote that he believed (or so he said, in the book from which I have just quoted) that "women, above all, had preserved the mystic sense on earth." How, in the face of his daily companionship with Mme. Georgette, he held this view, I cannot think. For, attractive though she is in many ways, the lady who was lately Mme. Maeterlinck is most frankly human. Most surely she is far from transcendental. Her feet are planted firmly on the earth. Her eyes are turned on——anything but stars. A woman of great beauty, art and character, she is not idyllic. Temperamentally, she seemed to me, when I visited her Norman home, the antithesis of her ex-husband. I say "seemed." For there had always been two sides to Maeterlinck. Spiritually, he was once aloof from mundanity, and, for aught that I can tell, may be still. He cared little for his fellow men and women, though he thought about them all, of course, collectively. Physically, on the other hand, he was quite virile, and indeed athletic. A tall, upstanding figure of a man, broadshouldered, strong, clean-shaven and close-cropped, it gave me something like a shock some years ago, on meeting him, to find no hint in his grey eyes at even poetry.

He was seated in his study, a vast room at St. Wandrille, in what was formerly the sanctum of a Prior. At his feet crouched a pet bull-dog. Not the one, though, of which he wrote so eloquently, in his essay on "The Death of a Small Dog," as having been "beautiful, like a beautiful natural monster who has conformed strictly with the laws of his own species."

Of wit and humor, there is not a trace in him. Nor can one find the faintest hint at them in his early dramas.

I confess I was surprised at St. Wandrille to learn that the writer of the rhythmic, lovely phrases which delight one in his works wrote without effort. He is not a slave to labor, like Emile Zola, who had inscribed above his desk the exhortation *Nulla dies sine linea*. As a rule he gives two hours, no more, to day work. But his brain is always busy, night and day. He keeps a note-book near his bed, to which he retires at ten o'clock. And very often, if an idea occurs

to him, he wakes and jots it down. Then he goes off to sleep again, as easily as a child. He is fond of wandering alone, in his vast grounds, which include an Italian garden, spreading woods and a wee brook. "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones." He is careful not to trim and doll up nature. His trees and shrubs and creepers all run wild. Above one corner of his grounds rise the tall ruins of a glorious Abbey, and near them are the far-famed Abbey Cloisters, well preserved, which would be worthy of the most wonderful cathedral. On a landing just outside his private den hangs a punching-bag. For Maeterlinck is an adept at boxing, among other sports.

On his desk were scattered books and sheets of manuscript. Not without trouble had I, after many months, induced him to receive me. Once, when I had forewarned him of a visit, he had evaded me. For, as I have hinted, he dislikes intruders. His manner, while not cordial, was quite courteous. If he was bored, he had the grace to hide his boredom. His walls were lined with bookshelves, amply filled. And from his window he looked out into his gardens, his green woods, and towering hills. The ambiency was slightly cold, much as it may have been when St. Wandrille was a great monastery.

#### A BELIEVER IN IMMORTALITY

MAETERLINCK talked with me for nearly a full hour, of death and life, and what came after death. In answer to my question, he assured me that, in his opinion, annihilation was impossible. "The world had no beginning," he declared. "It can have no end. Who could conceive of such a thing as the beginning of the end of what exists? As for the persistence of our consciousness—of our identity beyond this life—it does not interest me. What is our consciousness but a mere form of memory?"

His conclusion, as he added, was that. There would, after life, be a persistence of a modified consciousness. But, to support his views, he adduced no facts and no authority.



His book, when it appeared, was vain and empty, embodying really little of the slightest value. After reading it, those who believed in immortality, still clung to their belief, while those who rejected it, refused to change their theory. He was blandly unconscious that what he supposed impossible of conception, "the beginning of the end," had been described by scientists. He talked of marriage, which, as he said, should not and would not be necessary, if no children had to be considered. He loves children. He did not join Mme. Georgette and me when we drank tea together in my lady's sanctum, an untidy room on the ground floor below his study. There Mme. Georgette chatted of "the Master," as she then called her husband.

As she described him, he was moody, and at times childishly petulant. Rarely, till the production of that "*L'Oiseau Bleu*," with its misleading preachment about home happiness, did he go to the theatre. Music he despised, though in "*La Vie des Abeilles*" he professed to have caught the meanings of the most varied hummings of his friends the bees.

"He does not know one melody from another," Mme. Georgette confided to me. "He could not whistle the most simple air. All opera seems to him ridiculous."

Yet in his writings he is always musical. Nothing more beguiling than the rhythms of his dialogue in "*Pelléas*" and "*Aglavaine*," or the phrases in his essays, could well be imagined. Nature to him seems very much more eloquent than the most wondrous artist, and, perhaps, unconsciously, he adopts her cadences. But we need not credit him, without reserve, when he interprets what the bees have sung to him. Above all we will not take him in dead earnest in the appended passage:

"It is not sure that they can hear this honey-perfumed hum, this intoxicating shiver of fair summer days, which is one of the sweetest pleasures of the bee-rearer, this festal song of work, ascending and descending around the hive in the crystal clearness of the hour, which seems the light-hearted murmur of the blossoming flowers, the hymn of their happiness, the echo of their suave odors, the voice of the

white carnation, thyme and marjoram. Yet they have a full gamut of sounds which we can identify, ranging from deep felicity to menace, anger and distress. They have their ode to the Queen, their refrains of plenty, their psalms of sorrow."

## MAETERLINCK ON LOVE

AND if we hesitate to admit Maeterlinck's sincerity with regard to music, can we accept him as a teacher of morality? Here is the theory of love which he unfolds in a chapter of "*La Sagesse et la Destinée*":

"In love as in life, it is almost always very useless to wait. It is by loving that one learns how to love; and it is with the so-called disenchantment of little loves one keeps alive in the most sure and simple way the inextinguishable flame which may some day come to illuminate the remainder of one's life."

To apply this utterance to his own case might be cruel. Good taste forbids one to inquire too pointedly whether his first, or second, or third union came with the great love, or with the lesser love.

It is difficult to say whether his second wife uplifted him or the reverse. Though it was Maeterlinck's mysticism that at the outset attracted her, and, according to her own statements, led her to Belgium with the fixed purpose of marrying him, she can hardly have been very much in sympathy *au fond* with his dreams. Yet she fell in with all his whims and curious ways. She even went so far as to respect his love of silence. There must have been strained times at St. Wandrille.

"One hardly hears a sound when we sit down together," was another of his then wife's confidences. "My husband talks as seldom as he can."

He would begin a sentence, stop, and allow his wife to finish it. He would sulk like a little child and just as shamelessly. She would take his place when he had irksome visitors, while he—to avoid them—would be riding his bicycle. She would stand between him and his unloved rela-



tives (chiefly her relatives). And, on the other hand, she would drag him, willy-nilly, into her quarrels with the composers and managers, who had aroused her woman's wrath by not permitting her to create roles in various operas.

This must have been distasteful to the most rooted instincts of a proclaimed philosopher. Nor can the rather concrete charm of Mme. Georgette have seemed always to fit in with his ideals.

And yet he had married his Georgette, as he has married his new wife, who was Renée Dahon, a lady who had appeared in turn as the "Cold in the Head" and the *Tyl-Tyl* of his "L'Oiseau Bleu." Moreover, it was to his second spouse he had dedicated, not only "Le Trésor des Humbles," but also "La Sagesse et la Destinée." Here are the words which we find prefaced to the latter work:

"To you, I dedicate this book, which is, so to speak, your work. There is a more lofty and more real collaboration than that of the pen—it is that of thought and example. I have not had to painfully imagine the resolutions and the actions of an ideal sage, or to drag from my own heart the moral of a lovely, though of necessity a somewhat hazy dream. It has sufficed for me to listen to your words. It has sufficed to let my eyes observe you attentively in your life. There they could see the movements, gestures, habits of wisdom personified."

#### THE DREAMER BECOMES A REALIST

**I**T is hard, and more than hard, to see how the Maeterlinck who penned those lines could have developed into the new Maeterlinck. Though we knew that even Socrates and Plato at times lapsed strangely from philosophy, we had somehow come to look on the poet whom Octave Mirbeau had so absurdly introduced to us as another Shakespeare, as above human frailties. How can we reconcile the creator of "Péléas et Mélisande," so tragically tender, with the writer of "Le Bourgmestre," and the protagonist of a divorce suit? A minority had long smiled at the mysticism of his early plays

and essays. To them he had seemed "such stuff as dreams are made on." But by a larger mass of men and by most women he had been hailed, extolled, enshrined as a prose-poet of beguiling transcendentalism.

Mme. Georgette may in part explain the mystery. Advancing age? Perhaps.

There is the war, too. The last four years have blotted out much art, seared many souls, and crushed out many ideals. As we look back, the achievement of Maeterlinck appears to have had three phases. And, by some chance or for some natural reason, they have corresponded roughly with the duration of his three different marriages. In the first phase we knew Maeterlinck, the dreamer. In the second, we see Maeterlinck, the romanticist. In the third, the romantic dreamer changed to a realist.

Love does play havoc with the best of poets, though Maeterlinck would not have had us think so. You may see for yourselves how he protested against the idea of letting love destroy one's hope. Turn to a passage in his essay on "*La Sagesse et la Destinée*," from which I have quoted at some length already. There, near the end, you will find this set down—by the second of the three writers who are Maeterlinck:

"Love in a heart breaks only fragile objects. If it breaks everything, it is because all is fragile. There is no one who has not more than once thought his life was shattered. But often those who have really had it shattered have owed their misfortune to I know not what of vanity clung to the ruins."

Which is worthy of the third and newest Maeterlinck.



# THE HORSELESS FARM

By JUDSON D. STUART

“OLD DOBBIN” was *not* at the station when I alighted from the train.

This starts off like the stereotyped back-to-the-old-farm fiction, because there was always an ancient horse yclept “Dobbin,” who either stood patiently at the little railroad station or thrust his head from the square stable window and whinnied a welcome to the returned hero.

This is not fiction, and I am not the hero. My Uncle William has that part in this narrative of fact, but what else can I do or how can I otherwise begin this when there was a real horse at Uncle William’s farm and his real name was Dobbin, and he was there four years ago on my previous visit? I fully expected to meet Dobbin. Instead, Uncle William piloted me around to the parking place back of the station, opened the door of a light runabout, and said, “Jump in, Jud. How’re the folks in the city?”

We were home before I had answered all of Uncle William’s questions. The old farm had been almost as much of a home to me since boyhood as my father’s city house. Up to this visit it had seemed to me that whatever else changed in all the world, neither time nor progress nor any other power could change that farm. On this occasion things seemed a little different; I couldn’t quite place them at first. I missed the ancient log dugout watering trough beside the old stable. A second look and I missed the odorous stable. In its place was a cement building, neat, attractive, but there without apparent reason.

The reason became apparent when Uncle William stopped at the gate post, leaned out, pulled a handle attached to a wire and, behold, the doors of the building opened.

“Garage!” I exclaimed.

“And then some,” added Uncle William.

He was right. It was more than a garage, it was as I soon learned the “engine house of a horseless farm.” At the rear were a number of doors. Inside was a work bench,

lathe, closets for spare parts, auto tires, an array of peculiar looking things that seemed far too complicated for me to attempt to understand. Uncle William had a light motor-truck, his runabout and two peculiar looking things that he said were "jest a coupla tractors."

Old Dobbin had passed on to wherever it is that faithful farm horses go. Uncle William had owned other horses at the same time, six in all. Today he owns no horses. More than that, he boasts of it and quotes his neighbors who got together and voted him absolutely crazy when he attempted to operate his 200 acres under cultivation without the faithful old Dobbin and his prototypes.

#### MECHANICAL BRAWN FOR THE FARM

TRACTORS, I knew, now played a big part in farming, but it had not occurred to me that it was possible to dispense entirely with horses. It is not generally done today, but, from what I learned at my uncle's farm and in the neighborhood where several others had given up horses altogether, I could see that the horseless farm is on the way, that horses on farms will be the exception rather than the rule and it looks as if the farm mechanic with his tractors and other power devices is going to help solve the:

Keep the boy on the farm problem.

The lack of hired men problem.

The increase of cultivated acreage problem.

The food problem.

The general agricultural problem.

Uncle William is a typical modern farmer, which means that he is well read, thoughtful, keen, far-seeing and one who has discovered that it takes more brains than brawn in these days to be a successful farmer.

No lover of art ever took a visitor through his private gallery of old masters with more pride than Uncle William evidenced as he escorted me about his farm, and just as the art lover might rave over the sepia shadows of a Van Dyke, the sunshot waters of a Sorolla or the delicacy of a Corot, Uncle William raved over bull gears, carrying trucks, two-



row cultivators, double-disc plows and other works of tractor art far too deep and technical for a mere writer chap to appreciate. Just to what extent an apparently complicated and unsentient tractor could help solve that old but all-important "keep-the-boy-on-the-farm" problem puzzled me. I told Uncle William as much.

"Jud," he said, "it doesn't take brains to harness a horse or clean out a stall. It doesn't take brains to cling on to the hickory handles of a plow and keep her nose into the sod and along as straight a line as practical."

"Brawn, of course," I assured him.

"That's just it. Our boys don't want to build up their brawn that way. Some poets and writer chaps have referred to farmers as 'clod-hoppers.' Shakespeare made all his farmers dullards, stupid as the ox. I remember one line in Gray's *Elegy*, which goes, 'The plowman homeward plods his weary way.' I don't know but what people had a right to make fun of farmers and farm boys. They used to be dull, rough, uncouth, awkward. Why not? You get up at day-break and follow a slow-stepping old plow horse all day, walking in muck until your feet are as big and clumsy as an elephant's, and it doesn't put any edge on your brain. Come night the horses were too hard worked to be driven to town and the farm boy too hard worked to care to go to town.

"I never blamed farm boys from getting to the city where a job of getting up at six and working all day at driving an express truck seemed a regular 'easy life and cinch job' to them. But today one husky farmer lad can do more work sitting down than ten boys could do in my young days straining every muscle."

Uncle William gazed through the tobacco smoke rather fondly at his garage.

"Sitting down?"

#### FARMING DE LUXE FOR ALL

"YES, sir, mostly, these days. It's like this, Jud, the power machines are doing farm work now. A chap sits down to plow, to harrow, to plant, to cultivate, he can

even sit down to harvest and thresh and bind, dig trenches for irrigation, and pump water into 'em. The farm tractor does it all. There's a good springy seat, a good steering wheel to handle and a motor that just snakes plow, harrow and cultivator through and over the soil without a shiver or jerk. Not long ago the farm boy would take three days to plow and harrow the lower meadow down there and his body would be full of aches and pains, his hands full of blisters and his soul full of bitterness. Today he'll plow, harrow, seed and smooth the lower meadow in a day with nary a back-ache or blister, and then he'll wash up, get into his other clothes, hop into the runabout and go down to the village for a few hours to see the movies or call on some friends. That's what I mean—the farm tractor is going to keep the boy on the farm and bring many such a boy back from the city.

“It sounds logical——”

“*Sounds* logical?” snorted Uncle William. “It is logical. Young Bill is through with his freight-office job and back here for keeps.”

“Young Bill,” is my cousin.

“Peters' boys are all home working the farm. Peters has bought the Kelly land adjoining and put fifty more acres of his own land under cultivation. He paid both boys double wages two years ago, that is, double what he would have had to pay hired men, and he was making money at that because either one of his boys can do three times the work of any farm hand we've seen in these parts for years. Last year the boys and their father worked the farm on shares, he took 50 per cent and paid the farm costs and the boys took 25 per cent each. They made more money and saved three times as much of it as they did during their two years and a half in the city.”

Cousin Bill, I learned, had gone on a fishing trip. He had plenty of time between cultivating and haying. All this began to take on an added interest. I had come on for a rest and to forget such things as editors and special articles, but my old-time newspaper “nose for news” led me to investigate. It sounded altogether too easy to be probable. It



struck me that Uncle William's enthusiasm was a trifle too bubbling, that the fact that he could sit in a spring seat, "step on the gas," and plow and harrow at the same time had led him to believe that he could do everything else as easily. I hinted as much. Uncle William grinned and stuck to his subject of keeping boys on the farm.

#### CAUSE OF ABANDONED FARMS

"**I** TELL you it changes their attitude toward the farm. Do you know just what it was that caused so many abandoned farms?"

"Work, solitude, small returns, no chance to be sociable with other young folks," I repeated glibly. Oh, I knew all about it. I had written long articles about the farm boy, each a brief in his favor, condoning his desertion of the parental roof for the city hall bed-room.

"The one big thing, biggest thing, was just that measly, ornery hoe!" declared Uncle William. I began to see light. I had painful memories of breaking my back hoeing between rows of corn and potatoes that seemed 25,000 miles in length.

"When it's a good bright morning and the birds are singing and the farm boy has visions of the trout stream, it naturally tortures his soul and makes him hate the whole world when he sees row after row of weeds that must be whacked out with a hoe. But let him hitch the cultivator attachment to the tail of the light tractor, climb up and snake it up and down, cultivating two rows at a lick, knowing that he can do nine acres in a day and take it easy, there's no soul-crushing dismay. He finishes the job and goes fishing tomorrow, or he may go fishing today knowing that he can cultivate the whole patch next forenoon."

Uncle William then branched off into talk about drawing a 12-hoe double-disk drill to top-dress wheat with prepared fertilizer and was soon getting me quite beyond my depth with his technicalities, but I gently steered him into more shallow channels where I understood his talk, and learned many things, such as the fact that my young cousin Bill, alone, with one tractor, did the work of six horses and

three men in the same length of time. I learned that the tractor plow turned the sod deeper, stirred it up better and made possible better crops than ever horse-plowing could do. Later I met one man who worked 120 acres of land alone with the aid of his cultivators, where formerly he used to keep four horses and two hired men.

To run what looked like a large and complicated machine through a field of corn without crushing it seemed impossible. "Here's where you need the horse and small cultivator," I boasted. Uncle William climbed sprily into the seat and went through his corn and for half an hour he didn't crush a stalk. I quit watching him then. Sometimes, in turning, the ends of the rows are damaged, but I was told that the tractor cultivator knocked down 20 per cent less corn than the horse cultivator.

#### THE HORSE VERSUS TRACTOR

**E**DISON was right when he said that a horse is the poorest motor ever built. "His thermal efficiency is only 2 per cent and it takes the output of five acres of good soil to feed him one year." The Wizard made this statement years ago. Figures today show that a corn-belt farm which requires the services of three men and six horses for 100 days requires but one man, with a cultivator, to do the same work, and takes but 60 days. And the cost is one half less than with horses!

The tractor cannot do exactly everything, yet it can apparently do everything that the farm horse can do except, perhaps, attract flies. What with the tractors, the farm motor-truck, the farm automobile, the farm stationary gasoline motors, electric motors and similar power, there is no more need of horses than there is need of feet on fish. The farm tractor is the most valuable asset, of course, for with it the farmer may plow, harrow, smooth, plant, cover, cultivate, mow, reap, thresh, bind. Belt attachments enable the farmer to use it for ensilage chopping, for shredding, for hoisting ensilage into the silo, for hoisting hay into the mows, pumping for irrigation, for the concrete mixer, to run the



home saw-mill, the wood-splitter, churn, cream separator, food grinder, husker, grindstone and do many other things.

Old Dobbin has surely got to go.

The horseless farm is the one solution of the many problems. The horseless farm brings greater profit, less work, more content. What with the automobile that brings the farmers together, the telephones that annihilate solitude and loneliness, the tractor that banishes back-ache and speeds up crop productions, and the many contrivances that do everything from milk cows and run the family washing machine to reap, thresh and bind, the farmer has come into his own.

#### A BETTER DAY DAWNS FOR THE FARMER

**T**HE American farmer became dull only because he worked like the "stolid ox" and became too tired to think or take amusement. Naturally he prefers brain to brawn. He is a natural mechanic, he likes machinery, he loves to tinker. He loves to speed up. There is only so much "speed" in a horse—or so much "slowness," for the farm horse has no such thing as speed. The American farmer has too nimble a brain to be following a horse about plowed fields. He is naturally progressive. That he can put a quarter's worth of gasoline into a tank and get ten times the work out of it that he can get out of a quarter's worth of oats put into a horse is just the thing that appeals to him.

He isn't afraid of work. His ancestors were not afraid of work; broad fallow fields of today were virgin forests in the days of his ancestors. The intelligent farmer was never afraid of work, but he is sensible about it. He can see no reason for working hard when it is not necessary. Having discovered that the horse is, as Edison said, "a mighty poor motor"; having discovered that the horseless farm is at least three times as profitable and takes at least five times less work to operate, the American farmer naturally lets "Old Dobbin" slide into history along with the yoke of oxen of his grandfather, the spinning-wheel of his great grandmother.

The horseless farm of today is equally as tempting to the farm girl as to the farm boy. Time was when the average

farm girl could see, in marrying a farmer, only a life of drudgery ahead for herself. But the days are long past—on horseless farms—when it can be said:

“Man’s work is from sun to sun

But woman’s work is never done.”

The farmer’s wife has a little car in which to run about, visiting. She no longer need break her back over the ancient up and down churn, or even turning the crank of the cream separator, for the little motor does all of that work these days. It even turns the washing machine, the cows are milked by machinery and the old time drudgery of the farmer’s wife is no more. Under the all-embracing title of “chores” many a farm wife and mother has broken down her health in doing everything from shoveling paths and milking cows to splitting kindlings and thawing out the pump, watering and feeding the stock and many other such jobs sandwiched in between her regulation housekeeping work.

But the farm girl knows that life is easier for her now, she can get out easily, the drudgery and slavery part of the farm work is done by motive power instead of by aching back muscles.

The horseless farm is going to be the rule rather than the exception. I could see it coming all through the district that I visited. Banks were eager to loan money to help farmers equip their farms with the necessary apparatus. Uncle William, being a director of one of the local banks, knew whereof he spoke.

“That Markham feller who wrote some poetry about ‘The Man With The Hoe’ who was bowed down with the weight of centuries or something like that had best get busy and write a brand new poem now,” Uncle William suggested, “something about the man with the dough, up-standing and cheerful and happy because of the horseless farm that rests on his shoulders no heavier than my Sunday gallusses.”



# THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

THE changing dramatic year has reached its spring season—the days when the managers with unproduced plays rush them in to the metropolis—when musical scores are taken from desk drawers and studied in hopes that they may develop the qualities of a Summer success, when every manager and player is thinking of the season that is to come, weighing the chances of a successful play or part.

The season that is drawing to a close has been an interesting one, even if it has not brought any truly great plays to our boards. It has given us new plays by several popular authors, introduced a few new faces—and proved time after time that the war-worn public has been anxious for the frothiest of musical plays, dramas that tell an absorbing story irrespective of theme, and that comedy is, as ever, supreme. This particular season seems to proclaim a choice for the so-called “bedroom” comedy.

One thing certain is the fact that the season has been a financial success. Practically every manager has had his little group of nest eggs, and from his profits will be able to experiment, a promise full of interest for next year.

## *Plays of Ancient Days*

THE newer theatrical offerings, rushed in just before Lent, or offered during the days when theatrical people expected a depression, are not many. Comedy prevails, and there have been a share of revivals. At least three of the bills have been what are termed “costume” plays, reflecting days and people that are past.

Philip Moeller's new play is a literary drama built around the life of Molière, a man who wrote good comedies, but lived a personal tragedy. The new drama has the advantage of giving audiences a glimpse of the court life of Louis XIV., Montespan, Armande Béjart, La Foret, the cook to

whom Molière, history tells us, read his new plays—a half-score men whose exploits during that period of history have made them memorable, all play their part. The play, however, is literary, rather than truly dramatic. One feels that he is watching the reading of a book rather than the acting of a drama. There are two love stories, one between the fickle Armande and a courtier she feels may bring her into greater favor, the other between Molière and Montespan. The final act shows Molière's death during a performance of his "*Le Malade Imaginaire*"—at an hour when Armande has come back to him, and the King, overlooking all that is past, comes to announce that Molière is again in royal favor. The play is handsomely, regally produced, with Henry Miller as Molière, Holbrook Blinn as Louis XIV, Blanche Bates as Montespan, Estelle Winwood as Armande, and Alice Gale as the cook who was Molière's chief literary adviser. The company is large and the other players capable.

A second play with the stirring history of France as a background—this time during the days following the fall of Napoleon—is the revived "*The Honor of the Family*," in which Otis Skinner is again playing *Colonel Philippe Bridau*. The *Colonel* is the commanding figure of the play, swaggering on his way to triumph, no matter if it be in love or more material things. Mr. Skinner's portrayal will be familiar to many of his admirers, and to those who have never seen him there is joy in store, for his blusterings are amusing—Mr. Skinner bringing out all the wily subtleties of the character. The supporting cast is highly satisfactory—each player seeming to have caught the spirit of 1820 and carried it down a century to the satisfaction of a modern people.

Still another evening at the theatre carries us back through the years—this time to the Biblical days of Job, and to the fifth century Arabs. "*The Book of Job*," which Stuart Walker has revised for a special Lenten season, is, as last year, a powerful drama—lacking somewhat in action, but bringing actions and staging of the highest quality to the theatre. To have taken the King James version of the Bible and evolved a play from its text is in itself a feat, but to make



it interesting to modern playgoers is a triumph. George Gaul again plays Job in the manner which won him loud praise a season ago. The other part of the program is Dunsany's new play, "The Tents of the Arabs." It is not quite so satisfying as his more dramatic plays, but it is an entertaining trifle, concerning a king who loved the desert and ran away for a year. On the sands he meets a gypsy, and they spend their year together. When the hour of parting comes, intervening fate allows the king's chamberlain to recognize an impostor as the true king, and the king and his gypsy maid go back to the Tents of the Arabs. The play is beautifully acted by McKay Morris as the king and Beatrice Maude as the gypsy girl, Miss Maude lending a pictorial charm to her playing that makes the role one of her best characterizations.

### *Comedies of 1919*

SWINGING to modern plays one finds "Toby's Bow." "Toby's Bow" came into the world of the theatre very quietly, and for a few days seemed to be overlooked. Time, however, has proved it to be one of the most excellent comedies of the season. It is by John Taintor Foote, an author famed for his racetrack stories, and Mr. Foote has used his knowledge of the modern literary world in such a way as to allow his author hero to disclose numerous secrets of the story-telling world not generally known.

These are only incidentals to a good story, however, the opening curtain discloses an act quite out of keeping with the rest of the play. Bored by the "morning after" of a Greenwich village party, a gathering at the novelist's room decided to play strip poker. Before they are finished, one understands the author's need of regeneration. The second act discloses a very different atmosphere, the novelist going back to Nature—on a Southern plantation. It is in this act that *Toby* makes his appearance, the irresistible, ex-slave *Toby*, whose bow is his chief function. The story of the play is quite conventional, with the hero being quite reformed and marrying the nice little Southern girl. This young lady, by the way, is writing a book, and the scenes in which the novelist tells

her how best-sellers are written, is a revelation to those who think that literature of the best-seller type is the child of artistry. The cast is excellent. Norman Trevor as the novelist has a part that allows him to use all of his splendid abilities, while George Marion (incidentally, he produced the play), is *Toby*—and one of the most likable colored majordomos one could ever meet. Alice Augarde Butler is in the cast, and so is Merle Madden. Doris Rankin plays the Southern girl—and one wishes that she didn't.

Don't miss "Toby's Bow." It is one of the best of the new plays.

"A Sleepless Night" is the title of the latest intimate farce. The plot is not extraordinary. Of course, there is the usual couple who are married, but do not tell that fact until after they have shocked the audience—then, too, there is an unsophisticated young lady who craves adventure. The second act shows a very handsome four-poster done with rose covers, and the young couple who are married, but have not told, are talking things over. The unsophisticated young lady decides to have her adventure, and so goes to the room of a young man she imagines to be single—and well, they hide in the bed, under the bed, rush around in the usual manner, and naturally everything ends happily with the final curtain. The cast is "long" on names. Ernest Glendenning is the young man in the case, playing his role with easy manner and scoring his usual success. Peggy Hopkins is the unsophisticated thing, while Carlotta Montrey and Lucile Watson add much with their beauty and their acting abilities. "A Sleepless Night" is good fun for those that like plays of its type, and has the additional merit of being excellently produced and acted.

### *A Good Actress and a Bad Play*

"THE FORTUNE TELLER" is hardly a good play, yet it deserves high praise for the fact that, during the early part of the performance, the situation is such that it allows the audience to realize just how great an actress Marjorie Rambeau can be when given the proper material.



In this scene Miss Rambeau is a woman who has deserted her husband years before, had fallen on very degenerate ground, drugs, drink—and has taken the profession of a fortune teller. She recognizes a young man who comes to have his fortune told as her son, and the situation allows for much that is fine in acting. With such a prologue a truly great play might be written—but instead the author has developed a monologue on mother love. As a play, “The Fortune Teller” is poor, but at least it gives Miss Rambeau a few minutes of triumph.

“*Monte Cristo, Jr.*”

THEY have called the latest Winter Garden spectacle “Monte Cristo, Jr.” One name is as good as another, and one character of romance fits the center of the stage as well as another. The necessities for a successful Winter Garden show are girls, lots of them, costumes, some abbreviated and all rich in color and design, comedians, many of them, much scenery of the spectacular type—and of course, plenty of songs—the more catchy the tune, the more successful the song. It is not exactly a difficult recipe to follow, and entertainment of a greater or lesser degree is sure to result. In the case of “Monte Cristo” the entertainment is not quite as high as some Winter Garden plays have offered, but it is entertainment—the evening goes by quickly, with the eye charmed by color. The story is familiar, and one can imagine how it lends itself to production. The players are numerous, so numerous that several people of real ability have little to do. Charles Purcell is *Monte Cristo*, a singing role which gives him a chance to use his undisputed art. Audrey Maple has little to do but be beautiful, but a girl named Esther Walker, a recruit from vaudeville, sings several songs in an unusual style. Ralph Hertz is also in the cast, as one of the ever-humorous Dooleys and “Chic” Sales.

Oh, yes, Al Jolson and “Sinbad” have moved again. This spectacle, with its three matinees a week, probably holds the record for amusing metropolitan audiences.

# The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)

## *Making the World Safe*

THE American newspaper follows the flag. There are two outspoken American "voices" in France, the *Stars and Stripes* and the *Plane News*, both lusty organs of the striking arms of our forces overseas. The *Plane News* is edited by First-Lieutenant Thomas W. Ward, A. S., officer in charge. In the issue of February 15th, the *Plane News* gives utterance to what some of the fighting boys think of the Dry Amendment, and adds: "What would the boys in the trenches have done without *rum*? They could not have stood the rigors of trench life and more would have died from exposure than from bullets if it had not been a recognized necessity and included in the ration issued to all troops; . . . and we all know the importance of morale and the fact that the ration of rum and tobacco were factors in maintaining the morale of the troops."

We share with Lieut. Ward his concern, having observed the utility of rum in warfare, but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that there isn't going to be any more war—so we won't need rum or tobacco or doughnuts or any of these insidious enemies to digestion and democracy. At least, we are told that when the League of Nations gets into working order, war will be banished from the face of the earth. Any little war that raises its voice in the future ideal state, will be promptly ostracized, talked to death, or "withered up," as ex-President Taft puts it. No one is going to speak to anybody that gets his war bristles up. He will just have to go away and bay the moon, all day by his own self—and his fur will just lay down of its own accord. If it doesn't, a great big policeman of the land or sea will cuff his naughty ears and tell him to go home and wash the dishes, put the cat out and go to sleep. It is going to be a good world to live in and *safe*—which reminds me of a story:

Once upon a time there was a young schoolmarm, spend-



ing her summer vacation up in Maine. Down by the sea was a lighthouse, very old, very picturesque, a survival of clipper days. The young schoolmarm, who, when she was home in Kankakee, drove a flivver, was possessed of a keen desire to see the ancient lighthouse, about which the other boarders were enthusiastic and which was highly recommended by the landlady, as a pretty day's pilgrimage. But alas! It was too far from the boarding-house to walk, and the flivver had been left in the woodshed at Kankakee. Bent upon the pilgrimage, the schoolmarm took counsel and was referred to the town livery stable. Not used to driving anything more spirited than a Henry, she asked if, perchance, the keeper of the horse garage had a "perfectly safe horse."

"Yep, mum,—one I'll guarantee—— Hey, boy, hitch up Dobbin."

"But *is* he *perfectly* safe?" she insisted.

"As safe as if he were hitched to a post," underwrote the horse man. So, taking the reins, Miss Schoolmarm started for the light, some two leagues north, as the crow flies.

"Ged ap, horsey!" she said, slapping the reins over his yellowed back. And Dobbin started down the dusty road.

Night was falling fast when the wheels of the buggy rolled up in front of the livery stable, and wearily and sadly Miss Schoolmarm descended to *terra firma*.

"Well, ye found old Dobbin safe, Miss?" grinned the horse man.

"*Safe! safe!*" was all she could gasp, as she dived into her reticule for a two-dollar bill.

"Did-na tell ye he was as safe as if he war tied to a hitchin' post?"

"Yes—and he might as *well* have been tied. That horse is *too* safe; we never got there at all!"

### Pulling the Meat Trust to Pieces

**I**S the meat "trust" to be broken up? Mr. Hoover, and Mr. Heney, attorney for the Federal Trade Commission, think it should be, referring to the Big Five Packers, who

deal also in poultry, cheese, eggs and by-products of the packing industry. If Swift, Armour, Cudahy, Wilson and Morris are to be disintegrated how are they to be separated into their parts and still retain the efficiency now unquestionably theirs?

When the Standard Oil Trust was broken up the physical plants remained the same. The break-up was a matter of bookkeeping. Does anyone think that the disintegration of that huge organization lowered the price of oil? There is no evidence of such an approach to the millennium. If the interests in the stock-yards are severed from the various packing houses, will the stock farmer secure more for his live stock—which he seeks, and will the cut of beef at the local butcher be lowered thereby? If the local distributing plants of the Big Five are disassociated or taken under Government operation, will food products be delivered there by the Big Five at a less price than now, and will the overhead charges of the local distributing plants be so much less under Government operation that meats, poultry, eggs, etc., will be sold to the local butcher at a less price than now — *and* will the *local butcher buyer* sell to the consumer at a less profit? In other words, can human nature be changed by Government edict? Messrs. Big Five have been under repeated investigation by all sorts of Government and semi-Government agencies, and all the sins of every profiteer in meats and allied food products have been laid at the door of the packers. In the interests of the ultimate consumer, as well as the cattle farmer, and the grain raiser, the investigation of our food should be taken out of politics. If there is a huge profit, which the packers show to the contrary, and if there is profiteering in cattle-raising industries, in packing houses, stockyards and among the retail butchers, the onus should be placed where it belongs.

Food and meat foods, a perishable product, is of such vast importance to every human being that a remedy—a solution—should be found. A non-political commission, made up of economists and disinterested men, might be formed and everyone concerned in the business given a hearing.

There are several thousand packers and butchers in the



wholesale trade and they should all have their day in an impartial court, before drastic irrevocable measures are taken.

**“ Watch Your Step! ”**

SENATOR REED'S idea of resorting to a plebiscite of American voters to pass upon the question of internationalism involved in the League of Nations is fundamentally democratic. Our slogan in this war was to “ make the world safe for democracy.” It is the contention of some of our eminent statesmen that the spirit of democracy pervades Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Japan and lesser monarchies interested in the League, hence, it is argued, there is no impropriety in our Republic locking interests with these monarchies. Opinions differ on this subject. Opinions differ as to the propriety of our releasing our right to keep in such a state of war defense as is consistent with our size and position in the family of nations. Opinions differ as to our attitude toward Russia. Shall we *make* Russia safe for democracy or leave her to work out her own salvation or destruction? The League document brought home by President Wilson is of course not a final draft. In fact, it is already punctured by the shafts of trained legal minds. However, it is not supposed to be much other than a target, and is susceptible of many modifications. The great thought for Americans at this hour, is to cling to our own national entity and structure and not relinquish our constitutional powers, or delegate them to any convention, even though our representation is fairly proportioned. It would be a safer look toward democracy if a League had no post-war active militant status. As a well organized international “ fire-department,” a League agreement might effectually put out wars; but no document, however carefully drawn, can insure war prevention. War is seldom premeditated—it bursts out like fire. The careless or ill-timed shot of a sentry, the bullet of an assassin, a shot from a remote gun-boat on river patrol in a foreign country, the murder of a missionary, a labor conflict in an alien land—these and other apparently trivial incidents precipitate war. They are inevitable in the nature

of things and to eliminate them would be to utterly change human nature. The ethics, the culture, the education of the world must go forward along international lines, but races do not change and are better developed as they are less interfered with. When Rome or China "broke up" only a dead or inert civilization remained.

Nations, as with individuals, must not interfere with each other too much. A League for Putting out War, is the ultimate aspiration of the world. Perhaps in the forge of public opinion it will assume that sort of a new international War Constitution! To internationalize human motives to enforce peace, to wrest individuality from constituted governments, to pool and compromise national policies, is to invite friction, and to precipitate clash. So far as the embryo covenants of the proposed League suggest a cure-all for war we at least should hold fast to our traditional policies—and trust ourselves rather than others.

### *Drinking Here and There*

THERE survives a time-honored saw, "Charity covers a multitude of sins." It is almost as true of the reverse, "a multitude of sins opens to charity," if drinking in corner and other saloons is in the category of "sins." The despised saloon has long been a sourceful recruiting ground for charity solicitors. The figures of the black-gowned "sister" and the tambourine lassie are familiar to every drinking resort. Now that the saloon is to pass, the tambourine as a collection plate is to go. Instead comes a formidable propaganda committee who will reduce the collection of funds to a science.

The lassies' successors are to ask entrance into the advertising pages of the periodicals—for charity's sake. Will the published appeal be as effective in its tribute to charity as the man at the bar among whose established habits was to drop a dime in the tambourine? We are living in a period of changing psychology—perhaps the Salvation Army's mission will pass with the saloon and the days of tribute from the devil to support the saint may be one of the manifestations of the New Order.



But, apropos of our advanced attitude toward rum and its family of spirits, comes a thought and an amusing sidelight from our late Consul-General to New Zealand and more recently Consul to Rheims, Mr. James Martin Miller. Says Consul Miller:

“ When the United States prohibits the children of this country from drinking cows’ milk, then France, Italy and Spain will prohibit the use of wines, and Germany and Austria will prohibit the use of beer. Australia and New Zealand have woman suffrage, with barmaids in the public houses, or saloons, the same as they have in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. Of course, there is what might be called a temperance or prohibition element in Great Britain and the British Colonies, but it is not by any means as sweeping and drastic a measure as our Constitutional Amendment seems to stand for.

“ In France and other Latin countries men, women and children in the church and out of it use the lighter alcoholic beverages. I do not believe there are any exceptions. One is safe in saying there is no prohibition sentiment in those countries where wine has been one of the chief articles of food for centuries before America was discovered.

“ I lived in the champagne district of France for some time. There is practically no drunkenness there, yet the youngest children drink wine at every meal in their homes, and it is furnished to them at the public schools and the boarding schools. A Sunday-school picnic there would not be complete without wine. The only Protestant church at Rheims, France, where I lived, is a Presbyterian church. My young children attended that church and its Sunday school. The champagne growers and makers always make donations of fine vintage wines to the Sunday schools for their picnics and entertainments. Returning from Sunday school one Sunday one of my young daughters held a package under her arm. I asked her, ‘ What have you there, dear? ’ ‘ I received that as a prize for reciting the Golden Text the best in my class,’ she answered. It was a bottle of champagne.” . . .



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*Charlotte Fairchild*

**BERTHA HOLLEY—AMERICAN DESIGNER**

She believes that a woman's wardrobe should be as responsive to her moods as a piano to the musician's touch and designs garments for women having permanent artistic value, enabling women to accumulate a beautiful wardrobe independent of changing styles





**MAJ.-GEN. LEONARD WOOD**

(c) *Underwood & Underwood*

Political lightning is playing on the Presidential horizon of 1920. Major-General Wood is not equipped with a lightning-rod. To the American public Wood is none the less a hero because he had to stay home. As a farsighted military genius, a publicist, and a man of statesmanlike qualities, he is in danger of having greater honors thrust upon him.

# The FORUM

For May, 1919

## THE WOMAN WHO WRECKED THE WORLD

The Tragic Romance of Sophie Chotek

By H. De WISSEN

**P**EERING at history, one sees through the red mists of war the faces of women—delicate faces framed in castle windows, or heavier featured maids in peasant skirts warming old taverns with coarser beauty. A smile or a slight, an ambition or a whim, whispered searing words from some cozened charmer, and then, rumbling as summer thunder, the great catastrophe—war. Charming women, their dainty hands have ever unleashed the passions of combat, from Helen of Troy down through time to the Little Lady of Bohemia. Was not Venus enamored of Mars?

The French, they know these things to be true, they are very old and they are very wise, so they say, "*Cherchez la femme.*" From the English there came to us the thought, "The Woman in the Case." But in the sterner lands of Central Europe such things could not be; for there, men ruled and women were but *hausfrauen*. So they thought. . . .

But the hand that rocks a cradle can also rock a throne. And through the assassin's smoke of Sarajevo, on that awful summer day five years ago when first leapt the flames of war, one discerns the face of a dainty, petite, high-cheeked woman with rounded chin and fragile nose, intangibly attractive, yet



not unlike many of the women of Bohemia. She possessed wondrous eyes, demure, yet deep, vague yet welling with ambition, a vast ambition that was to bring her and the man she loved to Sarajevo—to their doom—and the world to war.

You have never heard of the Little Lady of Bohemia, Sophie Chotek? . . .

She, an obscure little countess of Bohemia, daughter of an impoverished household, a mere lady-in-waiting at the court of Vienna, won the heart of Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne. And, in her persuasive way, she awakened in him a desire to do justice to those dragooned peoples of Hapsburg domains, conspicuous among them the Czechs of Bohemia, the land she loved. So did the oppressors at Vienna come to fear the ascension of her husband to the throne. So came it that they struck him down, and she with him. So from that assassination war burst over Europe.

\* \* \* \* \*

NOT far from the Imperial Palace in Vienna can be seen a distant house that crests green terraces and shows through the trees in a shimmer of white. It stands solitary, aloof; its back to the pretty countryside, its face to the dawn—and to the Emperor. In that white house lived Isabella, Archduchess of Austria, favored of Franz Joseph, the solemn mentor of his court. It was an austere house, one in which a royal chaperone should dwell.

In the train of the great Isabella was an ambitious woman, small and prettily made. Her face was round and delicately colored; her eyes, large and blue, could be at times as innocent as a baby's—a gift she did not despise. But it was her hair that had attracted the majestic Isabella; and made others glance more than passingly at the obscure little lady-in-waiting. Blue-black, she wore it coiled and braided, an aureole of swarthy bands, a tiara of sable, glossy, abundant and fragrant. The ambitious little woman was Sophie Chotek.

Not strikingly beautiful, but possessing that magnetism so superior to mere regularity of features, she was admired regretfully by visitors to the white house of Isabella. In

Vienna the law of caste was then the highest law in the land and the dainty Sophie had not been bred to the purple. Impoverished and of low title, merely a Bohemian countess, her rôle in the establishment of Isabella was only a little more elevated than that of a servant. Men called her the "Little Lady of Bohemia," and sought to make love to her, always to the vast indignation of the royal chaperone, Isabella. Nor would Sophie have any of them. There was another.

One morning, a slim figure of a girl, dressed all in white, her abundant hair uncoiled and tumbling about her shoulders. She opened one of the tall windows that faced the garden and after cautiously glancing about waved a tiny handkerchief. Excitedly it fluttered in her hand until, in answer, there came through the trees a voice she knew, softened in song. He sang a Viennese love-song as he came down the path, a thousand patches of gold running over him as he walked—the sunshine draining through the trees. A thousand happy voices stirred about him—the voice of the Little Lady of Bohemia in greeting.

The man was Franz Ferdinand, whom the world then expected would some day be Emperor and King of Austria-Hungary. He believed that the little Sophie would some day sit at his side in the throne room of Vienna. Fate wrote it otherwise. They would love and be wed? Yes. They would rule? No. For there were men and women in high places in Vienna, Budapest and Berlin who plotted.

Toward noon on the day that Franz Ferdinand had clandestinely met the Little Lady of Bohemia below her window, the mighty Isabella took the air in her garden. As she proceeded majestically along the walk something metallic crunched against her slipper. It was a gold chain and locket. She picked it up, and, recognizing it instantly, fingered it thoughtfully.

"Yes," she mused, "it belongs to Franz Ferdinand. What could he have been doing here—in my garden?"

Isabella frowned, the way a chaperone should. Her suspicions were aroused; she regarded the locket that hung from the chain. Isabella was but an Archduchess, but she pos-



sessed feminine curiosity which knows no rank. She snapped the locket open and regarded the image she saw there, with startled eyes. Gathering up her skirts quite gingerly, she proceeded back to the house.

A few moments, and Sophie Chotek ceased to be lady-in-waiting to the Imperial chaperone. Nor was she allowed time to pack her belongings; for in the eyes of Isabella she had committed grievous sins—risen out of her class, blinded the heir to the Austrian throne, and made of Isabella's very proper abode a trivial trysting place for ladies-in-waiting. Weren't there enough actresses in Vienna making trouble for the Hapsburgs without a little countess increasing the holy Emperor's worries? Pandora's box contained harmless mysteries compared to what the locket held—it was Sophie Chotek's picture that had smiled out at the enraged Isabella.

Franz Ferdinand went into a royal rage when he heard that the Countess Sophie had been dismissed, but he was powerless. He knew that she came from an old but obscure Bohemian family, the house of Chotek, Chotkowa and Wognin. They owned a little debt-ridden castle in Bohemia and there Countess Sophie took refuge from the wrath of Isabella, the Imperial chaperone. Five years passed, Sophie remained in seclusion in Bohemia, and, whenever he could escape from his duties in Vienna, Franz Ferdinand went north to his castle in Bohemia and met her clandestinely.

From her home of seclusion, Sophie finally went one day to the Bohemian castle of Franz Ferdinand at Konopischt. There came, the same day, to his home in the forests, his half-sister, the Archduchess Marie Annunciata, Abbess of the Hradraschin, and her mother, the Archduchess Marie Therese. Franz Ferdinand had taken them into his confidence. He had told them that he and the Countess Sophie were to be married and had pledged them to secrecy. They were the only witnesses of the ceremony and they kept their pledge. Franz Ferdinand was called back to his duties in Vienna and Sophie remained at the Castle of Konopischt, a lonely place in the Bohemian forests where the old Emperor never visited. Her oldest child, Sophie, was born to her

there; and still the Emperor never knew. Years passed, Sophie lived in the castle, and Franz Ferdinand remarked more frequently that he was going up to Bohemia for a rest.

It was during those days that she remained in seclusion at Konopischt that the Little Lady of Bohemia played at being Queen, poising an imaginary royal train, fancying the weight of a crown on her pretty brow. She transported her future to the palace at Vienna. To her life became a nursery play-room, her ambitions toys. She played with fancied policies. She realized that when her marriage became known a storm would break, but she was confident of the love of her husband. "I will renounce my throne rather than sanction a dissolution of our marriage," he had told her.

During those days when she was alone in the castle in Bohemia, Sophie reflected that the Austrian law would not allow one of her rank to ascend the throne; nor could children born of her union be in the line of succession. Another woman might have surrendered, but Sophie determined to change the inevitable.

There burned in her that fierce patriotism common to the suppressed little nationality of Central Europe. Through her girlhood in the little poverty-stricken castle of the Choteks she had heard of the wrongs done the Bohemians. She knew that they were numerically a power. Once Bohemia was placed upon the same political footing in the empire as Hungary they would be a decided political power. She thought if she could induce Franz Ferdinand, when he came to the throne, to revive the old kingdom of Bohemia, and, in the south, to form a "Triune" kingdom of Croatia-Slavonia-Dalmatia, this would make him extremely popular with the Slavish elements in the monarchy. It would strengthen her position, and that of their heir, whom she was determined to put upon the throne. And she knew that, secure in her husband's love, she could appeal to his sense of justice to grant these little people the political advancement which was their due. She knew that in Vienna her husband was often likened to a reliable horse, "Warranted without vice, will stand unhitched, can be driven by a lady."



She knew also, what Vienna did not know, that she was the lady to do the driving. Yet, she was not a schemer who had married him, merely to make him the instrument for her ambitions. A clever, far-seeing woman, she was looking into the future and she knew that unless justice were done the small peoples, that upon the death of the old Emperor, "the crazy-quilt Empire" would be torn apart and thrown into the ragbag of European powers. And in the castle of Konopischt she dreamed and bided her time.

There came a day when she was only half happy; it was not in her heart to be unhappy. Her Franz Ferdinand was sent to the tropics. He was gone on Imperial business, many, many months; indeed so long was he away that Sophie began to grow uneasy. Had the old Emperor learned of their love? What if something had happened to Franz Ferdinand? She felt that only disaster could keep her from him. She was confident of that. Then from over the seas came letters, wonderful letters, the thoughts in them softened by the tropics where he worked. And he followed the letters home.

He went first to his distant home at Konopischt, to Sophie and his baby girl; then to his official home, the palace of the Emperor. Franz Ferdinand had worked strenuously on his foreign mission, and so delighted was old Franz Joseph that he named him Inspector General of the Army and hailed him as the heir to the throne. Of course, Franz Ferdinand's father, the swollen spider, Karl Ludwig, "Blue Beard of the Hapsburgs," was first heir. The spider though had not long to live, nor did the old Emperor wish him to live. Franz Ferdinand was his choice. The young man was high in favor. He had been in Vienna but a few days when the Emperor made known a wish. He wanted Franz Ferdinand to marry. He wanted to see an Emperor and Empress in embryo ready to ascend his throne. Old Franz Joseph knew the Hapsburg blood. He wanted Franz Ferdinand out of trouble, happily, "safely" married.

Meanwhile, Sophie remained in the forest castle of her husband. Even the little Bohemian village nearby had heard the rumors drifting up from Vienna. "The Crown Prince

has returned from the tropics," it was said; "the old Emperor is forcing wives upon him."

A less clever woman would have gone straight to Vienna and shrilled in the aged ear of the Emperor that Franz Ferdinand was already married and she was his wife, the mother of his children—for other children had been born in the castle at Konopischt. But Sophie had more sense than that. She had sense enough to grasp fully the fact that her husband was overwhelmingly in love with her and the old Emperor could arrange for him to meet twenty princesses and that her big Crown Prince would be polite, and nothing more, to them all. She knew that all the emperors in Europe would never make Franz Ferdinand give her up. So when she heard the rumors, she merely smiled.

Meanwhile, the old Emperor had driven Franz Ferdinand into a corner, so the young man hurled a bomb. When it burst there came out of the smoke the fact that he already had a wife, a charming, brainy woman, and that he was very happy. But in the eyes of the Emperor, Sophie was merely a low-born Countess of Bohemia, a former lady-in-waiting, a morganatic, unknown wife, moreover of despised Czech blood. They were joined fast by the Church, and she was the mother of a boy; but the old Emperor smiled. Such things had been arranged before, indeed, very often in the house of Hapsburg. Why not again?

"I will settle a great sum of money on her," he told Franz Ferdinand. "I will make a great donation to the Church. It will be discovered that you were never properly married," but Franz Ferdinand shook his head. "She is my wife. She will come to the throne with me."

Morosely the old Emperor shook his head. He sighed as he yielded to the inevitable. "You, too, Ferdinand. I thought you were different; strong. I thought that some day you would be an Emperor with a will of iron. But you are like the rest of us—a woman's face."

Melancholy days dawned for the Emperor, but he would not admit defeat. He called for his counsellors and had them refresh his mind on the statutes. He saw that the law of the



Austrian Empire forbade any but a princess of royal blood to come to the rank of empress. He smiled grimly as he read this safeguard against the children of any woman, trapping royalty, from ascending the throne. He laughed as he thought of Franz Ferdinand with a wife who could never reign in Austria; with a child who could never come to the Imperial throne. But he scowled as he reflected that curiously enough this same law did not apply in Hungary and in the other dominions of the Dual Monarchy. In these then, this obscure Countess could in time become Queen and her son, in time, King. Perhaps it were better to placate Sophie Chotek. Two days later the old Emperor changed Countess Sophie into the Princess of Hohenberg, and gave to her the title of Serene Highness. This would make her forget her ambitions for the Bohemians, so he thought.

Franz Ferdinand was a strong man; he crossed the Emperor's wishes, jeopardizing his future throne. In a sour mood the Emperor might have banished him then and there. Anthony of Rome, and our own Andrew Jackson were strong men and they laid their power in women's hands. But Franz Ferdinand, when he yielded to Sophie, became a toy in her hands. Vienna said, "She carries him in her pocket." He was honest and he was blunt, quite without the shrewd gift for diplomacy that belonged to the Hapsburgs. Sophie had her enormous ambition to right the wrongs of the Czechs. He did this not idealistically, possessing no passion for justice, no desire to see down-trodden people uplifted. He did it merely because a dainty hand stroked his chin and a sweet voice said: "Franz, won't you do this for me?" Sugar-fed, spur-pricked, the good steed went prancing into the arena of world politics. Blind to what it would mean, never thinking of the power of the forces in the Dual Monarchy, and in Germany, that he would antagonize by espousing the cause of the Czechs, Franz Ferdinand led their fight. For him, personally, it was bad; for the former maid-in-waiting it was good. At the worst, she would be able to tear out the kingdom of Bohemia from the Austrian "crazy quilt" for her son.

Time went on, and her power became more great. The

old Emperor grew to know her wisdom and took her into his counsel. When Austria cynically tore up the treaty of Berlin and annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the diplomats wondered. It was a bold, ruthless act. Being wise men, many of the diplomats gave the credit to Franz Ferdinand. He was young, ambitious, strong. There were others who looked behind the figure of the Crown Prince and saw that stronger woman with the firm chin and the round eyes which at times could be as innocent as a baby's. And they decided that it was she who had inspired the tearing up of the treaty of Berlin—she who had made herself ducal wife, who would carve out a great empire for her son, who would make herself supreme in that empire, or pull down the pillars of Europe.

Nothing was beyond her ambition. She schemed across the borders of Austria. She caused herself to be invited to Berlin by the Kaiser; she pretended to agree with him in his schemes. He did her many honors, all of which helped her in Vienna. The old Emperor raised her to the rank of Archduchess and bestowed upon her the title of Imperial Highness. This cleared her path to the throne; it was the first step toward the removal of the barrier between her son and the throne; it made it possible for that boy of unprincely blood to some day become Austrian Emperor.

In Vienna there formed a strong party opposed to the "Chotek woman," as they called her. They pinned their hopes upon the gallant Otto—he who sought to jump his horse over a hearse in the streets of Vienna. A notorious man, he was married to a Princess of Saxony without beauty. One night, at a time when he was Colonel commanding a regiment of dragoons, he drank deep at Sachers and marched his drunkards home with him to the Imperial Palace in the Ausgarten. They boisterously trooped through the park and fell up the palace stairs. The mad Otto decided he would introduce his boon fellows to the Archduchess, his Saxon wife, without beauty. An aged retainer who had accompanied her from her home barred the Archduke's path. Straightening his old spine, he said: "Your Royal Highness shall not enter except over my dead body." Otto drew his saber and in his



alcoholic fury slashed open the ancient man. Then with his carousers he crossed the threshold. . . . This was the man who was the hope of the conspirators in Vienna.

The spring of 1914 sped along. Franz Joseph was growing very feeble. The day was not far off when he would die, when Franz Ferdinand would come to the throne, there to be ruled by she whose policies ran counter to those of the Austrian nobility, counter to the Hungarian nobles—to Berlin. With increasing power, she became bold. One day she said that there would soon be a kingdom of Bohemia. The German Kaiser sent for Franz Ferdinand and verified his suspicions. Sophie Chotek had made a fool of him. He had blundered in giving her the prestige of an invitation to his court. Bitterly he realized how adroitly she had used it to further her own position in Vienna. . . .

The Kaiser's talk with Franz Ferdinand showed him that the Austrian heir was as soft clay in Sophie Chotek's hands. The heir was opposed to the ascendancy of Germany in Austrian affairs. He was cool toward the plans of Berlin. He could see no point in making war to acquire all the land down to Turkey. He said it would antagonize the English. The Kaiser discerned that it was his wife speaking through the Austrian heir—she who had cleverly read the designs of Germany, that Teutonic scheme to use Austria as a catspaw and then to dominate Austria and to create a Teutonic empire from the Baltic to the Persian gulf. She knew that were these things to come to pass, that the German Kaiser would rule all, that her dreams for an independent Bohemia—all her other dreams—would be snuffed out. So to the Kaiser's policies her husband said no. Sophie Chotek and Franz Ferdinand had incurred the wrath of Berlin.

They had both been hated by the Vienna court, she because she had been a lady-in-waiting and had risen to a position where she would be Empress; he because he had married a lowly countess and was fighting for the cause of an oppressed, sneered-on people. They had been hated in Hungary, because they both were committed to the creation of a powerful Czech and Slavish state; and the Hungarians hated

the Czechs and the Slavs. The hatred for Sophie and Franz Ferdinand grew when they opposed the schemes of the diplomats in Vienna who desired a great land grab in the Balkans. When Berlin's hate was added their doom was written!

There is a little city in the empire called Sarajevo. It is filled with Jugo-Slavs who hate, with good reason, the house of Hapsburg. In whose brain the plot originated is not yet known. The priest who ministered to Sophie Chotek says that it was the plot of Count Tisza, leader of the Hungarian nobles. It would seem, though, in the light of recent revelations, that Count Berchtold in Vienna and the Kaiser in Berlin must have known every detail of that plot. In the Vienna court in the summer of 1914 they told Franz Ferdinand that it was his duty, as heir to the throne, to go with his wife to Sarajevo and win the favor of its disaffected people to the house of Hapsburg—an impossible task. Franz Ferdinand knew that Sarajevo was filled with plotters who would welcome the opportunity to assassinate him. He declined to go. The plotters in Vienna caused it to be whispered about that he was afraid; so, in a headstrong way, he said, "I will go."

Before he went the Austrian Foreign Office was warned by the Servian Minister that positive information had come from Belgrade that a plot had been hatched to kill Franz Ferdinand and his wife when they visited Sarajevo.

Vienna let him go. Nor were there any precautions taken for the trip. The priest who was Sophie's spiritual adviser said the other day, "Franz Ferdinand was sent to Sarajevo to be slain. He was led into a trap prepared by the court at Vienna and by the Hungarian aristocracy. Austria never made any proper inquiry into the tragedy and no one was made responsible for the fact that no precautionary measures were taken to avoid it."

Thereby hangs the tale—the tale that goes back to Berlin—to those who swept Franz Ferdinand and the Little Lady of Bohemia from the path of their ambitions, and made the tragedy serve their purpose by creating from it a "cause" for war.



# THE MAN WHO HAD TO STAY AT HOME

The Story of Major-General Leonard Wood

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is dead, but Leonard Wood lives. That is almost as if dear Teddy still lived. For "T. R." was "L. W."; and "L. W." was "T. R." From that evening twenty-three years ago, when they were introduced at dinner in the Lowndes house in Washington, their lives were entwined. Both prophets of the "strenuous life," both organizers and administrators of "big things"; both men of broad vision, with that gift of being able to think ahead; both vivid students of nationalism; both highly bred from old American ancestors; both men of few words and quick action; both preachers of "Americanism" long before that became significant; both diplomatic, democratic and exponents of the "square deal"—it seemed that when their paths crossed there was something infinite in the doing. One was Damon, the other Pythias. And Wood was not the kind of Pythias to carry a knife that knows no friends. A man of great talents, he somehow gave the impression of always stepping back a little, while Roosevelt stepped to the fore; for Wood possessed gratitude and one would be rash indeed to say that "T. R." did not give him his opportunity. *Noblesse oblige!* But the nation's hero, Teddy, is gone. What will his boon friend do now? From his career it would seem that when opportunity came Leonard Wood was always ready.

In the annals of the war he is known as the "man who had to stay home"—who stayed home and "did not talk." The strange analogy of their lives is that both were eager to serve the striking arm of the nation's strength and both, Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, stayed home. Neither was

permitted to serve abroad in the clash. When the reports of America's victories were cabled from France, Wood's was not the name signed to them. Wood was out in the corn country, obeying orders, training soldiers on the Kansas plains. When the armistice was proclaimed and the headlines blazed with our victorious general's name, Leonard Wood was quietly at work in Camp Funston. Yet the other night, when, on the screen of a New York motion picture "palace," there flickered the image of the man who had to stay home, a whole audience clapped and cheered. Why?

YET WOOD SAID NOTHING

**B**ECAUSE they knew him for a man—a man who obeyed orders without a wry face, who kept his mouth shut, and gave his country the best there was in him, in the one way that was permitted him. There was that and the somewhat intangible thought that possibly Leonard Wood was the heritage of Theodore Roosevelt, and a thought that just as during the war the service of "T. R." was "at home," so was that of his life-long friend, "L. W." Only a most powerful personality can keep green, a little, an event which has passed. The American people have not forgotten the men who had to stay home.

When early in the war he was sent to France to make a quick study of the front, to bring back his experiences for the benefit of men training in the United States, he went into an extremely delicate situation. The French and British military authorities realized that he was the foremost military man in America, yet he was not in command of the American Expeditionary Force. They realized that he knew more about European warfare, due to a first-hand study of the French and German armies, than did any man in the American army. They knew that the British War Ministry was particularly worried because Leonard Wood had been relegated to the mere role of division commander. They realized that his presence in France would be embarrassing to the Commander and Chief of Staff of the American army.



Leonard Wood had an international reputation. He had been the guest of the French Army at maneuvers. He knew the French President, and he was a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. He knew all the French Generals, Lloyd George wanted him to come to England. It was a chance that a man who could not efface self, who was not a diplomat, might have seized, but the whole time Leonard Wood was in France he simply obeyed orders. There was not a word out of him. He sought to see no one, except in the line of duty. The only time his name appeared in the newspapers was when he stood near a field gun which burst, wounding him. When he came out of the hospital, and sailed back to America, correspondents begged him for interviews. Leonard Wood said nothing.

Leonard Wood is not merely a soldier. Arts, other than the military, he has mastered. His mental equipment is varied. His career shows that his constitution had enough iron in it to enable him to serve in a blazing clime, as law-maker, judge and governor at the same time. He has cleaned up filth and disease, built sewers, devised a scheme of finance, placated a powerful church influence, laid to rest a bitter race hatred, and emerged from the conflicting cross currents impelled by these activities a popular man!

It was said of him by Roosevelt that what Cromer did for Egypt Wood did for Cuba—except that Wood's task was the harder of the two. Roosevelt said, also, as others have said, that Leonard Wood's executive and constructive capacity is that of a master statesman.

#### THE NEW "WOOD PLAN"

**W**HEN the armistice was signed the commanders of every camp and cantonment in the United States and France were worried. How to keep up the morale of the soldiers? The war was over, but the troops could not, of course, be at once returned to civilian life. With the end of fighting the militant spirit of civilian America in arms fell away. One man did the big thing—one man in the United States and in France.

In Camp Funston Leonard Wood opened a "university." There were 27,000 men in his command. To maintain discipline, there was, of course, a little daily drilling; then he was a Major General. To prevent the time from dragging, to benefit the men, to construct for our national life, there were "classes"; then he was "Principal." For the signing of the armistice found the "man who stayed home" ready. Within a few weeks he had transformed a military camp into a huge school. One month after Leonard Wood opened his "university" it was a success. Shortly after that, in the midst of his new and vital work, he received an order from Washington transferring him to Chicago, to a dull administrative job, entangled with red tape.

He was shelved again, but the Kansas House of Representatives and Senate held a joint session in his honor, and carrying the message for which, with Roosevelt, he always stood, Wood told them of his new plan for national defence which he had tested out at Camp Funston, combining military training with education.

#### FATHER OF THE "PLATTSBURG" IDEA

WOOD has been called the "Man of Opportunity," but upon considering his career one wonders if because of his habit of assiduous application to all affairs of moment, he did not create the opportunity, or at least make himself fitted for an exigency, should it come.

It was his plan which made it possible for the United States to officer so quickly an army of two and a half million men. Back in 1914 Leonard Wood knew how many officers of requisite physical condition were on the rolls of the War Department and how many West Point could add, by rushing graduation classes, in the event of war. And viewed in the light of the size of armies today the total was a handful. He knew that sooner or later we would become involved in the European war, and in a characteristic way he began to prepare. Within the command of the Department of the East,



of which he was in charge when the Great War came, was Plattsburg. "Why not," thought Wood, "use the Plattsburg Barracks as a summer training camp for civilians? Train them to become officers in the event of war."

And in 1915 Wood opened the Plattsburg Camp. Attendance was voluntary. He secured the co-operation of prominent civilians in New York. They opened a campaign for recruits, "Spend your vacation at Plattsburg." A "camp" lasted a month. There were June, July and August camps. Leonard Wood detailed officers to give the instruction. The volunteer student paid his railroad fare, his board and bought his uniform. Wood provided sleeping quarters, rifles, belts, packs, ammunition and instructors. In 1916 Plattsburg was running full blast again. In 1917 the United States entered the war. Where were our officers coming from? The War Department used the "Plattsburg idea." The Wood plan tried out in 1915 was the basis for all the officers' training camps which opened in America in May of 1917. A great crisis had again found him ready.

#### TEDDY AND LEONARD

"VOLUNTEER," Wood used to tell his officers, "for any kind of service that is offered. You never can tell where it will lead you." It would seem that the physical Wood is so powerful that no work, no matter how severe, could undermine him. At fifty-seven he is still in the prime of vigorous manhood. In his presence one feels in the presence of a "big man." His eyes are gray and wise, and when he is deep in thought or studying a man, they almost close. As an old trooper, who was with Wood when he chased Geronimo, the Apache, said, "He had an eye in his head that you didn't want to have hit you if you wasn't satisfied to have it see clean through." Although Leonard Wood lacks six feet, by an inch, there is something almost Herculean about him. Massive, with powerful shoulders, deep chest, firm and quick in every motion, a tense and erect figure, he conveys a singular sense of energy and dogged determination. His

face is "strong," large featured, calm and studious. A phrenologist would say that the protuberance of his brow above the eyes indicated an enormous power of observation. He played football until he was thirty-seven years old, walked great distances with a long swift stride, jumped like a cat, remained in the saddle an incredible number of hours and wrestled, boxed and fenced like a professional.

"On guard—ah-h-h—bully—take that—by godfrey—well hit—ouch—o-u-c-h—*dee-lighted!*"

And the next morning President Theodore Roosevelt would appear at breakfast with welts and bumps on his face. "A little go with the gloves with Leonard last night," he would smilingly explain. "Great man, Leonard, very active and no weakling. I shall bear him in mind."

He did bear him "in mind," but it is the fact that McKinley and Taft were able to prefer him to a greater extent even than Roosevelt.

They had previously been associated in the organization of the Rough Riders. When the Spanish War came, there came with it the idea to organize a regiment of mounted riflemen, men having unusual qualifications of marksmanship and horsemanship. Roosevelt and Wood were regarded as products of the Western country, men qualified to lead such an organization. Roosevelt was offered the Colonelcy but declined, saying that Wood was better fitted for it, and that he would serve as Lieutenant Colonel if Wood were given command. Alger, the Secretary of War, gave Wood a desk in his office and said: "Don't let me hear a word from you until your regiment is raised. When you have your requisitions and other papers ready, bring them to me and I'll sign them." That was an order after Wood's heart. He knew there was chaos in the War Department—chaos bound in red tape. Our state of military preparation was a scandal. Wood burned up the telegraph wires. Twenty-six days after Wood took charge of the organization of the Rough Riders they were mobilized in Texas. Wood was prepared—ready for his opportunity.



## THE MASTER BUILDER

**M**cKINLEY made Leonard Wood the Governor General of Cuba. Here the man revealed his surprising versatility. Cuba had known Wood as the Colonel of the Rough Riders and Teddy as the Lieutenant Colonel. Fate yanked Roosevelt into the President's chair a year later; and he did not forget Wood. The man who at Las Guimas had deliberately exposed himself to a withering fire from the Spaniards so that his men would be steeled to battle pitch turned to the pursuits of peace. Wood gave Cuba laws. His railroad law has been pronounced a model of legislation. He gave the island good roads, city of Santiago paved streets, and extirpated yellow fever. Under Wood Americans and Europeans could visit Cuba without fearing the plague. He gave the Cubans a sense of law and order and civic pride. He was a master builder—and a diplomat.

In Cuba the Church was bitter at the Americans for having parted Church and State and divested the archbishop of his accustomed revenues. Leonard Wood began to make friends among the priests. A man descended from New England Puritans hobnobbed with the dignitaries of a church to which all his early religious teachings were opposed. Once more he effaced self for the good of America. He steered his course so diplomatically that when the new archbishop of Santiago was appointed Leonard Wood was invited to take a prominent place in the triumphal procession and found that the place of honor at the side of the archbishop, under the canopy, was his. And while the shades of his Puritan ancestors must have squirmed Wood marched in the church procession and laid at rest all feelings of hostility for America.

After his success in Cuba Leonard Wood was sent to the Philippines to handle a far more difficult task—the pacification of Mindanao. His was a job to wipe out the lawlessness of twenty Moro tribes, to earn their good will, and to transform a place of headhunting and polygamy into a clean American colony with public schools! He did it. Had he been merely a warrior he would have succeeded. He would

have stamped out lawlessness, but it would have remained stamped out only as long as the natives saw sentries with fixed bayonets. But Wood pacified a province, transformed bitter enemies into loyal friends. How? What magic possesses this man? Nothing but common sense and a taste to read and study things other than Von der Goetz's "Nation in Arms" and the lectures of Foch. Wood is a student of the military art, but he is a student of something more. History, the evolution of peoples, and economics, he has mastered quite as easily.

On his journey to savage Mindanao Wood did not mull over military things. He stopped off in India, Ceylon, Java, the Straits Settlements and other colonies. He was studying colonial administration, obtaining the best ideas of British and Dutch officials, inspecting their work, checking up their methods by visiting and talking with the natives. One day in Manila a friend from America called on Wood. He saw bookshelves that filled three walls of Wood's office, shelves filled with statistics and reports on colonial government.

"That's a fine collection," said his friend, "but when do you expect to get time to read through all that stuff?"

"Read them," replied Wood; "I've already read every line of them; they have helped me."

He made himself ready for the job, just as in recent years he has studied deeply American national life, all the forces which will make or unmake us as a nation.

#### WHAT COMRADES THINK OF WOOD

LEONARD WOOD has the gift of making men love him. When he went to the Philippines he had to pacify not only the Moros, but American officers and soldiers blindly prejudiced because of his rapid promotion. Jealous rivals had whispered that he was a White House pet, a doctor; not a soldier. He was what an officer who was with him in the islands said:

"Pretty soon that part of the army began to realize that he was a hustler; that he knew a good deal about the soldier's



game; that he did things and did them right; that when he sent troops into the field he went along with them, and when they had to eat hardtack and bacon, he did it too; that when there were swamps to plod through, he was right along with them; that when reveille sounded before daybreak, he was usually up and dressed before us; that when a man was down and out, and he happened to be near, he'd get off his horse and see what the matter was and fix the fellow up if he could; that he had a pleasant word for all hands, from the Colonel down to the teamster or packer; that when he gave an order it was a sensible one, and that he didn't change it after it went out, and that he remembered a man who did a good piece of work, and showed his appreciation at every chance."

It would seem as if there was something almost fatalistic in the merging of the careers of Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood. Only the other day it was rumored that Wood was to take the place of Roosevelt in the writing of articles for a national magazine, calculated to bring about a better "Americanization." Both Roosevelt and Wood were deep thinkers upon this subject, but Teddy was a vociferous spokesman, while Wood, with that self-effacement which characterized the man in the affairs of his country and of Roosevelt, kept somewhat in the background. Eloquent he is, tremendously so. He has a way of saying things in a few words which hit hard with unpleasant truth. When we were in that aloof state of mind with "business just as usual" in the Spring of 1917, he said, "We have got to bring live men to France and bring back dead men." His words stunned the nation, drove home to people how serious the war was. Like Roosevelt, Wood feared fatuous confidence.

Leonard Wood knew the power of the German war machine. Like Roosevelt, he had sat on a horse beside the Kaiser in peace time and watched the mighty legions of the Hun go through the mimic attacks which a few years later they launched at an unready world. He realized when war came to us that we were to be engaged in no child's play. He had a clear comprehension of the task confronting us months before the Italian débâcle of 1917. And of these things he

deemed it his duty to speak. Before he took charge of Camp Funston, appalled at the way our preparations for war were hesitating, disturbed at the outlook in ordnance and the quartermaster's department, realizing that ours was a race against time, that we must put a powerful army on the battle-line before the Allies were worn down, he roused the country with a speech which graphically depicted "the blond beast trampling over Europe." He feared the spirit taking root, that "America can lick the earth." He saw his soldiers of Camp Funston drilling in civilian clothes and with baseball bats. He dreaded the red tape in the machinery of our war preparations which was holding back uniforms and rifles. He knew that debates were being held on the kind of machine guns to be made instead of placing the orders for the guns. Time and again, seeing only the future of the nation, he caused a message of "speed" to be flashed throughout the country. This was like Wood. He detested red tape and armchair warriors. He remembered the Spanish-American war and the remark a General made to him at that time: "Here I had a magnificent system, my office and department were in good working order, and this confounded war comes along and breaks it all up."

#### HIS INNATE COURAGE TO DO RIGHT

WOOD knew that similar thinking men were in power in Washington, and he feared their inefficiency when he thought of the German war machine. The men ultimately walked the plank. It was Wood who incurred their wrath by appearing in the Senate and telling the truth about our preparations, mincing no words, and causing the American people to demand action. He knew that this would get him in trouble with the armchair Generals of our army, whose political power was strong. But he deemed it his duty to tell the American people the truth about the situation. He has always decided what was the right thing to do, and then had the courage to do it.



Thirty-five years ago when he was not in the army, when he had just received his diploma from the Harvard Medical School, he revealed this trait in his character. As an interne in a Boston hospital he was required to send for the visiting surgeon in all cases requiring immediate operation, and was himself forbidden to do the work. One day an infant was brought in in such a perilous condition that death might result from any delay. Leonard Wood decided that the right thing to do was to operate at once. He knew he would get into trouble if he did not wait for the visiting surgeon. He operated—carefully, fearlessly, successfully. Five minutes later the visiting surgeon walked into the room and demanded an explanation and apology. Wood's reply was: "I saw that the right thing to do was to operate at once. I did it."

But he would not apologize for having done right. He was first suspended and then dismissed—a reward which in one form or another has seemed to follow that thing in his character which instantly recognizes the right thing to do and courageously bids him do it.

Leonard Wood believed in his own words—"a plaster over a man's mouth is as useful as eloquence within it." It is probable that his stoical will to sentence himself to silence in times of stress has endeared Leonard Wood to the American people. When, without public explanation, this man who with Theodore Roosevelt had roused the American people to the need of military preparedness, whom the nation regarded, not without reason, as the ablest organizer in our army, when with the declaration of war with Germany looming but a few weeks away, he was suddenly transferred to an obscure post in the South he said nothing. Merely to reporters who asked him to make a statement, he said, "I obey orders." When war came and Wood, the foremost man in our military establishment—our senior Major General, a Chief of Staff—was left to cool his heels in Charleston, S. C., while another General was placed in command of the American Expeditionary Force, he said nothing.

THAT INCIDENT OF "STAYING HOME"

WHEN on the eve of sailing for France with the 89th Division, which he had built out of raw material into the best division of the National Army, he was suddenly relieved of command and ordered to a desk job in San Francisco, he said nothing. But he did go to Washington to plead with President Wilson that he be allowed to lead these men whom he had trained into action. A special board of military surgeons had pronounced him "fit." President Wilson listened to Wood's plea for justice and Wood did not have to go to San Francisco, but he did not go to France. He was ordered back to Camp Funston to train troops. And all anybody could get Wood to say was, "All that I feel privileged to say regarding my talk with the President is that he was very courteous and very considerate."

And so he went back to the Kansas plains while the great army that he had long urged, commanded by officers, made in a vast school of his own conception—the "Plattsburg idea"—went into battle and won.

"I am leaving for Camp Funston tomorrow," said General Wood, when his plea to be allowed to fight was turned down, "where I shall give the best that is in me to the training of the boys who will be ordered to that camp." And he did. Not a word of protest out of him. Had he wished to speak he could have stirred the country. "I obey orders." The disappointment was heart-breaking; another man might have sulked in his tent. "I will give the best there is in me," said the man who stayed home.

When the news came to the men of his division that Leonard Wood was not to lead them in France, they were bitter. When he returned from Washington every officer in Camp Funston was waiting to greet him. Realizing their youth, sincerity and loyalty to him, Wood once more diplomatically effaced self. He told them not to concern themselves with his case, but to give all that was in them to the great task before them, and to think of nothing else. "There isn't anything to be said," he told them; "these orders stand,



and the only thing to do is to do the best we can—all of us—to win the war.”

Theodore Roosevelt is credited with having said: “Others talked about building the Panama Canal. *I did it.*” Speaking of Leonard Wood’s achievement in transforming Cuba into a clean, up-to-date law-abiding country, Theodore Roosevelt said: “He was put down there to do an absolutely new task. *He did it.*” The resemblance between the two men is amazing—little talk, much action, big results. Roosevelt, the man, is dead, but in Wood his spirit lives. And that spirit, that same fearlessness to do right, that same gift of looking ahead and being ready, that same tenacity and determination, that same deep Americanism, is going to bring Leonard Wood to—what?

In 1916 a man, a party leader in Republican politics, sat at the end of a long-distance telephone in a committee room of the convention hall in Chicago. At the other end was Theodore Roosevelt. “If I cannot be nominated I will support Leonard Wood,” Roosevelt had told that man a few days before in conference at Oyster Bay. And now it was the eleventh hour of the convention and the fight between the Roosevelt and Hughes supporters was almost at a deadlock, with Hughes slightly in the lead. “You cannot be nominated,” said the man at the ’phone.

The voice from Oyster Bay—the voice that never yielded to defeat, answered in its shrill staccato: “I am the only man who can win the election on the Republican ticket—fight on,” and the ’phone clicked.

Hughes was nominated. Leonard Wood’s name was not put before the convention. It was withdrawn at his own request. That was Wood, the friend; Wood, the man. Today his name looms large on the horizon and the silenced voice of Roosevelt speaks only in the thoughts of those who knew his choice.

# AS I KNEW ROOSEVELT

By "BILL" SEWALL

[TRAPPER. GUIDE, FOREMAN OF CHIMNEY BUTTE RANCH, AND LIFE-LONG FRIEND OF ROOSEVELT]

I AM an old Maine guide, now in my seventy-fifth year. All my life I have had a place down in the Maine woods for the hunters and fishermen from the cities, as my father had before me. My father's house was always open, and mine has been, except for the three years I spent with Theodore Roosevelt on his cattle-ranch in the Far West.

Teddy Roosevelt was eighteen years old when I first knew him. The Maine woods was an unknown wild in those days except to a few very enthusiastic city sportsmen among whom were W. Emlen Roosevelt and J. West Roosevelt, both cousins of Theodore. They had been at my place once, and in the summer of 1877 they brought Theodore down. He was run down from overwork at college,—thin, pale, his eyes and his heart were weak. Arthur Cutter, then the head of the Cutter School in New York City, where Theodore prepared for college, was with the party. The night after they came Cutter took me on one side and told me I should have to get another guide to go along with them, that Theodore was not well and that I should have to look after him myself.

"Theodore is not strong," he told me, "but he's all grit. He will never tell you he is tired, or what ails him. He will go as long as he can keep up."

I found him exactly so. Within a week I had made up my mind he was different from anybody that I had ever seen. What I noted especially was his remarkable all-round knowledge. He seemed to have more general information than any young fellow I had ever met. Also he had more correct and fixed ideas of right and wrong—and fair play. As a woodsman brought up to plain, perhaps primitive, ideas, his fairness won my heart at once,—and it started a friendship between us that held strong up to the day of his death.



He was argumentative, even inclined to be combative for his own opinions, even then. He wanted everything done right—out in the open. I remember hearing one of our Aroostook men say one day, that first summer, that he always treated every man as a rascal till he found out he was honest. Theodore Roosevelt took him up at once, and told him that that was a very narrow view,—a very poor encouragement for the other fellow. He said that he went the other way about—and regarded every man as an honest man until he was convinced otherwise. That was his policy all his life. There is an old saying that the boy is father to the man. I never found Theodore Roosevelt's actions all his life, though, to be different from that first summer, and I afterwards lived with him for nearly three years.

#### IN THE UNTRODDEN WILDS OF MAINE

HE took to the life of the woods as a duck to water. He was curious and eager about everything in nature. He told me a couple of years after that he had made up his mind to follow the career of a naturalist. And his books show that he was one—among many other things. His improvement in health and looks was noticeable within the first couple of weeks. I taught him to fire his first rifle. Big game we could not get—it was in the close season—but duck and partridges were plentiful. Fishing he never cared for, although the lake-fishing in Maine is the finest of its kind in the world.

He came the next year, and the year after, and this time nothing would content him but an expedition into almost untrodden wilds. We made a trip that summer clear to the headwaters of the Aroostook, where the moose were wild and plenty. He came in winter, after that. Right in mid-winter to see the country, get the snowshoeing, and the life of the logging camps. Maine is just as wonderful, just as beautiful in winter as in summer, although no sportsman ever came then; but Theodore Roosevelt was a born naturalist and hunter, and he could not be kept back. In the logging

camps he met men who knew a good deal of the very heart of nature, rough fellows, but truth-tellers, and he spent many an evening with them. I remember after one session he remarked to me that he had heard much that evening that he could have read in books, but that he had gotten it first-hand here, and felt it was truer, because the men had lived their stories. They knew exactly what they were talking about.

Here was one of the open secrets of his great career. A great many people have said to me at different times in my life, knowing I was so intimate with him, that they could not see how he knew so much about everything and everybody—all kinds of people—and I have told them it was simply because he was one of them himself. Wherever he went he got right down among the people, talked with them; found out their ideas, and what they wanted. It was so in the Maine woods. It was so all his life. That spring he came of age—and, after graduation, got married and went to Europe. While in Europe I had letters from him. I've always had letters from him ever since. I have always been able to remember one letter I got that summer, because it was so much like him. He said he was being treated finely; having a very nice time; but that the more he saw of foreign lands the more pleased he was to remember that he was a free-born American citizen, that he acknowledged no man his superior except by merit, or his inferior, except by demerit.

When he came home he was elected to the New York legislature—and his daughter, Alice, was born. When she was ten days old, and her mother supposed to be out of danger, he went back to Albany, but was immediately summoned home by telegraph. When he arrived home he found both his wife and his mother lying at the point of death. His mother had been an invalid for years—but was not supposed to be in any immediate danger. He lost them both. It was a terrible shock. Professor Cutter told me very shortly after this that they had been really alarmed for his reason, he appeared to be utterly stunned by the sudden blow. A family council was held and it was decided to get him to go out to the Far West. That was a great country in those days—



a new country—entirely new, as God made it. God's Country, they of the West called the cities in the East, but I call the West God's Country, for it undoubtedly saved Theodore Roosevelt's life and reason.

#### RANCHING IN THE DAKOTA "BAD LANDS"

SO he started for Dakota. Out there in the so-called "Bad Lands" he heard a lot of cattle talk. It was hailed as the coming cattle country. As a matter of fact, the winters are too hard and long, as it proved in our case. But that's another part of my story. He came home and wrote to me, asking if I would go out with him and take my nephew Don along; he knew Don well. He said he thought he would start a ranch. We exchanged letters and then he wrote us to come on at once, promising that if we went we shouldn't lose anything. He knew we had very little money. That was all the trade there was between us. I still have the letter that decided me to go:

"Now, a little plain talk, though I do not think it necessary for I know you too well. If you are afraid of hard work and privation do not come West. If you expect to make a fortune in a year or two, do not come West. If you will give up under temporary discouragements, do not come West. If, on the other hand, you are willing to work hard, especially the first year; if you realize that for a couple of years you cannot expect to make much more than you are now making; and if you also know that at the end of that time you will be in receipt of about a thousand dollars for the third year, with an unlimited rise ahead of you and a future as bright as you yourself choose to make it—then come. Now, I take it for granted you will not hesitate at this time. So fix up your affairs *at once*, and be ready to start before the end of this month."

We reached Dakota, Don and myself, about the last of July that year, Don's wife and mine coming out months later. It was a wild country—just as God made it. All unclaimed land belonged either to the Government or the North-

ern Pacific Railroad. We were simply squatters, as nearly all the other men were in those days. The first thing we had to do was to build a ranch-house of hewn cottonwood logs, the only timber in the country. It was thirty feet wide and sixty feet long. Some size for a city-dweller! Walls seven feet high, flat roof. We had to send to Minneapolis for lumber for the roof. Inside he had a room; my wife and I had a room; Don and his wife had a room; there was a kitchen and dining-room; and one or two small rooms beside.

Theodore Roosevelt got his first taste of real hunting, big-game hunting, the thing he had longed for since his first days in the Maine woods, while we were building that house. He went away up into the Big Horn Mountains after grizzly bear and elk—and got both. He had planned for me to go with him and leave Don on the ranch, but building that house was a big job, and I advised him to get a man who knew something of the country, and he did. He was gone on that first great hunting trip—he had many afterwards in all parts of the world—nearly three months, camping out all the time in about the wildest country the sun ever shone on. The buffalo were fast disappearing when we went out to Montana. Indeed, they were almost gone under the rifles of the hired bands of hunters sent out by the railroads to exterminate them. But there were still a few left in the Bad Lands and one of Theodore's first hunting trips was after buffalo. He told about that hunt in his book, "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," which he wrote right there in the ranch-house in the spring of 1885. It was good sport.

#### HE KILLS A BISON

“SO far,” I am quoting his book, “the trip had certainly not been a success although sufficiently varied as regards its incidents. We had been confined to moist biscuits for three days as our food; had been wet and cold at night, and sunburned till our faces peeled in the day; were hungry and tired, and had met with bad weather, and all kinds of accidents; in addition I had shot badly. But a man who is



fond of sport and yet not naturally a good hunter, soon learns that if he keeps doggedly on, even though the odds are heavy, in the end the longest lane will prove to have a turning.

"Such was the case on this occasion. Shortly after midday we left the creek bottom and skirted a ridge of broken buttes cut up by gullies and winding ravines in whose bottoms grew bunch grass. While passing the mouth of one of these ravines both ponies threw up their heads, and sniffed the air. Feeling sure they had smelt some wild beast, either a bear or a buffalo, I slipped off my pony and ran quickly but cautiously up along the valley. Before I had gone a hundred yards I noticed in the soft soil at the bottom the round prints of a bison's hoofs; and immediately afterwards got a glimpse of the animal himself as he fed slowly up the ravine some distance ahead. The wind was just right and no ground could have been better for stalking. Hardly needing to bend down, I walked up behind a small sharp-crested bullock, and, peeping over there below me, not fifty yards off, was a great bison bull. He was walking along grazing as he walked. His glossy fall coat was in fine trim, and shone in the rays of the sun; while his pride of bearing showed him to be in the lusty vigor of his prime.

"As I rose above the crest of the hill, he held up his head and cocked his tail in the air. Before he could go off I put the bullet in behind his shoulder. The wound was an almost immediately fatal one, yet with surprising agility for so large and heavy an animal, he bounded up the opposite side of the ravine heedless of two more balls, both of which went into his flank and ranged forward; and disappeared over the ridge at a lumbering gallop, the blood pouring from his mouth and nostrils. We knew he could not go far, and trotted leisurely along on his bloody trail; and in the next gully we found him stark dead, lying almost on his back, having pitched over the side when he tried to go down it. His head was a remarkably fine one even for a fall buffalo."

Elk were also becoming scarce, but on a trip to the Big Horn Mountains in northern Wyoming one year we secured

some fine heads—of one of these Theodore afterwards said, “The finest bull with the best head that I got was killed in the midst of very beautiful and grand surroundings. We had been hunting through a great pine wood which ran up to the edge of a broad canyon-like valley, bounded by sheer walls of rock. There were fresh tracks of elk about, and we had been advancing upward with even more than our usual caution when on stepping out into a patch of open ground near the edge of the cliff we came upon a great bull, beating and thrashing his antlers against a young tree eighty yards off. He stopped and faced us for a second, his mighty antlers thrown into the air as he held his head aloft. Behind him towered the tall and sombre pines, while at his feet the jutting crags overhung the deep chasm below, that stretched off between high walls of barren and snow-streaked rocks, the evergreen clinging to their sides, while along the bottom the rapid torrent gathered in places into black and sullen mountain lakes. As the bull turned to run, I struck him just behind the shoulder; he reeled to the death-blow, but staggered gamely on a few rods into the forest before sinking to the ground with my second bullet through his lungs.”

#### LEADS A REGULAR COWBOY LIFE

WHAT may not be generally known to the people at large is that Theodore not only shared every danger of the hunt, but in every way entered into that Western life without any reserve whatever. Often he actually rode the range with the hands, a regular cowboy sharing the camp life. This is one story he tells of one of his early round-ups:

“Early in June, just after the close of the regular spring round-up, a couple of supply wagons with a score of riders between them were sent to work some hitherto untouched country between the Little Missouri and the Yellowstone. I was going as the representative of our own and one or two other neighboring hands, but as the round-up had halted near my ranch, I determined to spend a day there and then to join the wagons; the appointed meeting place being a



cluster of red scovia buttes some forty miles distant where there was a spring of good water. Most of my day at the ranch was spent in slumber, for I had been several weeks on the round-up where nobody ever gets quite enough sleep. . . . The men are in the saddle from dawn until dusk, at the time when the days are longest, and in addition there is the regular night guarding and now and then a furious storm or a stampede, when for twenty-four hours at a stretch the riders only dismount to change horses or snatch a mouthful of food. . . .

“I started in the bright sunrise, riding one horse, and driving loose before me eight others, one carrying my bedding. They traveled strung out in single file. . . . In mid-afternoon I reached the wagons. . . . Our wagon was to furnish the night guards for the cattle; and each of us had his gentlest horse tied ready to hand. The night guards went on duty two at a time for two-hour watches. By good luck my watch came last. My comrade was a happy-go-lucky young Texan who for some inscrutable reason was known as ‘Latigo Strap’; he had just come from the South with a big drove of trail cattle. A few minutes before two one of the guards who had gone on duty at midnight rode into camp and wakened us by shaking our shoulders. . . . one of the annoyances of guarding, at least in thick weather, is the occasional difficulty of finding the herd after leaving camp, or in returning to camp after the watch is over; there are few things more exasperating than to be helplessly wandering about in the dark under such circumstances. However, on this occasion, there was no such trouble, for it was a brilliant starlit night and the herd had been bedded down by a sugar loaf butte which made a good landmark.

“As we reached the spot we could make out the form of the cattle lying close together on the level plain; and then the dim figure of a horseman rose vaguely from the darkness and moved by in silence; it was the other of the two midnight guards on his way back to his broken slumber. At once we began to ride slowly round the cattle in opposite direction. We were silent, for the night was clear and the herd quiet.

In wild weather, when the cattle are restless, the cowboys never cease calling and singing as they circle them, for the sounds seem to quiet the beasts. For over an hour we steadily paced the endless round. Then faint streaks of gray appeared in the East. Latigo Strap began to call merrily to the cattle. A coyote came sneaking over the butte, and halted to yell and wail. As it grew lighter the cattle became restless, rising and stretching themselves while we continued to ride around them.

‘ Then the bronc’ began to pitch  
And I began to ride;  
He bucked me off a cut bank  
Hell! I nearly died!’

sang Latigo from the other side of the herd. A yell from the wagons afar off told that the cook was summoning the sleeping cow-punchers to breakfast . . . all the cattle got on their feet and started feeding.”

#### REGAINS HIS HEALTH AT HEAVY COST

I DON'T know whether the plain story of that ranch has ever been told. Theodore invested about \$125,000 to stock our claim—in cattle and horses—about a hundred head of the latter, and he lost most of it, but he came back physically strong enough to be a future President of the United States! Our whole trouble from a financial standpoint was that cattle had already begun to fall in price before we started, and they continued to fall. When we left the country, two years and four months after, we had to sell for about \$10 a head less than cost, figuring in moving expenses. But Roosevelt enjoyed the life, all the time.

Shortly after we got there he told me, looking out over that burned-up country, that he had nothing to live for; all his hopes lay buried in the East. I told him that no man living, with the strength of life in his veins, ought to even allow himself to feel that way. I told him he would get all



over it in a short time, that his whole feeling would change; and then he wouldn't be content to stay out there and drive cattle. Within two years he got pretty well over it all. He went East quite often. They would send for him. He used to complain to me that the telegraph station was too near—thirty miles away on the railroad at Medora, a small town on the railway line. He was what might be called a youngster in his early twenties, but he was the boss of the ranch and a cattle man through and through. Whatever his part through life, he always played it to perfection.

#### HE FLATTENS OUT A "BAD MAN"

**I** REMEMBER a "bad man" he met once in Medora. It was in a public place. The fellow had been drinking and he had heard of Roosevelt, the newcomer to the Bad Lands. Theodore was not a big man—he was only of medium height, weighing about 145 pounds, and he wore glasses. But grit to the heel! The fellow called him a "four-eyed tenderfoot" and tried to take his measure in abusive language. Theodore paid no attention to all this and the tough naturally concluded that he was afraid of him. Suddenly, Roosevelt let out and caught him on the butt of the jaw—and he flattened out. This gained him some reputation.

The only other thing that ever looked like trouble was when the Marquis de Mores, who had come into the country several years before, and acted as though he wanted to own it (he had a strong body of henchmen including some of the worst characters in that section), wrote him an insulting letter, intimating a personal meeting. Roosevelt promptly answered offering to meet him with Winchester rifles at ten paces—he was always a bit near-sighted and he wanted to be sure of his man. The answer was an apology and an invitation to dine with the Marquis. He showed me that letter with the remark, "I want you for my second, Bill, if there's any trouble."

Medora was a typical frontier town and had its full share of excitement. Theodore saw a good deal of it. Here is one story he tells:

“One curious shooting scrape that took place in Medora was worthy of being chronicled by Bret Harte—I did not see the actual occurrence but I saw both men immediately afterwards; and I heard the shooting, which took place in a saloon on the bank while I was swimming my horse across the river, holding my rifle up so as not to wet it. One of them was a saloon-keeper familiarly called Welshy; the other man, Hay, had been bickering with him for some time. That day, Hay, who had been defeated in a wrestling-match by one of my own boys, and was out of temper, entered the saloon and became abusive. The quarrel grew and suddenly Welshy whipped out a revolver and blazed away at Hay. The latter staggered slightly, shook himself, stretched out his hand, and *gave back to his would-be slayer, the ball*, saying, ‘Here, man, here’s the bullet.’ It had glanced along his breast-bone, gone into the body and come out at the point of the shoulder, when, being spent, it dropped down the sleeve into his hand. Next day the local paper which rejoiced in the title of *The Bad-Lands Cowboy*, chronicled the event in the usual vague way as an ‘unfortunate occurrence’ between ‘two of our most esteemed fellow-citizens’ . . . .

#### A COMIC ROW

“SOMETIMES we had a comic row. There was one huge man from Missouri called ‘The Pike’ who had been the keeper of a woodyard for steamboats on the Upper Missouri. Like most of his class he was a hard case, and, though pleasant enough when sober, always insisted on fighting when he was drunk. One day, when on a spree, he announced his intention of thrashing the entire population of Medora and began to make his promise good with great vigor and praiseworthy impartiality. He was victorious over the first two or three eminent citizens whom he encountered and then tackled a gentleman known as ‘Cold



Turkey Bill.' Under ordinary circumstances Cold Turkey though an able-bodied man was no match for The Pike, but the latter was still rather drunk, and, moreover, was wearied by his former combats. So Cold Turkey got him down, lay on him, choked him by the throat with one hand and began pounding his face with a triangular rock held in the other. To the onlookers the fate of the battle seemed decided; but Cold Turkey better appreciated the endurance of his adversary, and it soon appeared that he sympathized with the traditional hunter who, having caught a wild-cat, earnestly besought a comrade to help him let it go. While still pounding vigorously he raised an agonized wail: 'Help me off, fellows, for the Lord's sake, he's tiring me out!' There was no resisting so plaintive an appeal, and the bystanders at once abandoned their attitude of neutrality for one of armed intervention. . . .

"The first deadly affray that took place in our town after regular settlement began was between a Scotchman and a Minnesota man, one of the small stockmen. Both had 'shooting' records and each was a man with a varied past. The Scotchman, a noted bully, was the more daring of the two. After a furious quarrel and threats of violence the Scotchman mounted his horse and rifle in hand rode to the door of the mud ranch perched on the brink of the river bluff where the American lived, and was instantly shot down by the latter from behind a corner of the building. Later on I once opened a cowboy ball with the wife of the victor—the husband himself dancing opposite. It was the lancers and he knew all the steps far better than I did. He could have danced a minuet very well with a little practice. The scene reminded one of the ball where Bret Harte's heroine 'danced down the middle with the man who shot Sandy McGee.' "

He had many and great hunting trips here of which he has told the story in "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." The last fall he went into the Coeur-d'Alene Mountains after white goats, a particularly shy species of game, and about all there was left for him to find. Don and I stayed on the round-up. We gathered up what cattle were fit for market—

the previous winter had been a terrible one—and took them down to Chicago. When we all got back we figured up and found we were set back \$10 a head on the whole investment. So we decided to quit. Roosevelt had always been afraid he'd have to, he didn't want to be beaten, but it was the only really sensible thing to do. We let the balance of the stock go to the Western men on a fifty-fifty basis, and came East.

Ill luck still pursued us. The following winter was the hardest ever known in that region. There were two feet of snow, and cattle died by tens of thousands. I don't believe Theodore Roosevelt ever made a dollar out of his cattle. He told me years afterward, however, that it had brought him to his physical prime. He weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds, and was clear bone, muscle and grit. The ranch undoubtedly made his career possible.

#### PESSIMISTIC AS TO HIS FUTURE

WE were very close then and he talked over about everything with me. His ideas and mine always seemed to run about the same. He asked me what he had better do for a future; whether politics or the law. I told him frankly enough I thought he would make a good lawyer, but that he'd better go into politics because such men as he were needed in politics, but somehow didn't go in. I told him then, if he did and lived, they would want him for President. He laughed at the notion and said, "Bill, that's a great ways ahead."

"But not so far," I persisted, "as some men that have got there. You've got a far better start than most of them. Wealthy and influential friends; you're not poor yourself, you've got education, and a good head; a better start than most politicians these times."

He used to joke me about the Presidency long afterwards. Before he went into the ranch business he wanted to be a naturalist. He had quite a collection even before he was twenty-one years old. He told me the reason he gave it all up was because he became finally convinced that he could be



of more use to the world. About the time he gave up ranching he was offered the place of Civil Service Commissioner. His friends had already sized him up and wanted him to take it. He told me it was a job with lots of trouble and little pay. "But if I can do some real good I'll go in."

Money never entered into his consideration in anything he ever did in his life. Amusement, health, service, to him—perhaps a fortune to us. He told me, when it was all over, about his early campaign for Mayor of New York City. He said he felt always that he did not stand the slightest show. But his friends were surprised at the strength he developed.

I have known a good many generous men in my life who did not have anything to be generous with. But he was the most generous man I ever knew who had anything. He was generous to everybody. If he saw a man that needed it—through sudden misfortune or from any other cause—his heart and his pocket were open at once. He had the greatest sympathy for the poor and needy. But for the lazy or dishonest he had no use at all. We could agree on that as on most other things. We never, as a matter of fact, had any essential difference about anything. He might have been rich, I feel certain, had he gone after money. It counted only as he wanted enough to use. I never knew a man with such a capacity for finding and holding everything in the world except mere money. His mind was exactly like that fellow's Byron speaks about—I forget where, but I can't forget that line: "Wax to receive, and marble to retain."

I was with him occasionally right along: at Oyster Bay, at the White House. Then there was a period of several years that I didn't see him till he came to Bangor to speak just after he had attained the Presidency. But he always wrote regularly. Friendly letters, a good many in regard to some political policy that I was interested in. I remember one about the time war was declared; he said we were living in the same conditions we should have been in if Buchanan had been President during the Civil War. He was well aware of my own opinion of Buchanan.

I HAD not read as much as many men, but I have read something about many great men and I consider there has never been a man who was his equal—since the days of our Saviour—if not before. It may be that some good people may think I'm sacrilegious but I don't think that any man ever had so many good qualities, and knew how to use them, as well as he did. He was a fighter, but in this he resembled Peter. Peter was always ready to fight. But he was always ready to live by the Golden Rule. And if the nations had been ready to follow him we should not have had this war, and a good deal that may yet come. There have been many great men in the history of the world, but they have always had some very bad defects—especially the Europeans. Theodore Roosevelt's defects were not great—and such as they were Time will only soften them.

## STOWAWAYS

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

WEIRD thoughts,  
Illusive stowaways by day,  
Sometimes at night

Discover

Rare and unexpected colors

In my soul,

As rain brings out the hue in rocks.

Sometimes on ships of space

They lure me

To a port of unexpressed desires,

Where I, with straining vision, see

The radiance of unconquered peaks.

. . . Always they sink

Into the quicksand of the dawn.



# THE REAL PRINCESS PAT

The War-Awakened Soul of an English Princess

By CLEVELAND GORDON

CARRYING the colors that she had sewed with her own hands her regiment stood in the mud of Flanders—and was decimated. The other day its original survivors came home: they were eight. When the Germans thundered at Ypres, these men, who loved her as fighting men once loved Joan of Arc, blocked the road with their breasts; and the enemy did not pass.

When they told her that her regiment was annihilated, her voice rang with pride. "But they were brave!" Then she wept. The youth of the land had been picked for her regiment, and when she had given them their colors, they had made to her a silent pledge, "We shall never retreat!" Her spirit had been given to the regiment and the regiment's spirit had been given to her. So it was that they swept into battle, vowing never to dishonor their name—which was hers. So it was that she went into battle behind them, a girl bred in the purple, softened with luxury. A nation's pet, she saw that the war had hewn out two roads down which she could go—she chose the hard road. All her rare cleverness, vitality and quality of inspiration she gave unstintingly to the war. While her regiment fought at the front, she fought behind the front because they denied her the firing-line where she willed to be. War-work from morning to night became her life; she, who used to puzzle over the shade of orchids best suited to a dinner gown! From a girl at whose unconventionalities the people smiled, she became a girl they loved. War—that strange sorcerer—had changed her.

Victoria Patricia Helena Elizabeth of Connaught is her royal name. The world knows her better as "Princess Pat." They knew her as the "Alice Roosevelt of Britain;" she was as unconventional as only a girl of unquestioned position

dared be. She was of the type of girls about whom her friends worry until they see her "safely married." Time and again it was announced that she was to marry a king, a prince, a duke. The world awaited her nuptials, only invariably to be provoked, for Princess Pat as invariably denied the rumored betrothals. Some of the most eligible in Europe were linked with her name, and then unlinked, with no reason for the break being given. One sensational love-affair followed upon another, and from their ashes smoldered mystery. Why would she not marry? The world wanted her married,—the world ever loves the romances of princesses—of royalties.

And then, after having packed off a few Kings, a Grand Duke or so, and a company of Princes, Princess Pat suddenly decided to wed. Renouncing her royal rights she married not even a lesser title, but an officer of the British Navy, Commander Ramsay. And England and her dominions beamed. "It was just like her." What a romance!

Like America's White House favorite of the Roosevelt days, England's pet princess visited the uttermost parts of the earth. Like the apple of Teddy's eye, the English daughter of the ruling house is decidedly athletic—a golfer and equestrienne, and, like Alice, Princess Pat had a way of using her pen to the high embarrassment of the Seats of the Mighty. Queen Mary found it expedient to suppress a book from the pen of the Princess of Connaught. The late King Edward used to chuckle over the caricatures she so ruthlessly drew. Just as Alice Roosevelt's unconventionality touched a responsive chord in the American crowd; so did Princess Pat endear herself to the mass of Britain. And, likewise, behind the scenes in her own set the whispering women called her a social tyrant.

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**P**RINCESS PAT possesses the popular imagination. The people called her "Our Royal Lady." Because of her extremely popular father, the Duke of Connaught, much of the hauteur that was hers from childhood was forgiven her. In British eyes she was an Anglicized "Gibson girl." Now



and again, with cause, the phrase "petticoat government" has been applied to English politics. At the Court of St. James, the power of Princess Patricia was great. It welled from deep springs. Not only was the Duke of Connaught beloved, but "Pat" had been favored in the eyes of Queen Victoria and King Edward. Generally, when the Princess Pat wanted something done it was done.

With her golden-brown hair, blue eyes and superb swinging carriage, she had endeared herself as a royal lady in the most remote corners of the Empire. She was ever "different." She traveled farther than any other Princess. She was the first unmarried English princess to have her own lady-in-waiting. She had the freedom to visit foreign courts alone, and there is not a court of any importance in Europe but where she has been entertained.

Before the war her love-affairs were international sensations. One after another the young royalties of Europe came to lay their titles at her quite English feet. She denied the suit of King Alfonso of Spain because of his unsavory ancestry. King Manuel of Portugal she sent his way. She decided that Frederick Wilhelm, the German Crown Prince, was too flirtatious. There came to woo another of the Kaiser's sons, Prince Eitel Fritz, but him she judged too fat and gluttonous. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha went sorrowing off because he was effeminate. Prince Christopher of Greece she thought a poor soldier and would have none of him. Prince Gustavus of Denmark was "nice," but his kinship too close. Prince William of Sweden's love she could not return; he was too thin and lanky. And Grand Duke Michael of Russia, what chance had he—a "brute"? So she married none of them and went to the altar with no one of noble blood; and the British naval officer who won her had a very close race. He almost lost Princess Pat to an English Marquis.

At one of the sumptuous balls given before the war by the Duchess of Westminster in Grosvenor House, the Princess Pat was the guest of honor. Present was Miss Lucy Bigelow Dodge, granddaughter of the former Ameri-

can Ambassador to Great Britain, and warm friend of Princess Pat. Present, too, was the handsome, debonair and outrageously wealthy Marquis of Anglesea. For months London had gossiped about Princess Pat and "Handsome Charlie," as the Marquis was called. Every dowager mouthed their names; at tea-time they were pleasant gossip. Rumor credited them with love.

At the ball something occurred to make the tongues wag faster. "Handsome Charlie" wearied of waiting for a flunkey to announce in his ear that "the Princess graciously gives you privilege of the next dance," so he boldly walked up to Princess Pat, bowed, smiled and said, "This is our dance, I believe."

And the happy Pat smiled, and said, "It is, and so are the next six if you want them," so the story goes. All of which only a royal lady can do, though very unconventional in commoners.

When the Marquis had finished his seventh dance and escorted the rapturous Princess to a settee, the dukes, duchesses, counts, countesses and flunkies decided that "Handsome Charlie" had won against the King of England! For the Marquis was no favorite in his eyes. A small event changes careers.

If the beautiful Duchess of Westminster had not turned in her chair and told "Handsome Charlie," "I want you to meet a pretty little American," Princess Pat might never have gone to Canada; history might never have heard of that glorious regiment, "The Princess Pats," the war might never have become so great a part of her; might never have spread its changing influence over her.

The "pretty little American" whom "Handsome Charlie" was led away to meet was Lucy Bigelow Dodge. London said that the "American Beauty rose" was named after her. And "Handsome Charlie" forthwith forgot all about Princess Pat! He devoted himself to Miss Lucy. All London, from the King down, knew, of course, that the Marquis of Anglesea was fickle. Had he not paid ardent attentions to numerous beautiful heiresses? It was a blow to Prin-



cess Pat. The King was bitterly angry. He suggested that the Marquis go abroad indefinitely. "Handsome Charlie" did. Then it was intimated that the English climate was disagreeing with Miss Lucy. Her mother married a second time to the younger son of Baron Wimborne, a brilliant social leader, hastily closed her London house and departed for Canada. Her husband, the Honorable Lionel, said he had several properties in the Dominion which demanded his attention—which was discreet. With Lucy, the "American Beauty," they established themselves in Ottawa where she instantaneously became the belle of Government House society.

Abruptly Earl Grey was recalled as Governor-General. And who was chosen to succeed him? The Connaughts. And who came to unseat Miss Lucy in Ottawa? The Princess Pat. Canada to this day does not know why the Greys were recalled. The coming of the Connaughts was out of a clear sky. London says it all goes back to a fickle Marquis and an angry Princess.

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PAT generally had things her own way. Possibly her extreme individuality was developed by the isolation of her early life. From India, where her parents were detained by official duties, Pat and her sister, Princess Margaret, were sent to England. There they lived with their grandmother, Queen Victoria, a Spartan woman who strongly disliked any acknowledgment of illness. One day the Princess Pat was summoned to the venerable sovereign. On her way to the royal presence, ladies-in-waiting met Pat, telling her, with assurance, "The Queen is not ill; only resting." At last Pat came to her grandmother's bedside. A lace shawl was about Victoria's head; she seemed a lovelier old lady than even at any state function, but weak, blanched of face, and ill she was, beyond all doubt. Ignoring her ailment, decided upon soon showing herself in public, Queen Victoria told the little Princess Patricia, as her ladies-in-waiting had done, "I am not ill; only resting." Such examples of royal hardships borne unflinchingly were a potent influence upon the forming of Princess Pat's character.

The old Queen loved Princess Pat, but she rather disapproved of her granddaughter's boisterous ways. The little girl was full of life and animal spirits. She played cricket like an expert, handling bat and ball with equal facility. She was fearless, and both at Osborne and Balmoral had many narrow escapes. Time and again she tumbled into the lake or fell from a horse. Old Queen Victoria used to say: "I shall have to send for Connaught. Some day they will be bringing little Patricia in to me on a stretcher."

Living with the Queen while her parents were in India was not pleasure unalloyed for Princess Pat. She was constantly getting into trouble, not holding royalty in reverence, and, in her childish way, being quite haughty and more or less of a super-woman herself. She used to run around Queen Victoria's lawn like a wild thing, and, unable longer to bear such hoydenness, her grandmother made her sit down. "Little girls should not run around so." Pat obediently seated herself, crossed her legs and began to rock to and fro.

"Little girls should not cross their legs," severely said the old Queen.

Pat sighed and obeyed. She sat in deep thought for a few moments and finally very gently said, "What do little girls have legs for at all, grandma?" The Queen's answer is not recorded in the court archives.

Embarrassing questions and embarrassing remarks were early characteristic in Princess Pat.

It was while she was living with her grandmother that the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII., became her close friend. As a child, she used to treat him as a "jolly good pal," and when she became older as a very dearly loved counsellor. Theirs was a relation which began one day in the royal gardens when the Prince was playing cricket with the children. He was without the pads or gloves necessary to the sport and one of Pat's "shooters" hit him a sharp blow on the leg. Edward, according to the rules of the game, "retired hurt," and the little Princess wept as though her heart would break.



In her 'teens she developed a gift for drawing caricatures which delighted Edward. There was one she did, of him, the Duke of Fife and Prince Christian, descending the steps of the Marlborough Club with umbrellas firmly grasped. She gave it the title, "Charge of the (not too) Light Brigade," and Edward chuckled. Another she did of him, wearing his first naval uniform and looking very proud. She gave it the caustic title, "Don't I Look Pretty?" and went without reproof. The Princess Patricia knew she could dare what others quailed at. And she showed her conception of herself by drawing herself brandishing a shillelagh and trailing an ultra-fashionable coat in the wind; she named this picture of herself "The Wild Irishman." Be it known, the Princess was born on St. Patrick's Day.

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UPON the return of her parents from India, she lived with them in the ancestral home, Bagshot, a serenely beautiful English country mansion, quite near Windsor Castle. Here she was reared simply. As Pat once said, "Mama says that we may forget about royalty, if only we remember that we are ladies." But while in short frocks, she liked to remember that she was a Princess. She unfailingly remembered what was due her as a Princess. She invariably took her place first in entering a carriage with those of lesser rank. There were little episodes, when Pat suffered from attacks of royalty, wherein her governess, the watchful Madame de Morinni, and Queen Victoria, felt called upon to take a hand, lest little Patricia become too haughty. This Madame de Morinni, a really wonderful woman, did much to form and strengthen Patricia's character. The child's parents were called away from England so frequently upon royal business that the governess became a decided factor in Pat's girlhood. Madame de Morinni would stop at nothing where she thought Pat's interests were involved. Her careful forethought and wise judgment, while not replacing a mother's care, could, however, scarcely be excelled. On the occasion of Pat's first presentation in the royal drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, the Princess saw the wishes of the

Queen defied. In the morning, Pat had had to pose for the royal photographers; then came the excitement of waiting for the ceremony, and the presentation itself, through which she was obliged to stand. The strain, the long hours on her feet, was too much for little Princess Pat. She became quite pale from the ordeal and Madame de Morinni was quick to detect it. A royal dinner and the opera were next on the program, but, calmly vetoing the Queen's plans, Madame de Morinni swept up Princess Pat and drove her off to Bagshot and quiet. This early defiance of the Queen unquestionably made a deep impression upon Pat in those formative years.

Upon the permanent return to England of her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Pat went to live with them in Clarence House, the London home of the family. Here she had her own studio, where the early gift for caricatures developed into the art of painting. Here, too, in the seclusion of that studio, she kept a day book, the pages covered with sketches, poems, bits of writing that came to her each day. It was said that she had a gift for writing, but nothing from her pen was ever made public.

The closest she came to it was in 1913, when she completed a book dealing with her experiences in Canada and in the United States. It seems that Pat, in an unguarded moment, loaned the manuscript to a friend, who in turn showed it to the Countess of Fortescue. Now that good lady must have gasped, and said, "Oh," for she promptly turned over Pat's manuscript to Queen Mary. The contents irritated her royal aunt indescribably and, try as she would, Patricia was unable to recover possession of her manuscript. Queen Mary decided that it should be destroyed. Can you imagine what was in it?

A few years at Clarence House and the Duke of Connaught took his family to Italy, where in Florence, during the period of his foreign service, he rented a villa. In Italian environment, and feeling the depth of the land, Princess Pat bloomed. She ceased to paint pictures of pretty flowers, and her work—and her nature—took on a deeper and richer note. That residence in Italy began for her a period of world-



junketing. As Inspector-General of the Army, the Duke of Connaught visited Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, Egypt, Malta, indeed, all those possessions upon which the "sun never sets." There were no trips on luxurious steamers, but generally aboard men-of-war, not fleet enough to "run before the storm" or race from blinding tropical sunshine. And there were weeks on shore in remote lands, with no means of transportation save the laggard native ones, with pests of insects, and not infrequently wild beasts.

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FIVE times Princess Pat went to Africa; once with her father to open the first Parliament at Cape Town. She made long treks over Africa, over vast plains and towering mountains. In a primitive cart drawn by natives she made pilgrimages to the tomb of Cecil Rhodes, isolated on its rocky prominence. With her father she shot big game in the East African jungles, really shot it—and brought home the skins of the chase. She trekked inland, into the very black heart of Africa, to the Falls of the Zambesi, and drank of their waters, which the natives believe to be good luck. She *lived*.

There began to grow about her, too, that atmosphere of romance which rouses all the sentiment in English breasts. The only Princess in Great Britain who was really pretty, clever and witty, as well as young, a healthy, charming English girl with far more than their usual amount of brains, a most unroyal sense of humor and a leaning for the unconventional, she made a popular appeal. Not without reason did the people call her "Our Royal Lady." Quite unlike her cousin, the somewhat stodgy Ena of Battenberg, she who came to be Queen of Spain; equally unlike the daughters of the Duchess of Fife, thin, shy, delicate creatures, Princess Pat gloriously went her way. For a long time all romantic England sympathized with her for her love-affair with the Marquis of Anglesea. Her fame and magnetism spread far. When King Alfonso of Spain came to London to woo her, he carried in his bosom her photograph. He came, too, advancing reasons of state along with his suit, and, when Princess Pat heard of this she appealed to the "dear old pal" of

her childhood, to King Edward. She asked that she be not urged to marry against her will. Her friends had gone so far as to plan her wedding. One of them asked Pat in what language she had spoken to Alfonso.

"I did not speak to him at all," laughed Pat.

There came to her at the time another Princess who said to Pat: "If you don't want Alfonso, why don't you let me have a look in?"

Again and again it was emblazoned in the press of the world that she was to be married. Once she had to cancel a visit to Lisbon because she had been warned that the populace had planned a great demonstration to acclaim her as "Portugal's next Queen."

The press has ever been a source of vexation to Pat. After her visit to New York she fell in love with the city and wrote a friend in England that she would like to have remained in New York for several months but that the "reporters made it impossible." Suitor after suitor was brought before her; for she worried the court. It is only judged safe for those who are not pretty to remain single. Also, Pat's unmarrying moods were puzzling, too, for visiting Princes in search of brides would see Princess Pat, fail to win her and depart dissatisfied, England's less fair daughters not appealing to them. "If Pat will only marry," the other Princesses used to say, "then we shall have a chance."

There were ever rumors and whisperings of love-affairs. Always in answer came her mysterious smile and her provoking "Not yet." It began to be said, while she lived in the Government House at Ottawa, that only a throne that was mighty would satisfy Princess Pat. . . .

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AND then the war! Pat was cast spellbound in its magic, with those millions of women whose emotions were swept by its hot blast, her very soul was changed. There came that day when the "Princess Pats" mobilized, that regiment which, in the idle days of peace, the Princess had caused her father to have named for her. Then it had been a whim.



Now, with the lust for Empire loosened in the world, that regiment became to her as something sacred. Monsters of the sky were blowing death upon the London she loved. In the mud of Flanders her Englishmen were taking the cold steel. Her soul was shaken. She fashioned a flag for her "Princess Pats." She bade them farewell, and gave her colors to them. They sailed away, her spirit with them. Early in 1915 they swept into a hideous battle at Ypres. Her flag was carried into that battle and was not lowered.

The end of the war brought the "Princess Pats" to England. There, at Bramshott, she, as "Colonel-in-Chief" inspected them. Above the massed ranks of men fluttered her flag—the only flag carried into action by British troops during the entire war. Upon the standard, Princess Pat placed a laurel wreath in bronze, inscribed: "To the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, from the Colonel-in-Chief, in recognition of their heroic service in the Great War of 1914-18."

The Princess Pat who liked speech that was caustic, who liked to shock the conventional, who played with hauteur, had become a tireless, feverish worker for victory. And when peace came, she married a sailor! He was a son of the Earl of Dalhousie, who had been attached to her father's staff at Ottawa. To marry him Pat had to renounce her title of Princess—but she gained a husband—a man of red blood, one who had fought so valorously in the Dardanelles as to be decorated with the Distinguished Service Order.

# IS PROHIBITION CONSTITUTIONAL?

Can the XVIIIth Amendment Be Legally Enforced?

By WAYNE B. WHEELER, LL. D.

ATTORNEY AND GENERAL COUNSEL OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE  
OF AMERICA

**T**O understand clearly the objections which have been raised against the constitutionality of the Federal Prohibition Amendment, it is necessary first to know something more than the average man knows about the Constitution.

The Constitution was created by eleven of the thirteen original States, and subscribed to by each one separately for the purpose of unifying their interests and binding them in common governmental partnership. It was designed to give all an equal share in its protection and to bind all equally by its terms, irrespective of size, location or influence.

Every State that has come into the Union has definitely adopted the Constitution as existing at the date of its admission.

In order to amend the Constitution it must be changed in the same manner that it is adopted, viz., by individual action on the part of each State. This action can be taken in one of two ways, by a constitutional convention or by vote of its legislature, as Congress directs.

The States are included in the Constitution, ruled by it, and aided by it, as States. The people of the State receive the benefits of the Constitution and submit to its laws as members of an entity—the State. They do not voice their opinion on constitutional matters as they do in State or county or municipal matters, by placing a ballot in the box on election day. They voice it through the legislators whom they elect to act for them in all matters where the State speaks as a State.

Of course, it is impossible that all States can ever agree



upon any one measure, just as it is impossible for all individuals to agree upon any one proposition, so in amending the Federal Constitution the democratic rule of the majority obtains, as it does in every political question in the United States. It was agreed by the States that when three-fourths of them vote to make a change in the Constitution, it shall be effected and the entire Union shall be bound by the change, including States which perhaps did not wish the change; and of course, by all which join the Union after its adoption.

Article V of the Constitution provides for making such changes as become necessary for the country to adjust itself to meet the ever-changing order of things brought about by modern conditions. It states:

“The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress.”

Once an amendment has been favorably voted upon by three-fourths of the States, it becomes part of the Constitution and, therefore, binding on all the States, whether they voted for it or not. There can be no question of a Constitutional amendment being thrust upon one part of the country by another, for every State when it joined the Union subscribed to the Constitution, and to its three-fourths rule respecting amendments. It is wide of the mark, therefore, for New Jersey, for instance, to say that the Western and Southern States thrust prohibition upon it. When it subscribed to the Constitution, it agreed to be governed in the matter of amendments by the vote of three-fourths of the States.

The Prohibition Amendment was adopted in the same manner as every other amendment and is, therefore, as much a part of the Constitution as any other amendment. It was

constitutionally proposed by Congress, constitutionally passed by Congress, and constitutionally adopted by three-fourths of the State Legislatures and then constitutionally proclaimed.

LEGALITY OF THE AMENDMENT

**B**EFORE we pass on to the particular features of the 18th Amendment that have been the subject of attack, it will be well to consider the initial legal objection which was raised by its enemies.

Article V states that "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution." The "wets" contended that as the resolution was adopted by two-thirds of the members of Congress present and voting, and not by two-thirds of the entire membership of each branch of Congress it was therefore not passed in conformity with Article V.

The Supreme Court gave a staggering blow to wet hopes in this direction when it sustained the constitutionality of the Webb-Kenyon Act, forbidding the shipment of liquor into wet territory. This act was attacked on the same ground, viz.: that it had been passed by two-thirds of a quorum present.

Chief Justice White in disposing of the contention said that from the beginning of the government the rule had prevailed that a quorum of the Senate and House constitutes those bodies and can transact any business. He further recalled the fact that in 1861 the Senate determined by a vote of 33 to 1 that two-thirds of a quorum only is essential to submit an amendment to the Constitution. In his opinion he stated that it was the first time the Supreme Court had passed upon the point when raised, which involved the passing of a bill over the President's veto (as the Webb-Kenyon Bill was passed) as well as the rule of two-thirds of a quorum.

The liquor interests are directing their attack upon the constitutionality of the Amendment from many different angles. Their biggest guns are now engaged in the refer-



endum fight, by which they claim they can prove that in certain States having a referendum the people have the right by this referendum to review the legislative act which adopted the ratification resolution.

#### REFERENDUM CANNOT LEGALLY BE INVOKED

**T**HIS will fail for several reasons; but mainly because the ratification of a Federal Amendment is *not* an act involving legislative power subject to a referendum.

The Federal Constitution fixes the method for ratifying amendments. It allows Congress to determine whether a Convention or the Legislature shall ratify. Congress in this case chose the Legislature as the body to act. That was conclusive. This is settled in principle by the United States Supreme Court in a case where the authority of the Legislature was in question relating to Presidential electors. The Court said:

“This power is conferred upon the Legislatures of the States by the Constitution of the United States, and can not be taken from them or modified by their state constitutions any more than can their power to elect senators of the United States.” *McPherson v. Blacker*, 146 U. S., page 1.

The referendum plan is going to be a costly and ineffectual bit of back-fire, as has already been proved in Oregon, where the Attorney General has handed down an opinion that it cannot be invoked by the people of the State with reference to the ratification resolution, as under the law of Oregon bills and acts, but not resolutions, may be referred to the people. The officers of the State of Washington have also rejected the petition for a referendum on the 18th Amendment.

The Superior Court in California dismissed an injunction suit which aimed to require State officials to withhold certifying the action of the Legislature on the 18th Amendment until a Referendum could be consummated. The court held that the Federal law and Constitution controlled and State officers should act accordingly. In other words the court decided that a referendum was unauthorized.

It may be that the moment for still further democratizing our Government and Constitution will yet find expression in provisions for amending the Federal Constitution by direct popular vote. Many people want that result; many others fear and oppose it, but it is not here yet. And until our Constitution is amended so as to provide for it we shall have to follow and abide by the method of amendment which that instrument itself provides.

No individual State has the power to amend the Federal Constitution by itself, even in the matter of telling how it will act on a constitutional amendment. It must do so in the manner provided in the Federal Constitution.

Section 2 of the 18th Amendment says that Congress and other States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

This section is causing the defenders of the liquor traffic undue concern, and giving them false hope. They err in claiming that this section requires concurrent legislation before prohibition can be enforced. Section 2 gives concurrent power to the States and Federal Government to enforce prohibition. If either should fail to use the power conferred it would not prevent the other division of Government from using it. It simply means that Congress has power to enact a Federal Prohibition Enforcement Law to apply to the whole nation, and that the States have power to enact prohibition enforcement laws to apply within their own borders. The Federal authorities will enforce provisions of the Federal law, and State authorities will see to it that the State laws are enforced.

This concurrent power will accomplish "a frank and candid co-operation for the general good." It is not a new doctrine in legislation. Instead of passing a separate act of Congress giving the States jurisdiction in the enforcement of the law, this was embodied in the Amendment itself, thus defining and settling the matter once for all, and not leaving it in danger of cropping up constantly before Congress.



## IS PROHIBITION A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT?

CERTAIN critics fear this is a dangerous precedent, and say that it may be used to secure similar provisions relating to other commodities. They do not take into consideration the one vital fact in the case, namely, *liquor is in a class by itself*. The courts have repeatedly said so. There is no analogy in law to the treatment of the liquor traffic. As the court said in *State Ex. Rel. v. Judges*, 50 N. J. L., page 595:

“The sale of intoxicating liquors has from the earliest history of our state been dealt with by the Legislature IN AN EXCEPTIONAL WAY. It is a subject by itself, to the treatment of which all analogies of the law appropriate to other topics cannot be applied.”

Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court settled this question conclusively in his opinion on the Webb-Kenyon case when he said:

“The exceptional nature of the subject here regulated is the basis upon which the exceptional power exerted must rest and affords no ground for any fear that such power may constitutionally extend to the things which it may not consistently with the guarantees of the Constitution embrace.”

When the liquor interests talk of their rights they forget, as the Supreme Court said, that one's right cannot fortify his wrongs. The liquor traffic has been tolerated by sufferance for years. It was not as an invited guest, but more in the position of a trespasser. It is the people's right to protect themselves against a menace which the courts recognize and will always recognize.

## CONSTITUTION SHOULD BE LIBERALLY CONSTRUED

THERE are two limitations to the 18th Amendment which are not found in other constitutional amendments and which the wets have hoped would serve as loopholes for their attacks on its constitutionality.

The first states that the amendment must be ratified within seven years from the date of its submission by Congress to the States.

The fact that within thirteen months from the date of the final passage of the resolution by Congress thirty-six States had ratified should dispose of the question. If, however, Congress had no power to limit the time of ratification, the section is surplusage, and cannot invalidate the amendment. On the other hand, if Congress acted within its power the section is valid and no question can be raised, especially now that forty-five States have ratified.

Section I of the amendment provides that one year after ratification of the article, the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors is prohibited. It has been questioned again if Congress had the power to set this limitation of one year, as the Constitution reads, "Amendments to this Constitution . . . shall be valid to all intents and purposes as part of this Constitution when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the states." There is a difference between a law being valid and operative. The wording of the Constitution does not require an amendment to become operative immediately when it has been ratified by the legislatures of the several States as provided by the Constitution.

The Constitution is not to be construed in narrow technical terms. It is an instrument intended to carry out the great principles of government, to help and not hinder the people. "Narrow and technical reasoning," said Judge Cooley, "is misplaced when it is brought to bear upon an instrument framed by the people themselves for themselves and desired as a chart upon which every man, learned or unlearned, may be able to trace the leading principles of government. The Constitution was intended for the benefit of the people, and must receive a liberal construction, like a common-law instrument or statute. It is to be interpreted so as to carry out the general principles of government, not to defeat them."

The people living in that 90 per cent of the area of the country which at present has State-wide prohibition, and



those living in wet areas who regard the abolition of the liquor traffic as another victory over autocracy, as a sign of a real world awakening, need have no fear as to the constitutionality of the 18th Amendment. It is as valid as the Constitution itself!

#### PLAYING THE GAME OF DEMOCRACY FAIR

THE Rhode Island Legislature adopted a resolution directing the Attorney General of the State to bring an action to decide the validity of the 18th Amendment. The action is based on the theory that the Federal Amendment cannot take away from the States their reserve police power to deal with the liquor traffic.

Article X of the Constitution provides:

“The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people.”

The opponents of prohibition fail to recognize the power, granted in Article V, to amend the Constitution when two-thirds of Congress submits the Amendment and three-fourths of the States ratifies. There is no limitation on this power to amend, except that the equal representation of the States in the United States Senate cannot be changed without unanimous consent. This question was presented to the United States District Court at Cincinnati, in a case in which the undersigned participated as counsel. Judge Hollister in deciding this point said:

“Granting to the claim all that may be argued for it, it must be said that the members of the Senate and the members of the House are representatives of the States and the representatives of the people, respectively, to whom is given the power to propose amendments to the Constitution which become such only when the representatives of the people in three-fourths of the States concur. Reserve powers are so called because they have never been surrendered. When the requisite number of

States concur, the people surrender to the United States additional power. \* \* \* \*

“So when surrender is made by the people in the way provided, the amendment is by the people in whom lay the power to make their Constitution and in whom lies the power to change it and add to it for the public welfare, if they consider the subject to involve the public welfare.”

Fifteen-sixteenths of the States of the Union decided that it was for the public welfare to adopt the 18th Amendment as our national policy of government. By large majorities they released their reserve power to the extent of authorizing the Federal Government to prohibit the liquor traffic. It remains now for the one-sixteenth of the States of the Union to abide by the will of the other fifteen-sixteenths. This is the only way to play the game of democracy fair.

#### CONGRESS' RIGHT TO ENACT WAR PROHIBITION

CONGRESS on August 10, 1917, prohibited the use of food material in the manufacture of distilled spirits for beverage purposes.

In November, 1918, Congress prohibited the use of food material in the manufacture of beer, wine and other intoxicating malt or vinous liquors and further provided that “no beer, wine, or other intoxicating malt or vinous liquor should be used after June 30, 1919, until the termination of demobilization.”

The brewers claim that this wording of the law does not include beer which contains two and three-fourths per cent alcohol by weight or three and three-tenths per cent alcohol by volume. Similar language in statutes, Federal and State, has been construed to prohibit all kinds of beer and wine without reference to the amount of alcohol in such liquor. This was decided by the Federal Court in the case of the *United States v. Cohn* and by the State Supreme Court of Ohio in the case of *State v. Walder*, 83, O. S. The attitude of Congress in the adoption of prohibition measures makes



clear their manifest intent to include beer and wine within the prohibition. The Congressional Records show that every vote in Congress on amendments or original bills indicate that Congress never excepted beer and wine from any prohibition measure.

Article I, section 8, of the Constitution among other things provides: "The Congress shall have power to raise and support the Army and maintain the Navy; and to provide for the common defense and general welfare." Congress under this article of the Constitution is authorized to support the Army and Navy and to enact any law having a reasonable relation to that end. When Congress is given power over a subject matter it may adopt not only the necessary but the convenient means to exercise its power. This principle was established by the Supreme Court in the *Purity Extract Company v. Lynch*, 226, U. S. 192, and many other cases.

The power of Congress is not limited to furnishing uniforms, food and firearms, but it has an equal obligation to provide transportation, shelter and the best possible environment in training camps and the establishment of policies of government that will give adequate support to the Army from field, factory and farm. The proper support of that Army also includes the development of a great national spirit of patriotism that keeps the soldier at his best. General Pershing, Commander in Chief of our Armies in France, said: "From the military point of view, we cannot tolerate alcohol among our soldiers. War is merciless; men must be competent; the drinking man makes a bad soldier. No matter how much old Germany may believe in feeding up her men on alcohol in order to screw up their fighting courage to the sticking point, the Army must not stand alcohol because it must conserve its man power."

At the public hearing of the War Prohibition Bill before the Senate Committee, evidence was submitted by the Secretary of the Navy to show that the productive power of labor in shipyards located in dry territory was the greatest. Evidence was accumulated from the managers of the shipyards, from coal operators and other sources to prove that intoxicat-

ing liquor injured not only the soldiers but the body of citizens in civil life who must support the soldiers at the front. Congress was convinced that there was a reasonable relation between the supporting of the Army and Navy and the prohibition of the beverage liquor-traffic. It was also pointed out that the Supreme Court had held in one of the war cases years ago that "in certain emergencies government must have at its command not only the personal services, the bodies and lives of its citizens, but the lesser though not the less essential power of absolute control over the resources of the country."

Senator Knox during the debate on one of the war measures said: "The war powers of the Constitution \* \* \* are dormant until the status of war is declared by Congress and then they may be exercised without limitation or qualification to the extent that safety demands."

The question has also been raised as to whether or not Congress could extend this power to cover the period of demobilization. If Congress has power to enact this law in order to support the Army and Navy, that power continues until that Army is back in civil life.

Congress cannot escape this responsibility to support the Army simply because a Peace Treaty has been signed. It must support that Army until it has been demobilized, and the same reasons that apply in the time of actual war hold good also during the period of demobilization.

" WETS " HAVE NO INHERENT RIGHTS

THERE are two fundamental principles of government which sustain all prohibition acts. The first is: The people have an inherent right to better their conditions in any suit of government, small or large, when they proceed in a legal and orderly manner. Second, the liquor traffic is recognized as an evil and no recognized evil has an inherent right to exist in a civilized government. The Supreme Court of the United States said, 137 U. S., 86: "The statistics of every state show a greater amount of crime and misery



attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these liquor shops than to any other source." The Court closed its decision with these words: "There is no inherent right in a citizen of a state or of the United States to sell intoxicating liquor."

The friends of prohibition patiently told the truth about the liquor traffic until an overwhelming majority of the voters were convinced of the merits of prohibition. They proceeded in a legal and orderly manner to adopt it as a policy of government. The liquor traffic, by court decree, has no inherent right to exist anywhere in the United States.

The 18th Amendment and the prohibition laws are based upon sound principles of government and the friends of prohibition believe that the statement of Justice Grier in deciding the license cases 5-How 632, more than 50 years ago, will prove true. In these cases the eminent and farseeing Justice of the Supreme Court prophesied that even if we should lose the revenue from the liquor traffic the government "would be the gainer a thousandfold in the health, wealth and happiness of her people."

# WHY COAL AND OIL CONSERVATION

By EDWARD G. ACHESON, Sc.D.

[VICE-PRESIDENT AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CHEMICAL ENGINEERS]

**D**URING the last days of the administration of President Roosevelt, the governors of the States were called together to consider the conservation of the country's natural resources. The resources were considered under four heads—Land, Forests, Minerals and Water—each of them being vital to the welfare of the country and taken together constituting the vitals of the nation. Each of these four great divisions may and are subdivided into many sub-classes, and in the final analysis it will be found the vitality of the nation may depend on one or more of these sub-classes.

I think it can be truthfully claimed no other country on earth is so bountifully supplied with the natural resources that go to make a nation great, as these United States of America. We are, in fact, the most favored of all people. It has been the development and exploitation of our natural resources that has put us in the front row of the nations of the earth. If our present prosperity is due to our natural resources, will not in like manner our future position amongst the nations depend upon the manner in which we use and conserve these resources?

At the time of the convention of governors called by President Roosevelt, it was considered that our great natural resources—Petroleum, Coal and Iron—at the rate at which they were being used would be exhausted in one-half, one and two centuries respectively. These were startling figures. A half century is within the span of a man's lifetime, while one and two centuries fall within the lives of three generations, and it is to be expected that long before total exhaustion of a resource its use will be much curtailed, or to keep up the sup-



ply, we as a nation will be compelled to become importers instead of exporters.

#### EXHAUSTING NATURE'S PRODUCTS

SINCE this convention of governors, I have had occasion to devote some study to the consumption and remaining stock of petroleum and coal, these being two of the subclasses under the natural resource minerals as contained in the governors' schedule, and I have found the following interesting and not always reassuring facts.

The first petroleum production in the United States occurred when I was a child of three years, and during the first year of business the total production amounted to 2,000 barrels. During the year 1917 the production of petroleum in the United States amounted to not less than 341,800,000 barrels, and this was not sufficient to supply the urgent demands. The oil industry saw catastrophe before it, and strenuous efforts were made to increase the supply by putting down more wells and exploring for new productive fields with the result that in 1918 the production was boosted up to 345,500,000 barrels, thus showing a net increase of 3,700,000 barrels over 1917, while at the same time the astounding fact developed that the consumption covering the domestic use and that exported was 55,000,000 barrels in excess of our production, the shortage being made up by importing oil from Mexico, and drawing from reserve stocks, and we are told the total amount of these reserve stocks in the United States does not now amount to more than three months' supply for the country. A rather gloomy writing is appearing on the walls of the petroleum industry.

When my father was a child of two years of age, there was a great and profound departure made in the matter of fuel with which to warm the people's homes. A hard stone-like substance had been found in Pennsylvania and it was discovered that it would burn and produce heat. The name anthracite coal was given to this new material, and there was mined during that year—1820—as much as 365 tons of these

black stones. During the year 1912 the amount of this material mined and consumed was no less than 91,524,000 tons. I have not at hand figures for the later years, but it is safe to say it has gone up by leaps and bounds. Turning to the world's old stand-by, bituminous coal, I find in the reports of the United States Geological Survey for the year 1895, that the amount mined during that year was 124,627,000 tons, while in the report of 1913 the amount of bituminous coal mined in the United States was 478,523,000 tons, and during the year 1917 the amount went over the 500,000,000 ton mark.

The United States Geological Survey recently issued a very voluminous report on our natural resources, and in this I find it stated that while the amount of coal remaining in the ground would last some hundreds of years, coal of good quality would be exhausted in fifty years, or a man's lifetime. Here again we may see the handwriting on the wall.

#### OUR VAST WATER POWERS

AND still I am not a pessimist; far be it from me. I admit that if we judge solely by appearances the prospects do not look very bright and rosy for our children. Owing to the great importance of petroleum and coal to an industrial people, the figures I have given would cause one to conclude it was only a matter of time until this great industrial, powerful nation which we are all so proud and grateful to be a citizen of, would pass into the group of has-beens. But wait a moment; that is not to be. Let us take stock of our other natural resources and see if we cannot find a means of keeping the wheels of industry running. Let us call upon the scientific attainments of the world to help us out.

In 1831 Michael Faraday, an Englishman, successor of Sir Humphry Davy, and one of the world's greatest investigators, discovered the law under which electricity could be created. Later on Pachinotti, a professor in the University of Pisa, Italy, invented a machine by which the law discovered by Faraday was put to active work. As the result of



further development of this machine of Professor Pachinotti we now have the dynamo, a machine by which electric currents of vast power may be and are created. To go into a little detail I might explain that the underlying principle of the dynamo is the rapid, continuous change in the relative positions of a lot of wires of copper and invisible magnetic lines of force. The existence of these lines of force was discovered by Faraday during his researches in 1831. This rapid whirling of the copper wires across the magnetic lines of force may be produced by a steam engine, water power or any other means of producing mechanical work.

We have now progressed to the point of having the means of producing great electric current by utilizing water power. Now what will these electric currents do in the way of helping us out on the coal question? It has been found by long-protracted, patient research that by properly using these currents in ways carefully devised it is possible to do everything we have been able to accomplish by burning up our coal and wood. Do you say that is a startling statement? Perhaps that is true, but nevertheless it is a fact. All we have to do is to develop our vast water powers, convert this power into electricity, use this electricity to produce our required light and heat, run the machinery of our factories, run our railroads and do all the thousand and one things we are now doing with steam power, produced by burning up our coal. There is no sound reason why we should lose our industrial prestige as the result of the exhaustion of our coal resources, or in any case these coal resources can and should be conserved and their life extended into the far distant centuries by the early development and utilization of our vast, inexhaustible water resources.

#### THE IMPORTANCE OF LUBRICATING OILS

**N**OW how about this petroleum exhaustion? From petroleum we obtain our gasoline, kerosene, fuel oils, lubricating oils, paraffine, waxes, petroleum coke and other products considered necessary to our present way of living, but in

this list of products there is, I think, only one that is, in fact, absolutely essential to our present life, and this is lubricating oil. We could substitute alcohol for gasoline, and this could be produced as an annual product from growing plants. We can use electric light supplemented, if necessary, with tallow dips for kerosene. As long as we have coal we can use it instead of fuel oil and so on through the list with the exception of lubricating oil, and that we must have to permit of the operation of our machinery, railroads, steamships, and so forth. We do not hear very much said about lubrication. Not long ago the country went through the experience of gasless Sundays, and the impression went abroad that gasoline was, perhaps, next to munitions, the most voluminous and valuable product we supplied to the Allies, but I find it stated in the July, 1918, issue of the house organ of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey that in 1917 the United States supplied to the Allies 300,000,000 gallons of gasoline, while during the same period they were supplied with 400,000,000 gallons of lubricating oil.

I am advised that approximately one-tenth of the petroleum produced in the United States distills off and refines into lubricating oil, and that being the case the 345,500,000 barrels of petroleum produced in 1918 would give the country 34,550,000 barrels of lubricating oil, a quantity in excess of any other liquid excepting water.

The importance of oil to the civilized world can best be grasped when we consider that the clothing we wear, all the articles on our person, the houses we live in and practically every article in the houses would not exist as we now have them were it not for lubrication.

Picture to yourself our great cities, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and others, with their radiating lines of railroads which might be likened to a spider's web, and with long trains of freight running on these radiating lines to these congested centers. What are these freight trains loaded with? With supplies for the populations of these great cities. Under each car there are not less than eight bearings which have to be continually lubricated, and their aggregate runs



into hundreds of thousands. Think for a moment what would occur to these great cities should the world run short of lubricating oil. Efficient lubrication is one of the controlling factors making possible the existence of our great cities.

The United States in the year 1917 produced 66 per cent of the petroleum of the world. This being the case, it must have produced more than 66 per cent of the lubricating oil, for much of the petroleum found in foreign countries is of a very heavy, thick character and is used more for fuel. Undoubtedly many other deposits of petroleum will be found in the world, but nevertheless our best advised authorities agree that so few as 16 years may see the practical exhaustion of the United States' petroleum, and, further, they do not look forward to any foreign country surpassing in productivity that of the United States.

These facts and prediction make a rather depressing picture but, as in the case of coal, we have every reason to cheer up, for once again scientific research comes to the rescue. There has recently been discovered a method of lubrication which permits of reducing the consumption of oil to less than one-half that being used under the old methods. It is quite within the bounds of reason to believe that when our petroleum lubricating oils are finally and for all time exhausted the world will still move along by the use of vegetable oil, such as cotton seed oil, which will be produced annually, this oil being used under the recently discovered method; or it is just possible chemistry will come to the rescue with a recipe for making petroleum lubricating oil from carbon and hydrogen, which will always be obtainable; or we may so perfect the methods of extracting oil from shale as to make it meet the requirements.

# WHAT IS A PROLETARIAN?

BY LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

“SMITHKINS,” I asked of a fellow commuter in the smoker, “what is a proletarian?”

“Eh? Proletarian?” Smithkins seemed startled. I nodded to assure him that he had heard me aright.

“Why, it’s a sort of little germ thing. Hang it all, old man, I can’t describe it. I’m not at all up in biology.”

“Biology!” snorted Atkins, in disgust.

Atkins was sitting opposite us. He’s quite a brainy chap, probably the brainiest in our community, reads the Congressional Record and all of that highbrow stuff.

“Biology!” repeated Atkins, in a sarcastic crescendo. “Biology has to do with life, from its lowest form. The proletarian is a class of humans—the lowest class.”

“I stand corrected,” abjectly responded Smithkins, slipping me a wink, “it was absurd of me to put life and humanity in the same class.”

Atkins sought, volubly, to explain, but we had reached our station and were piling out of the train. I was disappointed for I was really interested in learning more of the proletariat. I had been told scores of times that, not being a capitalist, that is, a man with heaps of money, and not being a worker—merely a writer—I was, therefore, in the middle class, or “Bourgeoisie.”

When I told my wife that we were “Bourgeoisie,” she seemed offended. “I know nothing of *your* antecedents,” she said, crisply, “but all *my* people were New Englanders.”

At our Men’s Club, which met in the church hall that night, I asked Beeborn about it. I felt that surely he must know all about every disquieting influence, since he, single-handed, had done more to disrupt our little church affairs than the Bolsheviks had done to disrupt Russia. In private



life he's in chicle or beeswax, or some such commodity in town, but he is so seldom in private life.

"Proletariat?" he repeated, and glanced uneasily about the room, scanning every face. "Really, I hope we are not getting any in our little club here."

"But why?"

He looked at me in scorn. He is quite set in his ways and I might say almost single minded. When we left it with him to arrange a lively debate on the question: "Resolved, That a League of Nations Should Be Effectuated," he went right ahead and secured a corking talker for the affirmative, but refused to allow anyone to speak in the negative, since he did not believe in that side of the question.

"Why?" I knew that he pitied me from the way he looked at me as he spoke. "Why *should* we?"

#### WHEN A CAPITALIST IS GOOD

NATURALLY I could not answer that, so drifted out to the smoking-room and talked about the high price of garden seed with a returned soldier who had won two decorations for killing several groups of boches but who couldn't, for the life of him, stop the deadly advance of his neighbors' hens in his new garden.

Going in on the train next morning Smithkins asked me why I was so interested in the proletariat. I am sure I cannot understand how he knew that I was interested, for I did not mention the subject more than a few times during our twenty-minute ride.

I am afraid that I used a rather superior air as I told him that I was always deeply interested in anything that I did not know about, or understand.

"I didn't know you had time for so many interests," he remarked. Possibly that was his idea of wit.

"I want to write an article about the proletariat," I explained.

"Cinch!" exclaimed Smithkins, "drop over at my office at one o'clock today. We'll go to lunch together. In the

square you will always find at least one orator telling the crowd all about such things."

That was how it happened that I was foremost amongst a rather unselected crowd gathered about an orator in the square. From his appearance I thought he was a Bolshevik, but he told us that he was not. "I belong to the New Era," he announced. This was disquieting. From his appearance I could see that when his New Era had finally spread all over the country there would be no more soap-boxes for orators to stand on, no barbers, no clean haberdashery.

"The bourgeoisie are as bad as the capitalists," he shouted.

"But not as good on a thirty-day note," shouted someone in the crowd.

"My friend is right, the only difference between the bourgeoisie and the capitalists is a little matter of vulgar wealth. If the bourgeoisie could get hold of plenty of money they, too, would become capitalists!"

To me this seemed sound logic. In a moment I was sure that I was of the bourgeoisie. Before that I was rather uncertain about it, but the orator had sounded a great truth, one that I unblushingly confess to be true so far as I am concerned. I certainly would have been a capitalist long ago but for that one trifling detail—lack of capital.

#### THE CARELESS PROLETARIAN

"**P**ITY the poor proletariat!" The long-haired, untanned, unwashed disciple of the New Era howled this warning and hurled it into our faces. "Pity them," he repeated. "I am speaking directly to you—every one of you, for you are all of the proletariat, here before me. The New Era is dawning when we shall have our rights, we shall rule the world, we shall no longer be mangled beneath the solid rubber tires of this country's capitalistic juggernaut."

The New Eraist thrilled me. I did not covet his clothes nor his face nor his porcine figure, but his vocabulary was a wonder. I listened to him until a street fakir a few yards away attracted the entire crowd by demonstrating a combi-



nation safety-razor, potato-peeler, can-opener, cigarette-roller and coupon-clipper. Seeing his beloved proletariat desert him to gaze upon an accursed coupon-clipper, the New Era orator stepped down from his soap-box, kicked it in the gutter and strode angrily away, as far as the corner, where he slipped into the back room of Max's place, eased himself into a chair and gave a stentorian command to the man in the white coat.

Smithkins had been with me all this time. He looked blankly at me, more blankly, if possible, than ordinary.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I thought these soap-box ginks would explain all about the proletariat to you. As near as I could make out from what he said, a proletarian is a careless boob who is always getting run over by one of them big trucks."

"Where did you get such an idea as that?" I demanded.

"Why didn't you listen?" peevishly demanded Smithkins, "that greasy, long-haired freak explained clearly about these careless chaps who are crushed under the big solid rubber tires of some big truck—some long name, I didn't catch it. Perhaps he was advertising that make of truck——"

Smithkins didn't like the way I laughed. He said as much. I told him that it was the only way I knew how to laugh, but that did not seem to satisfy him. That was some time ago. Since then I have listened to other speakers and have learned that the proletarians are "sleeping giants"—he was probably rooting for the Cubs—"dumb cattle," "hapless slaves," "downtrodden humans" and ever so many other things. It is difficult to remember them all. But somehow I could not learn, from any of this, sufficient data to enable me to spot one of the proletariat in a crowd. To be quite open-minded about it, I could not distinguish capitalist from bourgeoisie or bourgeoisie from proletarian.

#### FOUND ONLY IN THE DICTIONARY

ONE day, while hurrying to the ferry with my neighbor, Smithkins, I grasped him by the arm. "There, look!

No, not there, that man who is just fishing a newspaper from the waste-paper can. See him?"

"Sure," said Smithkins, "what of it?"

"What of it?" I cried, excitedly, "why, that man is one of the proletariat. I am sure of it."

"That man is John G. MacOodles, worth about two hundred millions, I know him well," declared Smithkins, "he is a Capitalist, with a capital C."

"What ails you, anyway?" demanded Smithkins. "Spring fever or something? You're not yourself. Always mooning around looking for samples of the proletariat. Say——" he paused and glared at me accusingly, "Say, you aren't planning on writing an article about proletarians, are you?"

Brazenly I confessed that I had hoped to write such an article if I could ever find out enough about them to pound out a few thousand words. "But how the Dickens can I write it unless I know just what the proletariat is? I must meet some of them, learn their habits and haunts, their joys and sorrows, their obstacles and ambitions."

"Humph," growled Smithkins, "I know the style of article you mean, what they eat for breakfast and their favorite tooth-wash and favorite author and where they buy their lingerie——"

"Wha-a-a-t!" I yelled.

"I mean, their haberdashery," corrected Smithkins, flushing. "Excuse me, but I sat in a department store two hours and a half the other day while my wife spent what she calls 'ten minutes,' making a little purchase of about \$40 worth of this and that which she had rolled up and tucked in her shopping bag."

"But what's that to do with my article or the proletariat?"

"You poor simp!"—Smithkins was always a plain-spoken man—"You poor simp!" he said, "why don't you look up the word in the dictionary?"

Really it was a good idea. I did. I found that the proletariat is the lowest class—people who work and, to



quote literally from my dictionary, "people without capital."

"That settles it," I yelled. My wife looked up, greatly worried over my mental condition. She said that she thought, from my remark, that I had paid another bill. I explained that I had discovered something, namely, and to wit, that I was of the proletariat!

She advised a Turkish bath.

#### WHERE THE DEFINITION SAGS

**B**UT the subject was becoming interesting, as well as annoying. Setting out to gather sufficient data on the subject was an easy matter. Actually gathering that data was about as difficult as trying to convince a Bolshevik that cleanliness is next to Godliness. I think that I learned considerable about the proletariat at one of our club socials. "Ladies' night" it was, in fact, but we members are gallant if nothing else and pretend that we consider it a social gathering. Out in the smoking-room the subject came up quite unexpectedly. Friend Smithkins started it. When I entered he shouted, "Say, have you traced the pesky proletariat to his lair?"

Leighton, who is slightly deaf, protested mildly.

"I don't know as I would call every proletarian a liar," he said. They explained to him that I was looking for information on the subject.

Smithkins did the explaining. He has a voice like thunder through a megaphone and he raised it to the Nth power as he shouted to old Mr. Leighton.

"He's trying to find the real definition of the proletariat," yelled Smithkins.

"Oh," said Mr. Leighton, smiling knowingly at me, "just call 'em the great unwashed."

"Not on your life," declared Beeborn, "all our society ladies and professional beauties use only cold cream on their faces, yet you couldn't call them unwashed, could you?"

It is remarkable what silly things will start an argument. Atkins insisted that the proletariat was the lowest class, the daily workers, who had no money. "You know the kind,"

he said, "factory workers, farm hands, chauffeurs, and, in a word, everyone who works for wages, rather than they who have their own business and depend upon its success for their income."

"Is that *so*?" demanded Doc. Mitchell, "well, I needed \$600 the other day to pay an emergency bill, where do you suppose I got it?"

"Dug up an appendicitis case?" asked Smithkins, who thinks he is funny.

Doc. Mitchell glared at him, then turned to Atkins. "And so, people who work for wages are of the proletariat, eh? They have no money, eh? Like factory hands and chauffeurs, eh? Well sir, I went to my chauffeur and borrowed the money. He took the six hundred off a roll and scarcely made a dent in it. Man, I suppose I'm of the bourgeoisie because I do not work for a salary, while my chauffeur is of the proletariat because he works for a salary or wages or a fixed stipend, as you will. But your definition sags in the middle right there, and breaks apart, for you say the proletariat not only does daily work for wages but the members of that class have no money? Man, I pay my chauffeur \$35 a week. I had been practicing medicine five years before my income was much better than that."

#### THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR'S GUESS

"**Y**OU do not understand——" began Atkins.

"You bet I don't," bellowed Doctor Mitchell, "I don't understand why my wife has to pay \$12 a week for a female Bolshevik who doesn't half do the housework in our family of two, but who demands three days off a week and wears better clothes, more stylish clothes and has five times as many clothes as she. And if this maid of ours is a proletarian, then I'm the missing link."

There was a lot more talk along those lines. Then I got a really valuable bit of advice.

"What sort of an article are you going to write?" asked Beeborn.



"I am going to write an article entitled: 'The Proletariat Defined,'" I told him.

"Go to some college professor, preferably one who has socialistic leanings," was Beeborn's advice. I did so. The college professor was genial. He first told me the regulation dictionary definition—"One of the poorest and lowest classes in a community or State; one without property; wage-earning class without capital."

"I," he said, "am a proletarian. The janitor of our apartment is a proletarian. The railroad engineer who brings our students here is a proletarian. My people were proletarians——"

I was looking into his mammoth dictionary at the time.

"Still another definition," I murmured, "is 'Vulgar people.'"

"What?" He looked at the definition. "All rot!" was his comment.

"And among the Romans the proletarians were considered to be those who could serve their country only by having children——"

"What I mean," broke in the Professor, "is that the proletariat is a class of honest people, hard-working, getting small wages, barely keeping the wolf from the door—just paying bills, owning no property. Let me repeat—the factory man, machinist, loom worker, chauffeur, housemaid, electrician, lineman, clerk—all, all such people are of the proletariat. They are hard workers—yet do not live in luxury, do not know the comforts of owning their own homes."

#### NOT THE GARBAGE MAN

I THANKED the Professor and went my way, stopping long enough to have a chat with his janitor who told me that he owned a two-tenement house not far away and had two boys in college. Back in my own community, I learned the salary of this professor—\$2,400 a year. I know of several chauffeurs who get \$2,000 a year beside tips. There isn't an engineer on the railroad where I commute (I

get this direct from headquarters) but that gets more money than the college professor, not one but that either owns his own home or has sufficient capital to buy one. Even the colored man who serves a dozen or more people as gardener in my community, owns an automobile.

"Paoili," I said to the man who daily removes our household garbage for the sum of one dollar per month, "Paoili, are you a proletarian?"

He smiled a sickly smile, shrugged his shoulders and said, "You mek fun."

"How much do you pay for rent?" was my next question.

Paoili was proud now, he straightened up and grinned. "Rent? Ah no, no rent for me. I own t'ree house, live een one. Jus' now I build 'nother house."

I handed Paoili a cigar and went into the house that I rent, up to the den, and slipped a sheet of paper into my typewriter. With a great deal of assurance I wrote:

"THE PROLETARIAN DEFINED"

and then I leaned back to grab off a thought for my opening paragraph. Then I leaned forward, then I leaned back, then I got up and paced and sat down and thought and got up and looked in the dictionary and lighted my pipe and sat down again and looked at the nice title I had written all in capital letters, then I leaned back and tried to think.

Finally I yanked that sheet of paper from my typewriter, inserted another, and wrote, with absolute confidence this time:

"WHAT IS A PROLETARIAN?"



# THE STORY OF AN ACTRESS—MYSELF

Revealing Her Struggles from Obscurity to Stardom

By FAY BAINTER

**T**HE only excuse for a soliloquy on the stage is because the author of the play can find no other way of revealing the plot. As this story of the stage is to be, in a sense, a plot of myself, it must be told as a soliloquy—in the first person.

The starting point in most autobiographies is, of course, the awakening of ambition, generally an ambition nourished in secret. I, too, have been fired with the flame of ambition, it has carried me over high places, lifted me up when I had fallen to such depths that I was famished—longing for warm food, and actually subsisting for a week on five cents' worth of onions and a couple of loaves of brown bread. But long before this ambition was awake, I was concerned with the practical need of earning a living.

Every artist, no matter what branch of the arts chosen for a career, can moralize over the pitfalls that yawn so menacingly along the road to success. One might talk of harmony, of progress—or even of moral dangers. I would rather refrain from such topics. They have been mentioned before, and—they have really little bearing on my individual case.

I was five years old, more interested in dolls than moral dangers of a career, when I first ran out on the stage. It happened at a children's amateur performance given in my home in California. The child who was to have carried off the honors was several years older than I. She seemed huge to me, in her mature twelve years of height and wisdom. At the crucial moment, when she was about to take her place at the head of the adventure in a theatrical career, she began to cry, and refused to go on. Somehow or other, I found myself

taking her place, I danced, I sang, I lisped my way successfully out of an obscure infancy into a career. On that day the die was cast. I was to be an actress.

#### THE CHILD ACTRESS

**I**T was immediately after this that I made my first professional appearance. Word came that a child was needed to play in the support of Nance O'Neil, who was starting a season of stock at one of the Los Angeles theatres—I was offered for the part, and accepted. My first appearance was in "The Jewess," and my success was sufficiently marked for me to be retained with the stock company for the next nine years.

Nine years of children's parts! It would seem enough to drive any youngster from the theatre for life, yet at fourteen I was filled with ambitions—and already dreaming of Broadway success. Then, too, there was that ever-present demon—food. I had to eat, and the stage was the place where I had learned to make money.

They were really wonderful, those years that I played child parts with the Morosco Stock Company in California. During my stay there I was spoiled, hopelessly spoiled.

Of course, I was only a child, but there must have been a sort of tacit understanding in the theatre that I was to be protected. I recall one occasion which confirms this. A young actor had indulged in an outburst of temperament during rehearsals, and swore strongly while in my presence. A huge, rough, but hearty Westerner who was employed as a stage carpenter in the theatre lifted the young man from his feet, and carried him out by the stage-door, dropping him on the lot outside. No girl ever had a more guarded career in the theatre than I did during those first years of my life as a child actress.

#### THE GROWING YEARS

**I**N spite of all, however, I did not entirely appreciate how kind and how careful those dear people were of my maturing character. Visiting stars from New York were



constantly appearing in California, and I would listen with envious eagerness to the stories of success in New York. New York loomed in my imagination as the City of Paradise, the place where riches, fame, admiration and artistic triumph were waiting for me. How many hundreds of young girls have had the same dream, and how many have awakened to the gloom of disappointment.

It was the dream of success in my heart that I welcomed the fact that, small as I was, I could no longer play children's parts—and so departed from my long engagement in Los Angeles. I knew enough of the theatre to realize that I was not ready for New York, and so, on the strength of my Los Angeles success, I obtained a place in other stock companies in Seattle and Portland, where I played small rôles. For nearly three years my study went on. Of course, I did not play leading rôles, but I had many good parts, and pictured myself a popular ingenue—much sought after by managers who needed young ladies to fill charming dressy rôles in their productions.

#### AMBITION—PLUS \$300

**F**INALLY, when I was scarcely seventeen, I started out. I arrived in New York with a large capital of \$300, and a very scared, but determined, attitude. I realized that \$300 would not last very long if I went to one of the big hotels, so I found myself in one of those uncomfortable institutions, where economy tortured one's daily life. I traveled from one manager's office to another, being entirely ignored, and properly so. When a girl is living under conditions that require her to wash her own stockings, to spread her wet handkerchiefs over the mirror to dry, she looks like it when she gets out. It was quite natural that the managers should realize that I was doing these disgraceful things, that no expensive actress would ever think of doing. My \$300 disappeared. I found myself studying the signs outside the drug stores to discover a hot drink for a nickel. Bouillons were all ten cents, so were hot chocolates. Finally, one day

I discovered that you could buy a mug of hot Jamaica ginger for five cents. Then, too, I discovered that onions were wonderfully nourishing, if eaten with a loaf of brown bread. It looked as though I was a perfect failure in New York.

AN ENGAGEMENT—AND REHEARSALS

THEN came a day when I heard that Mr. John Cort, for whom I had worked in Seattle and Portland, was in New York producing a musical play. I went to him, and, at a moment when I felt life was a miserable existence, he cast me for a small part in a new musical production, "The Rose of Panama." It was then that I discovered that there was another form of torture in the theatre that I had heard about, but never encountered; a sort of human dragon called a stage director.

I admit that I was not attractive. I was seventeen, which means that I was a child, only on the borderland of womanhood. I was scrawny, scraggy, wild-eyed, with a terribly scared expression, and the stage director made it a point to heap personal insults upon my appearance in the presence of the entire company. He had some girl whom he wished to take my place, and he assumed the method, I hope, rarely used in the theatre, to crush my spirit, to bully me off the stage. He didn't know that I was almost destitute, he didn't know that I very often came to rehearsal under the stimulating influence of a dill pickle for breakfast, he didn't know that I was going to hang on, no matter what he said. The brutality of that experience embittered me, it was a cruelty that makes martyrdom. It is a dreadful thing to crush the spirit of a child, to put the lid on the aspiring soul of a young girl. He would pace up and down the stage in the presence of the company at rehearsals, and, in a loud voice, heap personal abuse upon me. I have not yet ceased to wait for the hour of my revenge when I can repay this man's cowardice, in my own way.



Finally, a day or two before the play opened, I went to see Mr. Cort, whom I knew had persistently refused to dismiss me. He said to me, "The stage director doesn't like your work, he is not satisfied with it. However, I am going to let you open, and your first performance will decide whether I keep you in the part or not."

I went to the theatre on the opening night with exactly twenty cents, and a very light supper. I was put in a small dressing-room with an understudy, who was distinctly unpleasant in personality, and somewhat unclean. I dressed, enduring many slurs and interferences from my dressing-room mate. By the time I got on the stage, I was in a towering rage. I felt like Jess Willard, and I was as brave as he is. I went through that performance in a fearful temper, and I won. It was not a great triumph, but I was not fired, and I had made an appearance in New York.

#### THE FIRST SUCCESS

**I**T did me little good, so far as New York was concerned, to be a member of "The Rose of Panama" company. The play lasted three weeks—but did have a good run in Chicago. That summer I had a chance to play the leading woman's part in a stock company in Toledo. I was only eighteen, but my years of work were beginning to show results. I could memorize a long part quickly, I knew the gestures that displayed various emotions, and was able, to a degree, to change my voice with each characterization. All these are stock company tricks. As the season progressed, I discovered that I was far from well, that there was a constant pain in my side. My belief was that I had strained myself while dancing in "The Rose of Panama," for I just danced wildly, knowing nothing of the acrobatics of dancing. So I wrote to Mr. Cort, who had placed me under a three-year contract, and asked him to release me from my part in "The Rose of Panama," and give me a part in a dramatic production. Before his answer came I had been rushed to the hospital—with appendicitis. Mr. Cort's letter was one

of the first I read when I was convalescent—he said that he thought it would be better for us to cancel the contract—and I agreed. After all, while it was the beginning, it was not a great contract. As I remember it, I was to be receiving a hundred dollars a week at the end of the third year.

#### MRS. FISKE'S ADVICE

THEN came a rather weary round of playing in stock companies, broken only by a brief season with Mrs. Fiske in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." Dear Mrs. Fiske! I was only a child-woman, and a humble member of her company, but she must have seen the fires of ambition within me. She was very nice to me—and she might have snubbed me. She advised me to leave her company, where I was playing a small rôle, and go back to stock where I could play better rôles and really study. She told me how to play the bigger parts, how to get the best out of each part. Before this my work had been mechanical. I was always tired, and used to learn my lines and play the best I could. Mrs. Fiske told me that the way to learn to be a good actress was to pretend that every performance I played was my opening night on Broadway.

I shall never forget her laugh when I told her that one couldn't do good work in a stock company when one had poor clothes and no properties to work with. Her answer was for me to use my imagination—to believe that I had everything necessary to work with, and to play in the same key.

#### BACK TO THE STOCK COMPANIES

SO I went back to stock, to play in Albany, Toledo, and Des Moines. I had tried time after time to get a footing in New York City—and suddenly I realized that I could never do it while I was poor. As my train sped westward I made up my mind that I would never appear in New York City hunting an engagement until I could afford to stay at a good



hotel, wear good clothes, and have good food—until I could be prosperous. I was through with trying for \$50 a week parts with big people. I was going to learn my craft and demand five times that salary and a leading rôle.

Finally I received an offer to play in a splendid stock company in Des Moines. The salary was large for stock, \$250 a week, though, of course, it was largely diminished by the wardrobe necessary—a new set of dresses every week. For eighty weeks I played leading rôles, eleven performances a week, with every sixth week an elaborate musical production. It was hard, grilling work, and I made it harder, for I studied every part with an eye for individuality of characterization. I kept before me Mrs. Fiske's admonition to use my imagination. It had never been hard for me to study the lines of a rôle—my memory has been quickened to the point when a couple of readings of a part was all I needed. The rest of the time I worked on characterization, accent—to learn new gestures each week.

Then came the day when my bank balance told me that once again I might venture into New York. I went to the most fashionable shops in the city and purchased a wardrobe. I bought new luggage, and wired ahead to a good hotel to reserve me a suite. Then I announced that I was leaving the company, and the New York theatrical agents read the fact in the theatrical trade journals.

#### A NEW YORK SUCCESS

WHEN I arrived in New York I was groomed as a princess of the theatre—strengthened by the poise that a well filled pocketbook can bring. When I went to register the hotel clerk looked at me for a second, and then made a very visible effort to please me. As I signed my name he told me that there had been several telephone calls for me, and mentioned the names of several managers who wished me to call at their offices at my earliest convenience. It was as a page from a story-book. I had not taken off my hat—yet they knew I was in New York, at what hotel I was staying. They wanted me.

The second day I signed a contract. That fall I appeared in a new war-play, "Arms and the Girl." The morning papers said I was a success.

How did it happen? Well, I had never forgotten to use my imagination. I had played every performance as though it were my first night in New York. During eighty weeks many famous players had appeared in Des Moines. The theatre where they played was across the street from the place where I ground out my eleven performances a week. They stopped in to see me—and they went back to New York saying that I was good. I was only the leading woman in a stock company, yet in those eighty weeks my reputation was carried into New York City—and the theatrical men of the city were ready to receive me when I arrived.

One of the strange points of my spreading reputation was the fact that while a great many players and managers saw my work in Des Moines and commended me for what I was doing, I never received any encouragement from them—none of them ever came back stage and told me that I was doing good work. Of course, I am glad now that they didn't. I might have been satisfied with myself, and that would have been foolish and harmful. Still, it is unusual that my work should have been noticed, while I received no personal praise.

#### THE FUTURE OF MYSELF

WHAT is the future of myself? I cannot say. Certainly, the past two years have been most kind. I have created four rôles in New York City, the market place of the drama, and been credited with success in all of them. In one of them I was a musical-comedy duchess—dancing and singing, which allowed me to be versatile.

A great many of my critics, people who know, tell me that my Chinese girl in "East is West" is absolutely true to type, and I am invariably asked the question, "Where did you study the character? In China?" I don't think I ever studied any person for character, at least not consciously so. It may be owing to the fact that most of my life was spent



in California where there are so many Orientals, that I know the character so well. After all, I suppose that one does notice gestures, intonations of speech, and the finer points of picturization, when one has nothing but Chinese or Japanese servants,—and one finds the Oriental patiently working at every trade. I have never been to China, and just at this minute I have no desire to stray such a distance from Broadway. It took me so long to arrive on that street that I hardly dare to venture away. Yes, I have been most successful with the Oriental character, and I suppose that I shall be more or less associated with Oriental characterizations in the seasons to come. That is the fate of an actress who is able to bring a note of perfection to any type of rôle.

However, it will not be my choice if I cannot play other rôles,—many rôles of widely different appeal. You see, I still have my ambitions. I want to be dramatic. One of my dreams is that I shall play in a great drama in which I will portray a woman of the slums, a creation of primitive emotions. I am aware of the fact that I would probably be told by critics to go back to *Ming Toy*, but at least I am still ambitious.

It is twenty years since the days when I joined Nance O'Neil, to play the part of the child in "The Jewess"—twenty long electric years of emotional growing. And in spite of all that I passed through I have never ceased to enjoy the career of an actress. It is a life spent in the magnificent adventures of imagination, in the continuous flight of mind and heart, upward, onward, to higher hopes of imaginative experience. There are many places in the course of the career of an actress when she is at the crossroads of her artistic fate. These are the only places of temptation, desirable temptation, because they inspire one to choose the opportunity, to test the true artistic nature of one's career. Doing my work with the stock company I discovered that the only solid foothold on the stage is to do the work because it makes you happier, because it feeds the hungry needs of one's imagination. In a way I learned this truth earlier than some actresses do. I found myself in the most difficult tests of artistic work. I

grew by spreading my wings till they were wide open, by flying above the commercial vanities of the theatre.

Sometimes you hear it said that the life of an actress is very hard, very exhausting, very tiresome. I found it to be the happiest life in the world. There is work attached to any career, even to being a wife and mother. Theatres are often cold, dismal places, rehearsals are tiresome, the shaping of the new play is monotonous. These things can be overcome. I study my lines, my character, and make up my mind to be patient at rehearsal, also prompt. Once the play is running smoothly, should the everyday world become tiresome, one can forget it, shut it out in the adventures of the play. The happiest hours I have had have been in my dressing-room at the theatre. Even in the days when my room was uncomfortably shabby, it was the place where I left the world behind, where I entered the magnificent future of my career. Even the paints and powders are friendly aides to the beautiful world of make-believe where I belong. I can put a wig on, and, in the new identity, live the fresh adventure of imagination with renewed joy.

Briefly, this is the plot of myself. I am happy when I realize that I am young, gloriously young, and that the best of my career lies before me, that I can still soar on the wings of imagination, that nothing of the past is dimming the future of my own self—Fay Bainter.

## THE RAINBOW-TRAIL

By J. CORSON MILLER

**T**HE moon hangs low on a jewelled chain,  
The stars sing over the sea;  
The Ocean's breath bears a hint of rain,  
What's that to you and to me!  
For us the soul's quick, sudden leap  
Across the gulfs where others creep:  
All skies are fair,  
When Love is there,  
And Life is a Rainbow-Trail.



# OUR LABOR PROBLEMS

## Inflated War-Time Conditions and Reasons for Conciliation Now

By Hon. WILLIAM B. WILSON

[SECRETARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR]

**I**N all of our previous wars, from the time of Joshua overcoming the enemies of Israel, until Sherman made his great march to the sea, it was frequently possible for great armies to maintain themselves in the countries through which they were operating, receiving but a comparatively small portion of their supplies from home. In modern warfare that is impossible, for it is estimated to require from six to ten workers in the rear to maintain one soldier in the trenches. Hence the importance of maintaining the morale of the workers at home.

In the present war there was not a time when any of our great munitions factories were seriously crippled because of any shortage of workers. And yet, the attitude of mind of many of the wage-workers of the country was similar to the attitude of mind of others in our population. They were a peace-loving people, as we all were. They were anxious to avoid war. That spirit permeated the whole body of wage-workers of our country, organized and unorganized.

The sentiment prevailed amongst the workers that this was a capitalistic war, that all were capitalistic and that this was one of them. Our duty therefore was to point out that whatever of deficiency there might be in our institutions, we had the most perfect democracy that had ever been established; that while workingmen, some of them, might not have achieved the ideals that they believed ought to be placed in existence, their failure, if failure had occurred, was due to the fact that they were unable to secure the co-operation and consent of a majority of their fellow-workers to put those ideals into effect; and that consequently our struggle was for the

maintenance of democracy. Whatever the origin of the struggle in Europe, whether it had been originated because of the desire of Capital to either extend or defend its influence, or had grown out of the personal ambition of autocrats, that with us the attempt of the autocrat to define what we should do and how we should do it, even to the extent of saying to us that we could send one vessel a week to England on a given day, by a given route, if it was painted in a given way, was the exercise of an autocratic authority that no one but subjects could submit to. Many of our people have come from other countries; many of them are natives of this country. Those who came from other countries came here because they no longer wanted to be subjects; they wanted to be citizens. Those who were born here were born as citizens and not as subjects. And we declared to the working people of this country that it was our concept of their understanding of the situation that they would sacrifice the last drop of their blood, if necessary, in order to remain citizens of a republic and to avoid being subjects of any country.

#### THE PERNICIOUS I. W. W. PROPAGANDA

AND out through the Middle West, and at some places in the East, a very radical organization found a foothold, preaching a rather unique kind of philosophy, so far as our people were concerned; yet a philosophy that was gaining ground among the wage-workers in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast, and in some portions of the East. The Industrial Workers of the World, closely allied to the Bolsheviks of Germany, were teaching the doctrine to our people that every man is entitled to the full social value of what his labor produces. Now, to my mind, that is a truism. It is Marxian in its origin, so far as the language is concerned, socialist in its origin, so far as the method of statement is concerned; but the principle itself is one that anyone can subscribe to, whether he is an individualist or a socialist. The great difficulty, however, has been that human intelligence has not yet devised a method by which it can determine what



the social value is of anyone's labor. And because we are unable to determine what this value is it is folly to undertake to base the returns that each will receive upon that which we do not know how to compute. We met the problem in that way.

But the I. W. W. went farther with their propaganda. They said that the value of property rested solely upon its ability to earn profits, which is a rather sound economic statement. They said, if you destroy the profit arising from property the property will become valueless, and when it becomes valueless to the owner then the workers can take it over and operate it collectively themselves, and so be able to secure the full social value of what their labor produces, although how they would secure the full social value of what their labor produces with no method of computing that value was beyond our comprehension. They therefore took the ground that the manner of destroying the value of property was to reduce the production as far as they could reduce it and still retain their positions. And even farther than that they would go: they would destroy the property, destroy the machines, put sand upon the bearings, drive copper nails into fruit trees, and follow any other method that would destroy the productive value of property, thereby assuming that, with property values destroyed, they could take over what remained themselves. To combat that phase of it, we referred to the historical fact that prior to the introduction of modern labor-saving devices, when nearly everything was produced by hand, when the production per individual was less by far than anything that would result from any system of sabotage they might introduce, there were still profits for the employers, there were still returns for the property, and that if these people succeeded in carrying their theories into effect—namely, reducing the amount of production—instead of destroying the values of the property, the real result would be a reduction in the standards of living of the wage-workers themselves. And we combated this philosophy by that kind of a statement.

## COMBATING BOLSHEVIKIAN PHILOSOPHY

WE took the ground further that Labor and Capital had a mutual interest in securing the largest possible production with a given amount of labor, having due regard to the health, safety and opportunities for recreation and improvement of the workers themselves. The standard of living of the American wage-worker is higher than that of any other wage-worker anywhere, because the American wage-worker produces more. In industrial development, in industrial activity, if there is nothing produced there is nothing to divide. If there is a large amount produced, there is a large amount to divide. So the interests of Labor and Capital are mutual in securing that large amount of production, and their interests only diverge when it comes to a division. When it comes to a division of that which has been jointly produced, then we contended that fair play to all parties concerned, and the sensible thing for all parties to do, was to sit down around the council table and endeavor to work out the division on as nearly a just basis as the circumstances surrounding the industry would permit.

And by processes of that kind, rather than by the use of force, we offset the propaganda of the Bolsheviks. But there also devolved upon us the question of furnishing labor for the war industries; finding where it was unemployed or partly employed, and transporting it to the places where it was needed; and in that field there was tremendous competition. Every corporation that had a contract with the Government felt that there actually rested upon its shoulders the responsibility of delivering the product on time, irrespective of whether any other corporation was able to do likewise. Every government production division or department felt a like responsibility, and consequently there was a continual bidding against each other, one department of the Government bidding against another department of the Government; one corporation bidding against another corporation; and a continual see-saw going on, not only for skilled labor, but for common labor. It was nothing unusual for a while to find a



carload of workers *en route* from Pittsburgh to Detroit, and to find another trainload of workmen *en route* from Detroit to Pittsburgh to take work in the factories at Pittsburgh. Now, anyone can readily understand that a policy of that kind must lose in efficiency; the movement of men from one job to another is always a cause of inefficiency. We undertook to meet that situation by endeavoring to place in the hands of our Employment Service of the Department of Labor the sole duty of supplying the labor to the factories and munition plants of the United States and to the building operations as well. That policy was but partly in operation when the armistice took place; but at that time, for some two or three months, we had complete control of the common-labor service and were supplying it to the various establishments needing common labor throughout the country.

#### ADJUSTING DISPUTES AND STABILIZING WAGES

WE also, from time to time, had to deal with the problem of adjusting labor disputes in the various localities. There was a continual movement of the cost of living upward; the workers insisted that, hence, the purchasing power of the wage rate, which remained the same, had been reduced; which was economically sound. With the wage rate remaining stationary, and the cost of living going up, it followed that the real wage of the worker had been reduced. And so they were insistent that the wage rate should keep pace with the increase. We were thus placed in the most peculiar position of having the cost of living go up, and then the wage rates go up to meet that cost of living, and then the cost of living go up because the wage rates had gone up, and then the wage rates going up because the cost of living went up; and we kept continually traveling in a spiral upward, without anybody securing any benefit. And one of the problems that finally devolved upon us, after a great deal of experimenting elsewhere, was to endeavor to stabilize the wage rates throughout the United States; and a considerable success had attended our efforts at the time the armistice was signed.

These were some of our major problems during the period of the war, and we are now confronted with the great problem of reconstruction. We are going through the same kind of atmosphere that we went through at the time we entered into the war. There was a feeling then that we should not be able to organize an army fast enough to be of any assistance, that we could not train an army quickly enough, that we could not transport it to Europe because there was no shipping, and that we could not equip the army, even if we were able to train them and transport them. And yet, when the supreme crisis came, when the Hun had broken through the western front, and nothing remained between him and Paris but thirty miles of space, it was these same boys, whom some of our people said that we could not train, transport, or equip, who stepped into the breach at Chateau Thierry, stemmed the tide of the oncoming Huns, and hurled them back. The same spirit that dominated Americans at that time concerning the conduct of the war will thrill them during the period of reconstruction.

#### OUR MOST IMPORTANT RECONSTRUCTION PROBLEM

WE get the term "reconstruction" from Great Britain. Two or three years ago the British Government, foreseeing some of the problems that were confronting it, undertook to develop reconstruction plans. They found, however, that it would be impossible for them to complete their plans until the close of the war because some of the elements of the problem were dependent upon the issues of the war, and Great Britain's concept of reconstruction and the problems with which she must deal in reconstruction were very different from our own. With Great Britain there was included in her problem of reconstruction the question of a supply of raw materials for her factories and her shops, and a restoration of her foreign markets for her finished products. With us the raw-material phase may be almost entirely eliminated. There were some raw materials for which we were dependent upon other countries prior to our entrance into the war; but we have since developed methods and plans by which we can now



produce most of these raw materials for ourselves. And so the raw-material phase of reconstruction is an unimportant one for us.

The extension of foreign trade is more important, and yet we had already taken about all the steps that could be taken, even before our entrance into the war, to take care of its development. The first thing essential in developing foreign trade is to know where it is to be had, and consequently our Government established agencies by which our business men might be kept advised of where opportunities for foreign trade were to be had. We did more than that. We had realized that the location of foreign trade was not in itself sufficient; that there must be credits established, credits not simply suitable to ourselves, but also suitable to the country with which we desired to deal. Germany had built up a tremendous South American trade, had built it up principally because she had established a system of credits suitable to South American countries; and it was necessary, if we were to participate in foreign business, that we also should do likewise. And so, in our Federal Reserve Act, we provided that our banking institutions might establish branch banks abroad as a means of financing foreign operations and furnishing the necessary credit, and then one other very important step was necessary, to find a means of transportation. Our shipbuilding operations have now reached such a magnitude that we are building even more merchant vessels than Great Britain. By carrying on our shipbuilding program we are in a position to furnish the transportation necessary for taking care of our foreign trade. Thus the important features have been taken care of in connection with the reconstruction work of our foreign commerce.

#### DEMOBILIZING OUR INDUSTRIAL WAR WORKERS

**T**HEREFORE there remains for us the acute problem of demobilizing our army, navy and industrial war-workers and re-establishing ourselves on a normal, post-war basis. Now, that might be a very easy thing if every man en-

gaged in business in the United States were filled with the idea that the thing for him to do is to get going, get his establishment on at least as large and effective a basis as it was prior to the war. There are many business men who feel that it is not wise to do that, that the war-cost of labor is out of the question, and that the thing for business to do is to wait until the price of material goes down and the price of labor goes down also; that it would be an unwise thing to buy material at the price at which it is obtainable today, and tomorrow every competitor would be able to buy it at 20 or 25 per cent less, having thereby a decided competitive advantage; and the reasoning seems fairly sound. But it is only a phase of the situation confronting us. My vision of the situation is that there will not be more than four to six months at the most of interim between the signing of the armistice and our getting into the regular, post-war swing; and the reasons which have brought me to that conclusion are several.

In nearly all lines of industry in commerce there has been a depletion of the stocks, except those that are closely related to the supplies for military purposes. The shelves are emptied and they have to be filled to their normal business weight. Then again, the supply of labor is not as ample as many are prone to think. Before the European War came, we were admitting to the United States approximately 1,200,000 aliens who were used for the development of our industrial enterprises. Some 400,000 of those returned, leaving us a net gain of 800,000 aliens annually. That makes 3,200,000 of a shortage up to the present time, due to the fact that since the coming of the war those who have gone out have equalled those who have come in. We have built up a tremendous shipbuilding program. In place of a few tens of thousands before the war, we now have approximately 500,000 workers engaged in shipbuilding operations, and they will likely continue at those operations for some time to come. We took four millions from industry and put them in the trenches, and we are sending them back now to the industries. But even the best we can hope for is that three million of them may be demobilized by the end of the calendar year. They will need



at least a million of our soldiers over on the other side for a year to come. And so there would be more than four million workers less than the usual supply under the normal conditions. There is not only the possibility of a labor shortage, but there is also the possibility of an increased demand.

Our wage-earners have lived under conditions in which the cost of living was going up; but their wage rates went up in about the same ratio as did the cost of living; and the wage workers were earning more in real wages during the period of the war than they had been earning before. That was due principally to their working overtime. Their total earnings, then, in real wages have been greater by far than the earnings in peace time, and many of them have some of those earnings in reserve in the form of Liberty Bonds. That means a tremendous amount in the aggregate added to the purchasing power of the United States. And our farmers have been in a similar situation. The returns for farm products have been the highest, computed in real money, that have ever existed. Our farmers have in reserve a large portion of that which they received in return for the farm products; and that reserve will be used to a very considerable extent, now that the restraint has been removed from the production of non-essentials, in equipping their farms and households as they have never been equipped before.

#### OUR SOUTH AMERICAN OPPORTUNITIES

**T**HEN there is this great South American country. Germany had a trade there; but Germany will not again have a trade there. It will go to other countries, and if our business men use foresight a legitimate portion of this trade will come to the United States. And then there is the restoration of France and Belgium. Sooner or later Russia and the Central Powers will want some of our products, and the great markets of the neutrals of the North have been closed for years because of the fear that their territory was the gateway by which material might be supplied to the Central Powers. We were compelled to curtail the shipment of material into those northern countries. Now those markets are open to us.



With these things before us, if we can tide ourselves over the brief period of readjustment, we have from eight to ten years of industrial activity ahead of us equal to anything we have ever had in the past. Our greatest difficulty is the tiding over of the few months between the armistice and the post-war activities. The labor organizations are in a better position to resist reductions in wages than ever before. The workers have this reserve to which I have referred in their possession; they are in a position to resist, and I fear that if any attempt be made to force down the wages of the workers to any considerable extent, there will be resistance long enough to prevent its accomplishment. To me it is a short-sighted policy on the part of the business man to run the chance of destroying his industrial and commercial organization for the opportunity of a brief period of lower wages and cheaper material. With the demands that I have suggested coming, there will be greater demands for labor than in the past, and that means that the industry or commercial establishment that has not maintained its organization in the interim will be at a disadvantage when it comes to build up its organization during that period of labor competition. I believe that it is to a great extent a matter of confidence on the part of all our people, and my purpose in connection with the Department has been to do all that I possibly could to restore the confidence of our people in their ability to carry their own propositions through and work out their destiny in their own way.

If we have any large amount of unemployment, however, we shall have that period of industrial unrest, and no one can tell where the social upheaval will land us, whether we shall have a repetition of the French Revolution or of the Russian Bolsheviki, or whether good or evil will come out of the social struggle. Democracies are slow to remedy the evils that exist within them, because it requires the bringing together of either a majority of the people or a common purpose to utilize the balance of power to accomplish a common purpose to move forward to the removing of any grievance. Yet any other policy of progress means the establishment of



the same principle that has brought this war upon the world.

The principle of autocracy, the ideal of the German Emperor, was that his power was supreme, that he exercised it by divine right, and that he, the extreme minority, might impose his will upon the majority. And when a few having ideals come to the conclusion that because they have those ideals then those ideals ought to be put into existence, whether the majority desires it or not, and undertake to force it upon the majority, then those few having the ideals place themselves in exactly the same position as the autocrat of Germany was in, when he sought to have the minority impose its will upon the majority. But we are facing that kind of a situation unless we can tide over the few months between now and our natural post-war activities. My appeal to all of the people is to get your business going and keep it going.

## TO ONE RETURNING

By FAITH BALDWIN

**S**PRING shall come very gorgeously this year . . .  
Yet gently . . . lest her small, bare feet awake  
Dear dreams in young hearts stilled for Beauty's  
sake . . .

She shall sing softly . . . lest the Gallant hear  
And stir from Peace. But you and I, my Dear,  
Shall catch an elfin echo, and shall make  
A little Holiday of Love, and take  
Her perfumed gifts with eager hands, and clear  
Unclouded eyes. Love will be fair this May,  
Dearer for tears, and deeper for long grief,  
Closer for absence, holy-hushed for pain,  
Fiercer for longing, warmer for delay.  
And we shall find a rapture past belief  
In kisses sweet as lilacs wet with rain.

# MASTERING MOTION-PICTURES

From \$3 a Day to Motion-Picture Magnate

By CHARLES MILLER

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What the names of Belasco and Cohan on a play mean to theatregoers so have the names of Miller, Griffith, Ince and De Mille a like connotation to patrons of motion-pictures. In the studios they call Mr. Miller "the director who never had a failure"; they say that no less than six "stars" have sprung into being under his tutelage. To learn to make photo-plays, Mr. Miller abandoned a large salary and went to work for \$3 a day; in less than four years his salary jumped to \$50,000 a year. His story is an inspiration to success.*

WHEN I walked into the motion-picture studio of Thomas H. Ince on Santa Monica Bay, California, I was thirty-eight years old. Behind me was a lifetime devoted to the theatre. From the old stock-company days in Boston, I had played every imaginable part from *Simon Legree* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to leading man for Broadway stars. I had produced, acted in and managed plays; my life was the theatre. It was ingrained in me; no other profession than that of repeating a playwright's lines had ever occurred to me. Yet here I was, a success, as the theatre judges success, just having completed a season on "the road," starring in a Broadway "hit"; but with an idea in the back of my head to give up my career and begin a new one.

Hat in hand I waited to see Ince, a captain indeed of the new industry of motion-pictures. Captain, no, rather a Chief of Staff, for I saw him in the midst of a confusion of actors, carpenters, camera men, scene painters, property men, studio managers, supers, a swarming babbling crowd, which at first seemed all confusion, but in which I slowly sensed a kind of system as he ordered this or that done. Hammers clattered; directors shouted instructions on their stages; the air was filled with questions. While I waited for Ince to see me, I glanced around the studio area. There, in one corner of the



lot they were slapping up a Mexican street scene; over here, they were moving the palms to "dress" a Fifth Avenue ball-room "set"; in that corner, a police court was magically taking shape; in another, the walls which were to enclose a church vestry were being clamped down. And as it seemed to me on that first day the air was filled with a jabbering and shouting, all inchoate and senseless. It was all so utterly different from the theatre that I was bewildered. The companies scattered to the stages where they were to work; directors began their instructions to the artists. "Lights!" the arcs flickered on; "Camera!" the wheels in the little black boxes began to turn. The day's manufacturing of movies had begun.

"And now, Mr. Miller," said Ince, "what can I do for you?"

I had a letter of introduction and I gave it to him. After reading it, he remarked: "So you're thinking of motion pictures." He considered a moment, then: "I've just finished casting for my new productions and I haven't a thing that you'd be interested in. Suppose you go on up to San Francisco and take a look around the fair; then come back in about a month and I'll have a rôle that you'd enjoy doing, a good part."

A month? That would be a month lost. I happened to glance around the studio lot and noticed a group of men, somewhat roughly attired but all looking happy.

"Who are those fellows?" I asked.

"They're extras—supers you'd call them in the theatre. We use them in mob scenes and the like—pay them \$3 a day."

"When do they go to work?" I asked.

"At nine every morning and they work until the daylight gets bad. . . . Why?"

"I'll be on hand tomorrow morning at nine."

Ince looked incredulous. "For \$3 a day—that's a good one!"

"I mean it—tomorrow at nine."

## FROM \$350 A WEEK TO \$3 A DAY

SO at thirty-eight years old did I throw over a salary of \$350 per week and try a new profession at \$3 a day. There are generally reasons when a man does a thing like that. In the large cities I had heard theatre managers bewailing, "the movies are taking our galleries away from us." On the "road," year by year, I had seen motion-pictures encroach more and more upon the box-office receipts of Broadway successes. In my own stock companies which I operated at different times in almost every part of the United States, I had seen motion-pictures slowly but surely driving our patronage away from us. Lastly, only a few weeks before I took a "super's" job for \$3 a day, I had sat in the audience of a photo-play theatre in Colorado Springs. The picture I saw was an absurd and wretched thing, but it made me think—"If the public goes to see pictures as poor as this, in what numbers would the public patronize pictures were they produced with the same care, brains and good taste of a Frohman play?"

I imagined a class of picture, utterly superior to the "Mystery of the Box Car" and "The Siren Woman" sort of thing, flickering then on the screen. I had an idea that were a man with long theatrical experience to equip himself technically to produce pictures that would be to the silent drama what a Belasco production is to the spoken drama, a big future awaited that man. I thought of photo-plays based upon well-conceived, *probable* stories, the plot motivated by character drawing of *real* people, and rich with romance, settings and suspense. I took stock of my assets. They were a theatrical experience of twenty years; old friends of the stage, now in pictures in Los Angeles, artists and old stage directors, whom I knew would be glad to teach me what they had learned of the new industry. Louis Stone, H. B. Warner, Frank Keenan, Bertha Kalisch and Mary Boland were all in the picture studios. So I took the plunge and began for \$3 a day.



At the studio, in Santa Monica Canyon, they did not believe I would stick it out. I fooled them. Every morning I was on the lot at nine and every evening I collected my \$3 for the day's work. As a "supe" I was that "hard-looking guy" whom you may have seen on the screen in mob scenes. Were the mob scene one that called for the man-handling of the star, rest assured I was in the front rank—particularly if he were an old friend, gloating at me from his high estate. Were the scene one that called for bumpkins lounging around a country grocery store they used to grin and say, "Come here, Miller; you'll do for this." Once they let me put on evening dress and stand with a group of "guests" at a reception scene. I was very grateful, but he said, "Don't make any breaks in the next scene, Miller. You're to sit at a society dinner table. Watch your knife!"

That was the extent of the acting I was permitted to do. I loved it. The day's work over, I used to hunt up the different directors whom I knew from the old days on the stage—Reggie Barker, Tom Westcott, and bother them with questions the night long. On Sundays I used to spend the day at the studio, putting my nose into everything. I went through the place from the cellar where they developed the films to the garret where the "properties" were stored. And the poor studio staff! Carpenters, electricians, costume men and all, I plied them with questions. When a scene was being taken I would ask: "Why are the lights arranged that way? . . . Why are the objects in the room painted colors that you would never see in real life? . . . Why did you bring the camera over here so as to photograph the scene from this angle? . . . Why are you photographing this scene a second time? What was the matter with the first shot?" I suppose I made a confounded nuisance out of myself, but I was learning the game. Everybody was wonderfully kind to me and gave me pointers at every opportunity.

#### THE ART OF PICTURE PRODUCTION

**I**T was about this time that the studio was making "different" pictures. I observed there the device of beginning



plays with views of rugged country, with not a soul visible, introducing these views with titles like: "THESE ARE THE JAGGED TEETH OF THE MOUNTAINS OF SONOMYO—A GRIM GRAY LAND THAT ONLY THE STRONG DARE PENETRATE AND A DEVIL'S BROOD PROWLs." This title was for working up "color" and "atmosphere," creating a mood in the audience for the tale to come. I remembered having seen that trick in literature, particularly effective in Edgar Allan Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," and the thought came to me, cannot literature be more effectively transferred to the motion-picture than to the stage? Surely the canvas upon which a director can portray his story is almost as limitless as is the printed page. That thought I tucked away and it has had considerable bearing upon my work today when directing pictures for my own producing company. I am free to use any story for my productions which I think will make a big play.

While I was at the studio I saw one day a director supervising the action of a scene which was a rough and tumble fight on the rear of an observation car. As he conceived the scene the "heavy" (villain in the play) was flung from the moving train; then the director photographed a dummy of the "heavy" rolling down a steep embankment; then a picture of the "heavy" at the bottom of the embankment, dead. All that struck me as being quite in bad taste, and I felt that, instead of heightening the thrill, the body rolling down the embankment detracted from it.

I groped around in my mind for some way to do that kind of a scene better. I recalled the Empire Theatre stage success, "The Second in Command." It was the scene in which John Drew sat with his back to the audience and spoke the most important lines of the play, while Guy Standing faced the audience. The changing expressions of Standing's face reflected what Drew was saying. In a flash it came to me, "After that man in the picture has hurled the 'heavy' from the train, don't show the body rolling down the embankment; don't show him dead at the bottom. Just bring the hero's face close up to the camera and let the shading of



expression on his face convey his horror at seeing the man tumbling down the embankment. In other words, let the audience use its imagination and imagine the 'heavy' tumbling down the embankment."

Little points like that which came to me while I was pottering around the studio were of great value later. But even today producers forget that an audience has imagination and feel that it is obligatory to show every detail of a situation. It was an experience I had last year which increased my determination to have my own company. I was directing a war picture. The author's script called for a scene where a German soldier shot down in cold blood a Belgian peasant because another soldier had bet him a mark that he couldn't hit the old man at 500 yards. As I visualized the situation I first photographed an old Belgian staring at his burned home, bewildered and dazed with horror. Then I photographed three German soldiers, "registered" that one seeing the old man and betting a comrade a mark that he could not shoot him at 500 yards. I had the soldier take the bet, raise his rifle and aim. Then I photographed again the lonely old man. Then I photographed the soldiers, the rifle fired, the soldiers straining to see the effect of the shot. Happily I had him lower his rifle, tap his own forehead to indicate that the bullet had entered the old Belgian there, and hold out his hand for the stakes. And the man for whom I made the picture, when he saw it screened at the first private showing, said to me: "We'll have to cut out that shooting incident, Mr. Miller. You forgot to take a scene of the old man being hit with the bullet and falling down." . . . FORGOT? Ye gods!

#### LEARNING TO MAKE PICTURES

**A**FTER I had worked at the studio for a few weeks, Ince sent for me one Saturday afternoon. "I'm fired," I thought.

"Mr. Miller," he grinned, "if you're going to remain around here we can't let you go on like this. We'll at least

have to pay your hotel bill. See the directors every night and find out if they haven't some little character bits that they need a man for the next day."

So I began to hound the directors for "bits." I was getting up in the picture world, apt now to earn a good week as much as \$35. I saw one morning a man who some years before was a co-actor with me. He was directing a picture. I went up to him and asked if he wouldn't let me play in the scene. He had known me only as a leading man in the theatre—he didn't know my status at Inceville—and he explained to me that the part was not much, that it was only to be a second-rate picture, that I wouldn't want to appear in it, reputation, etc., you know the sort of thing. When I told him that I didn't care what kind of a part it was or what kind of a picture, that I just wanted to be in it, he thought I had gone out of my head. But I wormed into several pictures that way, listened to the directors, heard the actors' comments and criticisms and tucked it all away in my memory.

I caught on to the fact that actors and actresses were, more often than not, permitted to play a scene without *feeling* it. Indeed I've seen actors go on, and go through their scene like automatons, moving about and expressing only as the director bellowed orders at them. And I made up my mind then, that, were I to ever direct, I would see that I got my money's worth for the man who was paying the actor's salaries. By that I mean, an artist is not paid big money for looks but for brains, for individuality, magnetism. I decided that, were I to direct, no actor would go in front of the camera until he knew *all* about the scene, the story, and the character he was portraying. Knowing that, his face would then by its *look convey the thought of that scene*. Not the sort of thing that I was hearing then: "Now Miss Blank you come in at the door at the left. Come down to the ten-foot line, register uncertainty, loosen your furs, then look at the photograph on the mantle and register despair."

Believe it or not, I have seen actresses that way go through scenes without knowing any more about the character or the story than that. I make a mental note to insist



that actors learn lines to fit certain scenes and that they speak them during the scene, so as to *feel* the part more and thus convey more thought by their look.

After a time Ince sent for me again and told me that I was to have a small part in a new play. For all my long theatrical experience I was as nervous as a cat and when I came before the camera I completely bungled the scene. My debut cost the producer \$50, for he had to take the whole scene over. How did I bungle it? I did what nine out of ten old stage actors would have done—I looked into the camera—which in picture canons is properly a high crime.

After the bawling out I took, I never did that again and more than anything it clarified for me the difference between acting on the stage and in the films which is something too technical and lengthy to discuss here. I may suggest it, however, by saying that in pictures, in an instant, by a *look*, an actor has to convey the *thought* of the situation. Were he on the stage he would have a whole paragraph of speech to convey that thought with. Stripped as he is of the tremendous asset of the voice which permits an actor to camouflage, the picture artist must permit no artificiality of any kind to creep in, for artificiality he cannot conceal from the camera. On the stage his voice charms, holds, aye stupefies. Picture-acting must needs be far more natural and is therefore superior art. From twenty years of stage work, I sincerely say that.

#### WHY GREAT STAGE ARTISTS FAIL IN PICTURES

**F**ORBES-ROBERTSON, Faversham, Sothern, Sarah Bernhardt all attempted the films with no great success. Time and again a producing company has contracted with an extremely popular theatrical star only to have the audiences, who have delighted in them on the stage, be disappointed in their work on the screen. There is a reason for such failures. It is the fact that many dramatic actors believe that the art of motion-picture acting is a form of pantomime. This is a conception of the films which I did not lose until I had



worked for months under Ince. American theatre-goers are perhaps not as familiar with pantomime as are European. Perhaps I can best convey what I mean by pantomime acting by an example. In pantomime a girl lays the palms of her hands together, places them on her shoulder and leans her cheek against the back of her hand, "Ah, I go to sleep now." In pantomime a girl makes wide and expressive gestures with her arms, "See, how very happy I am." In pantomime a man closes and opens fists many times, something that a person rarely does in life, "See, I am angry."

An actor who assumes that motion-pictures are a form of pantomime, believes, when he acts in front of the camera, that he must make exaggerated gestures to "get over" his scene. He believes that he is handicapped by the absence of voice; that without voice he cannot convey the meaning of the situation to the audience unless he pantomimes. That conception is absolutely wrong. It is why many great actors fail.

One day they sent for me and said: "Here's the script of a story. Read it overnight. Tomorrow we'll set up one of the scenes in it and you try directing it. I want to see how you'll handle it."

You can imagine how much sleep I got that night. I studied that story, visualized all its scenes and characters until both my head and my eyes ached. The next morning the producer was on hand to watch me direct the scene he had chosen for the test. Into that scene I put or tried to put my new knowledge of the technique of pictures, adapting it to my theatrical experience. When the scene was finished its producer remarked: "I guess you've wasted film enough."

They joshed me, you see, until the last, for that afternoon they told me that I was to direct the company's next picture. My feelings! Well, imagine them—if you had abandoned one profession and a big salary to work for \$3 a day in the hope that some day you would be able to direct; viz., make pictures. I think I felt like a man who had played a long shot and won.

At Inceville I realized how the fate of a picture rests en-



tirely with the director. An analogy suggests itself. A motion-picture director is an artist. His subject is the story; his canvases are spools of celluloid; his brush is the camera; his pigments are the actors and actresses. As an artist's success depends upon a thorough technical knowledge of his art, plus imagination, so depends the success of a motion-picture director upon the same qualifications.

From the day I directed my first picture that conception of my new profession has emphasized itself more and more to me. Friends say that in the creation of my pictures I have also created "stars," four of them women, two men, artists whose names are now a by-word with motion-picture audiences. I have directed productions based on all sorts of stories, from delicate comedies to grim red-blood tales of the North. To-day, I have my own company, "Charles Miller Productions, Inc."; the chance to realize my ambition is here. I can make my own pictures untrammelled by the whims or ideas of others. I am not interested in the "star system"; it is an obtrusion into the painting that one does on celluloid instead of on canvas. It is as if an artist were to choose the pigment red and favor it for no reason save that it is red to the exclusion of other pigments. I am interested in producing pictures which credit the audience with intelligence. Conveyance of the thought of the situation of the story to the mind of the audience by a look instead of the spoken word is the secret for making motion-pictures that will be remembered. To succeed in the motion-pictures it is as in anything else. You cannot make a success without effort. There is no easy road. As you acquire knowledge of your work so do you earn.

# IN THE LAND OF PIRATE FINANCE

By LOUIS GUENTHER

[ Editor The Financial World ]

CONSERVATIVE America is awakening to the presence of a new danger which threatens to impede her material progress. She is becoming conscious that she is afflicted with an economic disease in the continuous growth of "Get-Rich-Quick" financing, whose insidious inroads on legitimate business is making itself felt. So much so is this a fact that from every section of the country comes a clamor that immediate preventive measures be taken to stop its further spread. The "Stop! Look Ahead! Danger!" semaphore is now being generally raised to warn the people of the numerous pitfalls which are being set to entrap their money in worthless securities.

There is something uncanny about get-rich-quick financing which makes it unlike any other business, for it flourishes in good times as well as bad, and the explanation for this defiance of all precedent is that its harpies bank on people, when they are prosperous, taking a chance; and when business is bad they tell them that out of the large profits their enterprises can earn they will make good all their other losses. In this respect they have the advantage over the honest man who will not traffic in the truth.

Various estimates have been placed on annual devastation resulting from such financing and they run from \$100,000,000, the lowest, to as high as a half a billion dollars. These are staggering totals and only a nation possessed of the greatest material wealth could stand for such impairment of its resources for very long without feeling its dent. We have been too busy with the war to pay much attention to this new enemy who has been busily at work destroying our capital. However, we can get an inkling of its dimensions from



some statistics compiled of this illegitimate industry by a well-known magazine in a recent issue. It published a partial list of "get-rich-quick" promotions, and among them included only the flagrant instances of financial deception. In all there were about a thousand companies, a small list numerically, but they represented an aggregate capital of \$3,000,000,000. Into this hopper our people have literally thrown away millions of their money. It is well to take note of these figures since they preach an economic moral of the folly that abides in this land of romantic finance, and they also adorn the tale about the gullibility of our people when it concerns the question of investing.

#### SCHEMES TO GET YOUR LIBERTY BONDS

**B**EFORE the war but a small part of our population was accustomed to invest its money in securities. The habit then was strong of letting the banker do it, and of taking interest on savings. But this condition has since changed. Where there were but five hundred thousand investors previous to the war more than fifteen million Americans are now rated in this classification because they have become owners of Liberty bonds, and the desire for clipping coupons has gone into their blood. They have come to know the comfort of having money invested and working for them even while they sleep, and as they save more money will want to reinvest it. As new investors they are inexperienced and likely to believe every financial romance brought to their attention, and, due to this prevailing lack of sound investment knowledge, they naturally fall easy prey to financial sharpers.

Then, also, their downfall is made much easier for they have been told that their Liberty bonds are the equivalent of cash and the "get-rich-quick" promoter has his little scheme to part them from their security. He will offer to buy Liberty bonds at a premium over the price quoted in the newspapers but not for cash, but will pay for them in his own securities. The bondholder is told that he is not only making a good profit by the trade, but is getting a security which will

earn for him unusual dividends, and, not knowing any better, seldom resists this bait. So successfully has this scheme been worked by the pirates of promotion that certain agricultural communities have been completely denuded of Liberty bonds. The former Secretary of the Treasury, William G. McAdoo, tried to check these mendacious operations by publicly warning bond buyers to hold onto their bonds, but his warning appears to have fallen on deaf ears. Lewis B. Franklin, the head of the Liberty Bond bureau of the Government, is also conscious of the evil, for at a meeting of bankers and other organizations formed for the protection of investors he stated that more than \$500,000,000 annually was taken from the public by dishonest financial schemes, and the only way this wholesale looting could be stopped was for all to co-operate in the work of protecting investors.

Mr. Franklin's estimate is that of a Government official. Its significance may not be apparent when printed on cold paper, but it can be properly appreciated when known that it is a greater sum than was lost in the San Francisco fire and earthquake and the Chicago conflagration. Yet the evil grows apace. Before the last Congress adjourned there was an effort to pass a Federal Blue-Sky law, but that failed. It was intended that this law should compel all promoters to place their offerings under the scrutiny of a specially designed bureau of securities to be established at the National Capital. Congress adjourned and left the pirates of promotion to ply their trade. In the absence of a legal preventative the Government has taken upon itself to plaster every available space with a flaming placard warning Liberty bondholders against being swindled out of their bonds.

#### PIRATE PROMOTERS DESTROY CONFIDENCE

**A**NOTHER Government organization, the Federal Trade Commission, which has the power to proceed against concerns engaging in unfair competitive methods, has requested the newspapers to publish a notice calling upon their readers to send them the names of all promoters offering



worthless securities, together with the literature they publish, so that it can take steps to put them out of business.

Some of us who have had the sense to view this land of romantic finance from a safe eminence may find it amusing to read of the adventures of *Rufus Wallingford*. But such humor is lost upon the unfortunate individual who has been stung by this mirage of "getting-rich-quick," and there is not a city or hamlet without its deluded investors. Their unfortunate experience with some pirate of promotion has made them misanthropes and they go about spreading the seed of suspicion and skepticism among their friends and neighbors to the injury of honest enterprise legitimately in search of capital for further development.

When Frank Hitchcock was Postmaster-General he made it a special object to run down the get-rich-quick schemer, and it was he who said that his official investigation revealed, from the investigations and prosecutions conducted by his department, that in one year the total stealings were above \$100,000,000.

Destroying this devitalizing influence on our commerce and industry is by no means a small job. It will not be eliminated by simply cauterizing the wounds it makes. Such investigations as conducted by the Federal Trade Commission may accomplish some good, but it is not a complete remedy, for it takes time to gather together the necessary evidence with which to prosecute, whereas the pirate of promotion works rapidly, bags his game quickly and then disappears only to reappear with another scheme, under another name.

#### MUST PUT MONEY IN HONEST EMPLOYMENT

OUR first great task will involve educating American people in the fundamentals of sound investing. Through constant publicity by the press greater good can be accomplished than through any other method, for the public reads the newspapers. By exposing the futility of expecting three and five per cent monthly on one's capital, which is claimed is possible and without risk by the pirate of promotion, the in-

vestor will become suspicious and the pirate will find it difficult to sell his worthless stuff.

Sound securities are not raised on any such flimsy foundation. There have been enterprises and there will continue to be others which have become unusually prosperous, but the early investors, who originally financed their development, were men who realized they were taking a chance but could afford to do it. Then they were not investing but speculating; and what they also knew, and what the confiding investor does not take the trouble to find out, is that the men at the head of their businesses were honest. This makes a great difference in the ultimate results of an investment.

No one knew men better than the elder Morgan, the banker. He once declared he would rather let an honest man have a million dollars than a trickster a few thousand even though the latter was rated as a wealthy man, for then he would not have to worry about getting it back if the borrower is not unfortunate. His advice is good advice to apply to investments and those who deal in them. Investors are at least assured then of an honest management which is what they should expect.

With our labor earning the highest wages ever chronicled in this country, and our farmers receiving the highest prices for their staples there will be a plenitude of investment funds available. We must do something to protect this money and see to it that it is turned in a direction where it will beget additional capital. As a thrifty nation we have assumed France's place. Our capita wealth is in excess of \$1,000 per individual. Thrift will multiply it. It is an economic advantage to the country to put every saved dollar to honest employment.

Were it possible to invest the \$500,000,000 which is every year lost in the mazes of the "land of romantic finance," where it would earn but five per cent per annum it would yield \$25,000,000 annually, a sum which would start on a successful career a thousand or more legitimate enterprises. As it is now it brings nothing except to the pirates of promotion, who usually spend it in profligate living.



# THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE,

## *In Defence of the Producers*

THERE has always been considerable conversation from certain critics of the drama on the theme of the degeneracy of the modern theatrical producers. Time after time the leader of the Little Theatre movement in Hometown reads a paper which decries the fact that the drama is cheapened by foolish farces, bare-legged chorus girls, and by melodramas that thrill, but not necessarily elevate either the mind or the soul.

I heard such a discussion the other evening. The cry was for the poetic in drama,—poetic, in this case, being a presentation of several one-act plays that had no acting plot, and were filled with many so-called beautiful lines,—over which only the few could refrain from sleep.

Looking back over the plays of the season it would seem that even the most fastidious highbrow of the drama should have found several entertainments worthy of an evening at the theatre. A really capable company offered Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband"—and the most difficult critic could not discover a more finished production, judged from any standpoint, than Arthur Hopkins offered in "Redemption." Then, too, the season has offered "Tea for Three," "Be Calm, Camilla," which was not as great a public success as it should have been; also, "The Betrothal" (which was elaborately staged and had flashes of Maeterlinck at his best). Barrie's "Dear Brutus" is dramatic excellence, while Stuart Walker opened a season of short plays that had every merit the most critical student of the highbrow theatre could ask for. Then, at the very end of the season comes "The Jest" and "Shakuntala," the latter a translation from the ancient drama of the Orient.

Such a list is picked for the fastidious in direct challenge to those who could cry of the shame of the theatre. Add numerous entertaining plays for humans,—for the people who are frank enough to say that they go to the theatre to be amused, and the season has been very much worth while.

After all, the majority of people will never feel mentally fresh enough to enjoy the type of theatrical entertainment that demands constant attention, that fills the brain with anything but relaxation from the cares of the every-day world. And what the people demand, the producers supply.

However, it is foolish to say that the producers are not constantly placing before the public plays of literary quality. Yet every season proves that such plays are not in demand. The big money-making productions are not listed above. The drama leagues sent out frantic appeals for members to sustain Walter Hampden's remarkable performance of "Hamlet" and all the public wanted was afternoon and morning performances,—largely attended by the students of the community as part of their English course. When the public shows itself ready to support the very finest quality of drama,—then the producers will be able to give us plays of serious import. Until then—they must stand the unfair criticism of those who choose to stand in judgment.

### *Two Plays of "Literary" Quality*

ALL this is apropos of the fact that Maeterlinck's "The Burgomaster of Belgium" was removed from the theatre after four weeks. Of course, the fact that it was a war-tragedy helped with the removal. But it was a war-play that was needed. The events of the drama required but a day for their unfolding, the action taking place in one room. The story is a grim one, unfolding a picture of Prussianism that was more terrible because the audience realized it was absolutely true. It was a splendid bit of realism, written with a master pen. Then, too, the play was well cast, and well produced, with Lyell Swete giving a vivid characterization of the Burgomaster. The man in back of me felt that the play ought to be subsidized and sent throughout the country as



part of a "Lest we forget" program. I am inclined to agree with him. Yet it has gone for lack of appreciation. Some day, five years from now, it will probably be brought back as an historical drama. By then the poetically inclined people will all have read the book of the play and it will prove to be a financial success.

One recent play of true artistic literary quality is "The Jest," and apparently it is to meet with popular favor, partly because John and Lionel Barrymore, two of the best American actors, are in the cast. The play is an American adaptation, rather than a translation from the Italian of Sam Benelli, the greatest Italian dramatist of the day. It is a struggle between the brutal and the aesthetic, depicting once again the victory of the weak. The plot is somewhat involved, but briefly it concerns a brute *Neri*, whose pastime is the tormenting of *Giannetto*, a young artist of marked physical weakness. Plagued to the point of madness the artist's revolt and plan of vengeance is to drive *Neri* mad. He does so,—by the subtle methods that brute mind cannot conceive. Any reader familiar with the work of the Barrymores can imagine the characterizations they give, Lionel as *Neri*, the brute, John, giving a performance of the mild painter, whose love is of the Madonnas he paints. The American stage has never witnessed finer acting. Arthur Hopkins has produced the play in a typical Hopkins manner, with a well-balanced cast and setting, the whole combining to form the most notable dramatic production of the season.

### *More "Popular" Themes*

"A GOOD Bad Woman" comes under the head of a dramatic preachment, and had it been disclosed at the time when "Damaged Goods" was crowding the theatres it might have been a great success. It may still be a success, for even though the theatre does not seem to be quite the place for the discussion of the subject of the play, which is a vital problem in modern life, the play has dramatic value, and is well acted. Briefly, the story tells of a woman who fears motherhood, and, on the advice of her most worldly woman friend,

seeks a physician for an illegal operation. The husband learns of the operation and determines to kill the doctor in the case. For the sake of a happy ending it is disclosed that the operation was never performed, and the play ends with a familiar harangue regarding children and marriage. The play is well acted, superiorly acted, in fact. Margaret Illington plays the wife, handling the emotions of the rôle with great expression. Robert Edeson is the husband, while Wilton Lackaye is the doctor. The rest of the short cast is of the all-star variety. "The Good Bad Woman" may not have a popular theatrical theme, and for that reason may not be a success, but the play is well constructed and well acted.

Rachel Crothers will probably go down in theatrical annals as the most skillful creator of everyday American characters for stage purposes. Twice this season she has collected a group of easily recognizable types and, with very little plot, managed to give an evening's entertainment of rare enjoyment. The second play from her pen is called "39 East," that being the address of a boarding house, quite typical of many boarding-houses throughout the land. The slight plot discloses the old, but ever new story of the young-girl-come-to-New-York. There are the subsequent temptations and struggles for success. The fight leads the girl to the chorus, though there is no stage picture. Instead, she and the honest young man who loves her picnic in Central Park, and she dances to the music of a passing hurdy-gurdy. The young man is 100% American, of clean mind and body, and filled with the first love that can be so admirably presented on the stage. In fact, they are by far the most charming pair of lovers the season has offered. And, of course, the girl is saved from all temptation, and marries the young man. With the amusing boarding-house people as a background, *Napoleon Gibbs* and *Penelope Penn* are highly entertaining acquaintances of an evening. The play is produced under the guidance of Miss Crothers. It is presumed that she chose the players, and, if she did, her judgment was excellent, for Henry Hull, best remembered for his work in "The Man Who Came Back," and Constance Binny, fresh from the



movies and the Midnight Frolic, fill the youthful requirements of their rôles.

### *Musical Plays*

THE Easter season has been rich in musical comedy, largely because spring flowers mean summer productions to the theatrical managers, and they are anxious to find light entertainment that will keep their theatres open through the hot weather.

At least two of these new musical comedies seem destined to success. "Take It From Me" has all the elements of popularity, and should grow more entertaining as the days grow warmer, and tired New Yorkers or visitors to the city, grow more prone to relax in their seats and be forced into a chuckle. "Take It From Me" is rich in comedy of the low variety. There are three young men, one very fat, one very lean, who attempt to wreck the finances of a department store which has been left to one of the trio;—a typical grouch who will inherit the store under the terms of an odd will, if the young man does not succeed;—a beautiful girl who is "true blue," saves the store of the hero, and, of course, marries him at the final curtain;—a comedy stenographer; a vampire with a prima-donna voice; a dancing team of unusual grace; and an old floor-walker who, for the sake of efficiency, is put on roller skates. Then, too, there is scenery, some chorus girls, and music. These serve as background. It is the comedy that carries the piece to immediate success. The cast, with one or two exceptions, is practically unknown to Broadway, having been recruited from vaudeville, and proving once again that vaudeville training is of benefit to the young player. Take it from me, this musical comedy will last more than one season on its comedy merits.

"Tumble Inn," which is the musical-comedy name for Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Seven Days," is also funny. It is the third musical production from the office of Arthur Hammerstein to find success this season. The story is familiar:—a quarantine order shutting in a number of people, including a burglar, a divorced couple, a pair of young lovers, etc.,

allowing for numerous comical situations. To this Rudolf Friml has added a number of tunes that are a decided addition to the laughter. The company has a number of gifted people, including a quartette of well-known players who can be depended on to entertain. They are Herbert Corthell, Edna Hibbard, Peggy O'Neil and Charles Ruggles. With their help "Tumble Inn" is an invitation not to be refused.

The third, and least successful of the new musical trio is "Come Along." It has a war background, which is unfortunate, and, what is much worse, it has little action, and is lacking in distinctive music and costumes. Even a war-play should have some excuse for the chorus girls to appear in many and brilliant clothes. There are several capable players in the cast, but they can do nothing with the material. Harry Tighe managed to be funny on occasion, and Jessica Brown, a young dancer who is not seen often enough in New York City, was such a tremendous relief after some of the material that had been offered previously, that she, in theatrical parlance, "stopped the show." "Come Along" will beckon to a very few before it leaves for the storehouse.



## A SHELF OF BOOKS

CAN a successful novel be written without a heroine? Writers in English seem to think not. Yet the work of Vicente Blasco Ibanez, whose vogue has brought almost a flood of translations, is striking because of the lack of important women's characters. This fact is brought to one's attention after a reading of "Blood and Sand" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) which, by way of contrast, and unlike the other stories, has an altogether charming lady to dominate many of the pages. A second striking note that "Blood and Sand" brings before the reader, especially if he has ever attempted writing as a source of recreation or living, is the lack of preachment. "Blood and Sand" is a cry against the brutal national pastime of Spain, in which men and animals find death in the blood and sand of the bull-fighting arenas—yet never once does the author lift his voice in protest. Instead, he paints vivid, revolting pictures. They do his work far better than any cry of "Stop!" This latest novel is convincing, assuring one that Ibanez is a truly great writer of modern novels.

There was a not unnatural revulsion against stories of war immediately after the signing of the armistice, and since then few of the publishers have offered books with a theme of conflict. J. C. Smith's new book "The Undefeated" (D. Appleton & Co.) might be termed a posthumous war novel. It may not prove a popular success, but those readers who will buy the book in spite of the fact that it is frankly offered as a glimpse of one slice of England at war, will discover that Mr. Smith has excelled himself in his new work. J. C. Smith has arrived at his pinnacle of success after years of tireless, and, what must have been, disappointed effort. One reviewer made the remark that "very, very occasionally does one come across a book for which one feels inclined to give devout and humble thanks." Extravagant as such a remark may seem, "The Undefeated" lives up to that tremendous praise.

There is a new novel for the tired business man who wants to arrange the pillows, adjust the light over his bed, and read away the tribulations of the day. It is "The Moonlit Way," by Robert W. Chambers (D. Appleton & Co.). It matters but little what theme Mr. Chambers chooses for his latest book, the effect is always the same—entertainment. This time there is a beautiful dancer, a yacht in the harbor at Constantinople, an artist's studio, Secret Service men—intrigue and romance. It is a story that lifts the reader on the wings of excited pleasurable interest, and carries him to a world of make-believe that banishes the more sordid thoughts of the ever-present necessity of duties to be performed.

"My son was killed while laughing at some jest,  
I would I knew  
What it was, and it might serve me in a time  
When jests are few."

So sings Rudyard Kipling in "The Years Between" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The new poem, most of them war themes, are Kipling at his best, the songs of a man who knew the mettle of the foe—and who gave of his own beloved son that the foe might not conquer. "The Years Between" will add much to any collection of Kipling's works.

Caroline Lockhart, whose "Me—Smith" was about as wild a Western tale as was ever written, has moved into town for the setting of her new book, "The Fighting Shepherdess" (Small, Maynard & Co.). It is a Western story, but tells of the social and economic struggle of a woman, who, over a series of dramatic adventures that are suspiciously red, becomes a "sheep queen." Miss Lockhart's home is Cody, Wyoming, and her father was, or is, sheriff of the Yellowstone. That means background and accuracy of Western characterization.

The term, "a dancing man," will be sparingly used in derision by those who read "My Husband" (Scribners'), Mrs. Vernon Castle's unconventional, and rather rambling,



though interesting story of the tall familiar figure who was known in the dancing palaces of two continents—and died a hero, saving the life of a fellow aviator. His was a high-spirited career, and worthy of a biography, if only to show that a dancer can be every inch a man. Captain Castle was!

A clever publicity man dubbed Philip Gibbs "America's Favorite War Correspondent"—and made a correct summary. His daily sketches of battle and battlefield life were daily reading for thousands—perhaps millions of Americans. Much of this material has found its way into "The Way to Victory" (George H. Doran Co.), a very human history of the war which has been published in two volumes. The documentary history of the war is yet to be written, but for vivid word-pictures historians of the future will probably have to quote from Mr. Gibbs, who, by the way, is at present lecturing in the United States.

An after-the-war visitor to the United States is Ida A. R. Wylie. This will be her first visit to this country, although her books have been extremely popular, "Towards Morning" being the latest to find a responsive audience. Miss Wylie has lived through Europe and the Orient, reflecting these lands in her work. What will she find in the United States? Material for as searching a character study as "Towards Morning."

Stephen Leacock's latest humorous satire is "The Hohenzollerns in America" (John Lane Co.). Mr. Leacock expresses the justice he believes should be meted out in America to the ex-Kaiser and his crew, solving with a laugh the problems of the Nations.

Theodore Dreiser's new book, "Twelve Men" (Boni & Liveright) is really a clever presentation of twelve short stories. They are studies of varying types of male humanity handled in Mr. Dreiser's searching and revealing style. Some of them have appeared in the magazines, but that in no way detracts from the value of the volume, which, while not exactly notable, is interesting.

# The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

*(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)*

GEORGE came back the other day. Time flies so rapidly that it seemed as yesterday when he went away to volunteer. I remember well those tensioned days two years ago when Mars was stripping us of our youths, turning them into defenders of the suffering nations of Europe. And now they are returning, as has George, our erstwhile "boy." He's a big, strapping, bronzed man-boy now, his eyes are brighter, his back straighter, and his shoulders square.

"Did you get under fire, George?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir, at Verdun first, and then often, sir."

I liked his crisp, manly politeness.

"Were you scared?"

"Well, not exactly, but I trembled. I couldn't help it. My hands shook and I tried to hold on tight; but that was only at first. After Verdun, I didn't care at all. We could tell where the shells were coming from and about when they would land. You get used to things, and my Captain told me that the boys who are affected, at first, make the best soldiers—I was Sergeant later."

Great Captain, that, I thought, and George's record confirmed the statement.

"Are you all right, now?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir. Just three small injuries I'm under care for."

"And you want a job?"

"That's what I came in to see you about—would you mind if I used you for reference?"

And so they come back, these virile splendid doughboys—and they must look up a job and get to work in the scheme of things. Are they all getting jobs? That's up to you and me and all of us. They want something a little better than they had—and they deserve it—deserve all we can do for



them. They did all they could do for us—and some didn't come back.

There are several organizations sending us boys for jobs. They are doing great work—real reconstruction work. The Knights of Columbus record of job-getting is 15,000 jobs for doughboys up to date. By actual experiment at various points they have established the fact that within two weeks of applying to the Knights for jobs two-thirds of all applicants are placed.

The reason for their big success in job-finding is that the Knights are indefatigable volunteer leg-men. They realize that looking for a job is often harder than doing the job, to a man out of one.

The soldier boy first, is the industrial motto of today's patriotism.

#### **Want Information on Reconstruction**

**M**R. BUSINESS MAN, ask Uncle Sam: Do you want to know what is going on in Reconstruction? Do you want to know about production estimates, price, data, wages, at home and abroad, labor supply, methods in handling labor problems, foreign productions, the emigration situation, foreign markets, financial conditions, money and credit outlook—write to the Reconstruction Research Division of the Council of National Defense at Washington. Grosvenor B. Clarkson, its director, has organized a department which surveys the world, for business information. Its activities extend, through official sources, to every nation abroad, and its home field service branches include 184,000 State, county and community organizations, including 16,000 women units.

In thus proposing to extend its services, the Council opens to the business public probably the largest and most complete assembly of up-to-the-minute reconstruction information in existence. The undertaking also implies the proffer to industry and commerce of the services of an organization that for many months has been establishing connections and perfecting facilities for the securing of every sort of vital information at the earliest possible moment it is available. Through the fact that the Council of National Defense itself

consists of six secretaries of administrative departments of the Government, and by virtue of the further fact that for more than two years the Council has been engaged in the closest co-operation with national, State and local agencies of private as well as public bodies, the Reconstruction Research Division has been from its inception possessed of invaluable contacts in all directions.

The material and staff now placed at the service of business was originally intended primarily for governmental use, and they will, of course, continue to function as the governmental clearing-house of reconstruction information. The vast combing organization, with its hundreds of clerks, its press-clipping bureau, its department for indexing, digesting and classifying information for the American business man, has the sanction and endorsement of the President.

It is the greatest information bureau in the world.

### Money at War with Commodity

**Y**OU have heard the story of the millionaire and the poet? Sighed the millionaire to the poet: "What a beautiful world this would be to live in if there wasn't any money in it!" To which the poet replied: "*Is there?*"

Your Easy Chair is contemplating some of the startling money statistics dwelt upon recently by bankers and economists, and is wondering how we are all going to fare during the money-laden days before us. Not that the worry is personal, and yet the vast bulk of expenditures that confront the world will touch every human being, one way or another, in high costs, in inflated dollars, in lessening purchasing power, in taxes and credits.

We are informed that the debts of the nations of the world have risen from 40 billions to 220 billions of dollars; that paper money in 15 principal countries has increased by 36 billions (not counting the Bolshevik issue in Russia of 80 billions); that in the past four years the governments of the world have issued 180 billion dollars worth of bonds, notes, etc., and that meanwhile bank deposits have jumped from 27 to 75 billions.



As against this paper-money deluge the gold mines of the world, during the war, have produced less than two billions. Gold, that once constituted 55% of the world's circulation, has now passed into the vaults of governments in mortgage to the paper currency, to which it now bears a relation of about 20% only.

Now the economists tell us that in the ratio in which the currency is inflated so do prices advance, and that we must not be surprised at the world-wide advance in prices during the past four years in which world currency and bank deposits have trebled and national debts quintupled.

"Scarcity demands," due to the war, sent prices sky-high, and they are not coming down until the nations are able to reduce the present excessive currency circulation.

Meanwhile, where does Mr. Average Man come in? What with taxes and the high cost of labor and living, how is he going to make out during this paper-money deluge? He has just emerged from a frightful clash of physical forces—is he now confronted with a money-war?

When will his dollar be able to purchase a dollar's worth?

### **Treaties That Make Scraps—But Not of Paper**

**I**T appears that there are leagues within leagues, and thereby hangs a treaty. More and more are we learning of the wisdom of the father of his country, the first President of these United States. Before we largely concerned ourselves with the diplomatic melting pot of Europe, we had no occasion to pry into their private treaty boxes, but now that Versailles is the sesame of all private conversations of nations, the little quiet agreements of our Allies are coming up on the table. In good Western American English, there is a joker in the pack. What shall our diplomatic representatives in Paris do about the integrity of these pre-war promises, made in the desperation of the heat of battle? Japan and Great Britain to divide up the Pacific—north and south of the equator! (excepting, of course, the Philippines, who incidentally want their own kind of a government, instead of ours). And

Italy and Great Britain to dispose of the adjacent territory to Italy in the Adriatic, etc., etc. These little arrangements, quite proper and in accordance with European politics, came to light only after our precipitation of the Monroe Doctrine into the debate in Paris.

A correspondent at the seat of action casually wired home papers that neither President Wilson nor the Chinese delegates knew of the existence of these secret agreements when they came to Paris.

So we are kept in the closet with China on the oriental allegorical idea of the ancient blind god, who is a deity of increasing happiness because he can "see no evil" (and therefore) "speak no evil."

### Signs of Spring

**C**ENSORSHIP to South America lifted.

Anti-spooning ban in parks lifted.

Bargains in wooden ships—Uncle Sam.

King Coal advances fifty cents per ton.

Bolsheviki Club in New York wrecked by soldiers and sailors.

Civilization wrecked in Russia by Bolsheviki clubs.

France to hold Saar basin.

Germany holds indignation meeting.

Poland wants a seaport.

Germany wants indemnity—alienists called in.

Birds back from the South; theirs only rents not raised.

Ten thousand unused Liberty motors at liberty.

Last call in Liberty Bonds.

Philippines again heard from.

Hawaii wants independence.

Germany mobilizing for American food.

The business man's fancy gasps at thoughts of the telegraph rates.

August furs on the ladies.

FIRST PLACE—Base-ball league.

SECOND PLACE—League of Nations.



Letters our soldiers wrote from France last Spring are beginning to arrive.

Railroad deficits explained by Mr. McAdoo.  
Strikes.

## YOU!

By ARLEEN HACKETT

**Y**OU are the conscious thought in everything I do,  
Colored is everything by memories of you,  
— Sweet or sad.  
I've known the sun to seem quite dark,  
Remembering a thing that hurt;  
A careless word that stung;  
When all the world has said—how bright it is.  
As through the woods I walked,  
A bird's clear, ringing song,  
A flower's brilliant bloom,  
And all the wondrous sweetness of the air  
Have held some thought of you.  
I've tried to find forgetfulness  
And have—forgotten all, save you.  
And so I ask of God  
When I have left this earthly part of me,  
That I may choose for my own paradise  
A memory of the day you loved me most;  
To keep for all eternity  
That conscious thought of you.

# FREE TRIAL

## No Money Down

Used by U. S. Steel Corporation, Pennsylvania R. R., National City Bank of New York, Encyclopedia Britannica, New York Edison Co., Otis Elevator Co., Boston Elevated Railways, and other big concerns.

# Was \$100

Let us send you the Oliver for Free Trial. The coupon brings it.

If you agree that it is the finest typewriter, regardless of price, pay for it at the rate of \$3 per month. We ask no partial payment in advance. You have over a year to pay. And you'll have the Oliver all that time. There is no need to wait until you have the full amount.

If, after trying it, you wish to return it, we even refund the out-going transportation charges. So the trial does not cost you a cent. Nor does it place you under obligations to buy.

Our new plan has been a tremendous success. We are selling more Olivers this way than ever before. Over 700,000 Olivers have been sold! Oliver popularity is increasing daily.

This, the Oliver 9, has all the latest improvements. It is noted for its sturdiness, speed and fine workmanship. It is handsomely finished in olive enamel and polished nickel. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this Oliver, for which we now ask only \$57, after its being priced for years at \$100.

Mail the coupon for EITHER a free trial Oliver or further information. Be your own salesman and save \$43. This is your great opportunity.

Canadian Price, \$72

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY**

C31 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill. (29.03)

# 10c a day soon buys an Oliver Typewriter—latest model

Before you realize it you have this splendid Oliver paid for. And you get to use it right away—while you pay.

To begin with, you save \$43 on the price, for we now sell the \$100 Oliver for \$57. It is our latest and best model, the No. 9, brand new.

We are able to make this great saving for you through the economies we learned during the war. We found that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses through the country.

We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods.

You may buy direct from us, via coupon. We even send the

Oliver for five days free trial, so that you may act as your own salesman. You may use it as if it were your own. You can be the sole judge, with no one to influence you.



# Now \$57

This coupon brings you a Free Trial Oliver without your paying in advance. Decide yourself. Save \$43.

Or this coupon brings further information. Check which you wish.

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,**  
C31 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$57 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is .....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Occupation or Business .....



# The FORUM

*Founded 1886 by Isaac L. Rice*

President and Treasurer  
EDWIN WILDMAN

JUNE, 1919

Secretary  
C. C. SAVAGE

Vol. LXI

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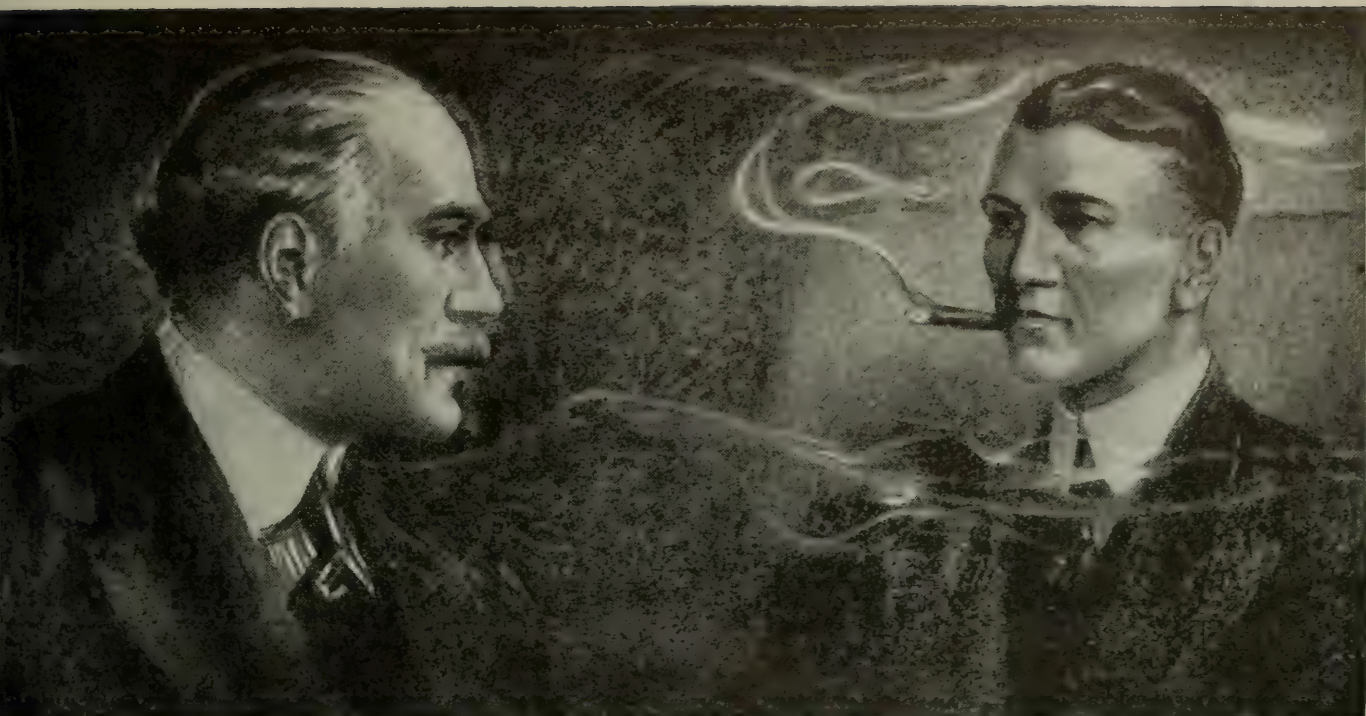
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# Tobacco Is Hurting You

Look at the facts square in the face, Mr. Tobacco User. You may think tobacco is not hurting you.

That is because you haven't as yet, perhaps, felt the effects of the nicotine poison in YOUR system. For you know that nicotine, as absorbed into the system through smoking and chewing tobacco, is a slow working poison. Slow, yes—but **sure**.

Tobacco is lowering your efficiency. It slows a man down. Makes it harder for you to concentrate your mind on your work. You haven't near the amount of "pep" and energy you would have if you stopped using it. There's many a man twice as old as you in years who's twice as young in energy, simply because he lets tobacco alone.

Some day you will realize to what an alarming extent tobacco has undermined your system.

When your hands begin to tremble—  
and your appetite begins to fail—  
and your heart seems to "skip a beat" now and then—  
and slight exertion makes you short of breath—  
then you'll **KNOW**, without anyone telling you, that **TOBACCO** is getting the upper hand.

Any well-informed doctor will tell you that these are only a few of many symptoms of tobacco poisoning.

And **YOU** know that the use of tobacco in **any** form is an **expensive**, utterly useless habit. You know you ought to quit.

## Tobacco Habit Banished In 48 to 72 Hours

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Not the slightest shock to the nervous system. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

**Tobacco Redeemer** contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is the most marvelously quick, absolutely scientific and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves and makes you feel better in every way.

### Results Guaranteed

A single trial will convince you. Our legal-binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. We will refund every cent you pay for the treatment if after taking it according to the easy-to-follow directions, it should fail to banish the tobacco habit completely.

**SEND** Coupon for  
**Free Proof**

Let us send you our **free** booklet on the deadly effects of tobacco, together with testimonial letters from men all over the country telling how they have been absolutely freed from the tobacco habit by this simple home treatment. You could not ask for stronger proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will free you from the habit than the evidence we will gladly send on request. Just mail the coupon—or a postal will do.

**NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.**

Dept. 652

St. Louis, Mo.



## Free Book Coupon

**NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.**

Dept. 652

St. Louis, Mo.

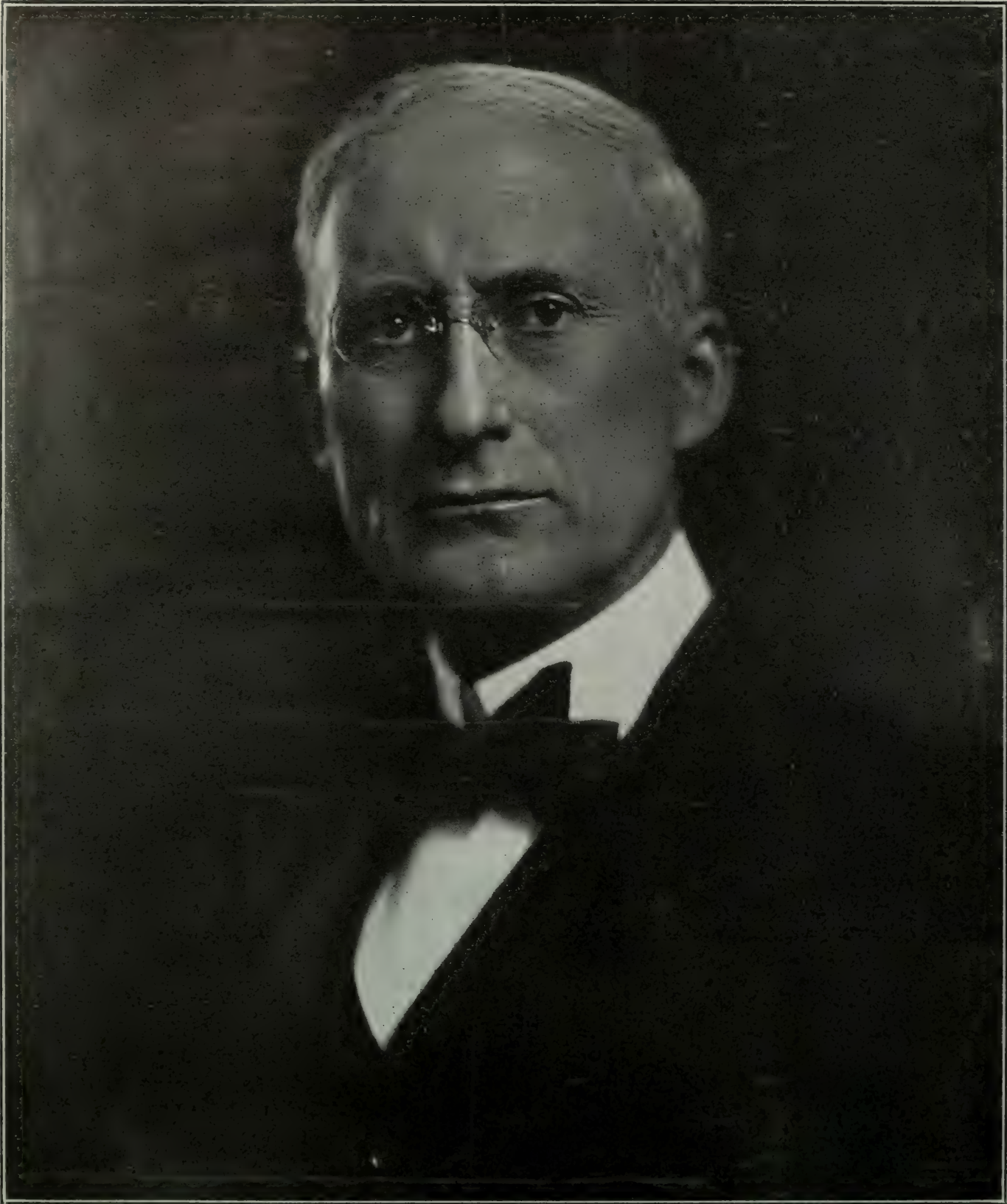
Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

Name .....

Street and No. ....

Town..... State.....





GOVERNOR GOODRICH OF INDIANA

"Ours is a government of law and not of men and its safety depends upon the faithful observance of the law by everyone," is a Goodrich principle (and one that he has acted upon in the National crisis). Indiana's Reconstruction Governor, who says that "reconstruction does not mean revolution," has been mentioned among the big timber for Republican consideration in 1920.

# The FORUM

For June, 1919

## IN THE HELLS OF TEHUANTEPEC

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

By AGNES C. LAUT

*The woman who supplied the information to the writer of this article would be the victim of reprisals in Mexico should her name be given.*

### I.

THIS is a record of fact, not fiction.

I do not give the girl's name for two reasons. It would expose my informants to the most terrible vengeance. Also there would be an attempt to explain the case away as so exceptional it could not possibly be typical. Whereas, there is not a thinking person acquainted with the facts of this episode, who does not know that the case is so typical its name is Legion; and if a Redemptive Power is not found, and found swiftly, it is not into the Swine the Devils will go, and so over the precipice into the sea, but into our civilization, over another kind of precipice into a primordial cesspool of beastliness.

It was in the home town of the State of a great Pacifist that a country doctor developed a slight touch of tuberculosis. If he would move to a climate of slightly higher altitude where the temperature was more equable, subject to no extremes, and live an outdoor life, his chances were good for



thirty more years. The little family sprang from a race of pioneers, that had moved in tented wagons over the mountains of Tennessee to the great Middle West, which they colonized and civilized, and with the same urge of Destiny in their blood, which has made Democracy what it is in the United States, they now uprooted family ties and moved to a great South Land, where the government was calling for new blood, new colonists, new capital, to do for that land what the colonization spirit had done for the United States.

When the change was made, the family had wavered in choice between Canada and Mexico. Land could be bought in either country at much the same price—a few dollars an acre; but one country offered a climate of extremes with one crop a year; and the other country offered an even climate with three crops a year; so the family decided what you or I would have decided in like case and trekked South over the Border with little consciousness of difference in the settlers round them, except that in Nebraska the farm hands were chiefly German and Slav, and in Mexico the helpers were soft-voiced, dusky-eyed peons, who work cheaper but lay off in the heat in mid-day. How could the colonists trekking South in tented wagon and crowded trains foreknow that like a clap from a blue sky would come a day when one great government could keep itself in power only by lashing up fury against foreigners, and another great government could win an election only by the catch cry of “keeping out of war”? In fact, they didn’t think much at all about what great governments were doing. Like all democracies, that family was a little democracy in itself and wished to be left alone to work out its own problems of finance and department of the interior.

How to fill the stomachs of that department of the interior while waiting for the homestead to bring in first returns was the primary problem as it is with all pioneers; and in this, the eldest daughter proved their tower of strength. Her name was Grace; and her mother had given her that name because mother and father had wished her to become the embodiment of all the grace and freedom and beauty that

outdoor life in a western land could impart to body and spirit; and she was the typical Western girl. She was sixteen and stood six feet tall. She could ride. She could shoot. She could peg a tent, or break camp, or saddle a broncho; and she grew in self-reliance every year because her family leaned upon her strength; and she faced life with dauntless radiant happiness.

## II.

SHE loved the new land. She loved the wealth of rich-colored flowers like the flame in her own cheeks and blood. She loved the sleeping snowy mountains that sent their streams down to the meadows, as her own superabounding vitality touched to intenser life all whom she knew. She loved above all the radiant cloudless light clear as the light she followed in her own direct soul. She loved the freedom. She loved the hope ahead, just over the horizon, like the light when you break camp at dawn and go over a hill to meet sunrise. What did hardships matter? A man's work stops at set of sun, but a woman's work—especially pioneer work—is never done; but did this Western girl care? You couldn't make her sorry for herself with the sickly egoism of the pampered hot-house plant. She would work hard, and she would play hard, and she would love hard and hate hard, and—win. That was the point. She would win. They were prospering. The cows and the sheep were increasing; and one alfalfa field was yielding as high as twenty tons a year—three crops, remember—and five cuttings each crop, and heavy beautiful blue-green fields so thick you could not find a scant patch the size of your foot.

Grace managed the peons because she picked up the language quicker than her father and mother; and she managed them well, leaving to the peon overseer the supervision of the field workers but always paying the wages, herself, on Saturday, so there could be no cheating or hold back.

"You fool," said one peon to another peon one night after there had been a dispute about a few cents of wages,



“do you think Niña,” (the Spanish term of affection for a girl,) “do you think Niña would cheat any one?”

And besides managing the household and managing the farm, this astonishing and tireless girl had found time to serve sandwiches to passing passenger trains in order to get ready money to pay the peons.

But all the same a veiled change was evident. A subtle poison was working. Strangers drifted among the peons for a night or a day—sometimes peddlers of small wares, sometimes wandering horsemen; and always afterwards there would be little unprovoked disputes about wages, though the Americans were paying \$1.50 a day, where the Mexicans were paying only 25 cents a day and free pulque. One of the strikes was for 25 cents and free pulque, instead of \$1.50 and no drink; but that strike was averted by an epidemic of mild influenza, when Grace and her father doctored and cared for five hundred peons.

But always there was that subtle poisonous change, too intangible to be fought in the open, too veiled to be known, working discontent, rankling hate, circulating lies and somehow disloyalty. Workers would throw down tools and disappear for the day. Then they would come back and beat up the men who had taken their places; or they would go off for the night and come back sultry next day, with a look in their eyes she had never seen before, furtive, evil, menacing, a look felt, which she could not interpret.

“Don Alfredo,” said the aged Sr. Garcia, a Spanish ranch owner on adjoining land, “before God, I know this people, and my own blood I love with a passion you Americans know not; but I am sending my sons to los United States to—do you call it how?—to Da-traw-it—to learn the automobile mechanics; and my daughters I send to Nueva York to learn the English. I am old. I do not matter; but I know this poor misguided people. The fools are uncorking the bottle; and all the evils of hell are coming out; and there is no hand strong enough in all this land ever to put the cork back.”

And the old Don looked at Grace, the strong, the lithe, the free; and his eyes suddenly filled with tears, tears—she thought—of sorrow for his native land. Sitting in the dusky hells of Tehautepec, she knows today, they were not tears for his native land. Sr. Garcia was trying to warn the Americans; but the doctor was American, and she was American, and they did not know. What criterion had they by which they *could* know? Had she not camped in the Rockies alone with schoolgirl friends and not as much as a hair of their heads suffered ill? Had not her ancestors marched with the march of the centuries over the hinter lands across the Bloody Grounds of all frontiers, man and wife, daughter and son? Was it not the same urge of Destiny in their blood had brought them here, unknowing fear, fronting the future for whatever the future brought, carrying the torch of light into darkness? If pioneers had not both the faith and folly of little children led by Destiny, would Democracy, itself, ever have taken the Trail? Something like this she now knows dimly; but she wants to reach the end of the Trail, where one forgets and perhaps begins again. The coffee and sugar plantations lay isolated too far from the outside world for the American settlement to know of a subtle poison spreading through men's minds for the men who had not, to arise, and take, from the men who had. If you had told them the name by which the poison called itself, they would have laughed. It didn't seem in the sober realm of sane thought. Why, these settlers had come in penniless, and bought lands, and paid the debt in sweat of brawn and brain; and if other men wanted something, let them do the same! It took years and work; but there was the reward at the end of the work. It was very simple, but not half so simple as seizing what the other fellow's years of work had won.

Then in the clap from a clear sky broke the storm. The land of flowers and sunshine became a flame of fire and a sea of blood. Huertistas were shooting Felicistas and Villistas murdering Carranzistas and Carranzistas plundering and slaughtering whom they would. No man stayed the hand of crime. There was "no hand in all that land strong



enough," as old Sr. Garcia had said. His herds were stolen by leaders, who called themselves generals, and run across the Rio Grande, to thieves, who called themselves politicians. His stacks were put to the torch. The priceless pictures of his mansion were slashed to ribbons. His furnishings were cut to kindling wood for fires to cook tortillas and beans on the cobblestones of the courtyard. His stores were looted and the food that could not be carried away stamped in the ground. Of his hacienda, only the walls remained; and they were adobe and could not be burned. Well for old Garcia, his sons had gone to learn the automobile mechanics in Da-traw-it and his daughters to learn the English in Nueva York. He, himself, died of a broken heart, as nightly the torch fires burning on mesa and lowland told him of other ranches put to flame and sword.

Vaguely Grace knew the fighting was in the name of freedom; but freedom for what, she did not know; for when she asked one of her peons for what he was fighting, he answered for his "hefe" (jefe); and when she asked what the hefe was fighting for, the man answered "25 cents a day and a free hand," and he wasn't getting the 25 cents. Though the world was clamorous with "Am-I-my-brother's-keeper?" talk, Grace was too busy serving sandwiches and running the ranch to know what all this meant.

### III.

**T**HEN one night just after dark, as the family were sitting down somewhat breathless and panting from news of the destruction of another ranch, a rider spurred up to the gate of the walled courtyard and was seen gesticulating. As the lamps were lighted, Grace drew down the shades and slid across the deep casement windows the thick cretonne curtains.

"I think, my dear," her mother was saying, "we'll have to go out;" Grace thought out to the yard, where the horseman was gesticulating.

She peered out at the shadowy figures. "But, no," her father was answering, "if we pull up now, there is no money

in the country, we can't realize one peso. We might as well leave naked. Besides, the railroad North is shot up. The Carranzistas hold the road to the sea, and Villa is coming down from the North. We couldn't get out if we tried. Our only chance is to sit tight. They haven't molested Americans yet. If we can only hold on——"

As he spoke came a clatter of gun-butts on doors and a stamping of horses on the cobblestones of the rear yard. There was the piercing scream of a peon woman, a scuffle of sandaled feet and two score men burst into the long dining-room. Grace saw the shadow of an uplifted rifle that smashed the table lamp. She saw her father pinioned by both elbows as he rose from his chair. She saw a hairy naked arm, below a long haired sweaty face with gleaming teeth showing from ear to ear, push her mother back in her chair and in a trice twist a cargodor's rope round her shoulders. She heard a groan and a sickening thud; and knew her father had been felled to the floor with a man's foot on his chest. Then a lantern was raised by the long naked hairy arm and faces shiny with the sweaty ooze of drunken frenzy filled the darkness; and the voice of the man holding the lantern shouted—"Now, where is your Niña? Where is the Senorita?"

#### IV.

SHE had never known fear in all her life. From the time she first came to the South Country she had kept her knack of being a good shot; and from the time the flame of blood and fire had swept over the land, though she knew it was against the law, she had kept a revolver in her jacket. She drew it now where she stood half hidden in the dark of the wind-blown curtains.

She could have done one of several things. She could have shot her mother where she sat bound and so—saved her. Could you have done that? Just one shot and they would know all right where the Senorita stood. She could have shot the lantern flame out, and taken chances of flight in the dark; but what of her mother and father? For the first time in her life the tremor of terror shook her and turned



her suddenly ice cold. She drew the revolver from her jacket, one finger on the trigger. Or she could have shot and saved herself; and left both mother and father to the tortures of which the countryside now rang. Could you have done that? I do not know what other escape from tragedy fiction could have evolved; but as this is not fiction but a story of fact, Grace's doom fell with the words from the shining teeth behind the lantern—"The Senorita? Give the old ewe a prod there: the lamb will bleat."

"Don't!" she screamed, and she leaped in the midst of them, a fighting tigress pleading for the life of her own blood.

What happened I may not tell, for though it has been permitted for people to suffer in that South Land past the power of any tongue or pen to tell, it has not, in the wisdom of a strange thing called "secret diplomacy," been permitted to let the world know what they have suffered. Deeds of darkness thrive only in darkness; and the wisdom of the wise has decreed light shall not be let in on that darkness.

The bargain was struck in the dim light of a lantern held up by the long hairy arm. She gave herself to save others. Herself she could not save; and she was . . . crucified! On condition her parents should be left untouched, she threw down her revolver; and she was carried back unconscious to the hills with the bandits.

The details of her rescue I do not recall. There have been so many cases worse than hers where there was no rescue; but a common method was to bribe another band of bandits to steal the victim; but when months later she was brought out to the nearest garrison town she was past all healing in body and soul; and that girl is today dying in the dusky hells of the hot country, where white men seldom go and never stay.

## V.

**B**UT the end was not, and is not—yet.

Outraged by this tragedy and countless others, there came up from that South Land a deputation from chambers

of commerce and settlers. Perhaps they dreamed of a time when the Stars and Stripes, or the Union Jack, wrapped round a man, woman, or child, was as strong a protection as the arm of the Almighty, even in the remotest sections of all the world. They may have held to some old fabled dreams of not a sparrow falling to the ground but a great God taking account. They were not politicians. Neither were they diplomats holding their jobs by virtue of holding silence, when silence was a lying crime. They were common ordinary everyday men, with clean red blood and some decency of which they were not prating, for which thank God. And they came full of hope to get something done; for the great man to whom they came had sprung into fame in a single night with a single phrase about "crucified on a cross of gold"; and surely if ever human soul had been crucified, this girl had been pinioned to a cross of sacrifice. How could ordinary men isolated from the outer world realize that the powers in the land from which they came could hold their power only by lashing up fury to foreigners, and that the great man to whom they came in the North was to address the biggest Pacifist rally ever staged by German propaganda?

He received them cordially but diplomatically. He was not pleased at their coming; but his famous amiable urbanity remained unperturbed. He received the strangers with a smile that has been the glory of the cartoonists and the sob-sisters for twenty years; but as Don Eduardo, the spokesman, went deeper and deeper into his pleadings, with details, the details were not pleasing to the smiling urbane listener. The details didn't jibe with certain policies. They didn't flatter. They didn't bolster up soft theories. This was to say the least most complicating. It was growing more embarrassing every word Don Eduardo uttered. If he listened to this, why, why—why all the Evangelical churches and the Catholic churches and Chautauqua circles would be down upon him with cohorts of more details.

Rubbing his hands impatiently, he interrupted Don Eduardo's recital—"Gentlemen—gentlemen—in times like



these we must not allow our emotions to run away with our judgment—they do far worse to their own women—”

“They do, indeed,” shouted the astonished don, the weathered lines of his sunburnt face deepening to netted furrows—“they do, indeed, Mr. Secretary. Only last week they took two women of their own people, of good birth and of good families, off the train. They stripped them stark naked. They threw them into a vat of black engine oil. All that kept those two women from being burned alive——”

But the great man had risen signalling an end to the unpleasant interview; and the deputation that had come three thousand miles for help filed out in silence, out down the long corridors, past the press boys waiting impatiently for an interview on the *Lusitania*, past a rich young man waiting impatiently for his commission as a consul, past a colored porter who confessed to a colored guard in khaki he was sick of “them damn fools who didn’t know enough to git out before their throats was cut,” down the stone steps, out to the line of waiting taxicabs into which they scrambled,—still silent.

The furrowed trenches of Don Eduardo’s sunburnt face were wet with tears. He made a bluff of his breakdown by fanning himself furiously with his panama hat; and he lighted an astringent cigar that stank atrociously of the tropics. “Yes—yes,” he muttered. “That’s what old Garcia said—uncorking the evils of hell and no hand strong enough to put the cork back in the bottle.”

In the deputation was a native of the South Country, who had been educated in the North as a missionary and who later became a governor in the hot country and was, himself, kidnapped by bandits the week I left the South. He spoke below his breath as if to himself—“The same old excuse since the days of Cain,” he said, “am-I-my-brother’s-keeper?”

## VI.

DOWN in the hot country, an old medical friend hunted up Grace. I would have brought her out to speak on the

same platform as the great man if I could have found her. He discovered her languidly shaking dice with a band of lousy, ill-fed, half naked soldiers, who turned bandits by night because they received no pay by day.

"Come out?" she repeated idly, "come out? What would I come out for? I am going the pace that kills to end it quick. Do you think I could ever look white people in the face? I go mad when I see a white flag. White, God—they ought to paint it yellow. These poor devils are what your rotten white-man politics have made them for four hundred years. Perhaps when the fate of a few thousand more like me——" She didn't finish. She went on shaking the dice with a black-skinned fellow who wore a captain's hatband and had neither shirt nor shoes.

As I said at the beginning—this is a record of fact, not fiction; and if a Redemptive Power is not found, and found swiftly, it is not into the Swine the Devils will go, and so over the precipice into the sea, but into the blood of white-man civilization the poison will course, cancelling all the world has fought for, and, won, in ten thousand years.

## BELGIUM'S MARTYRDOM

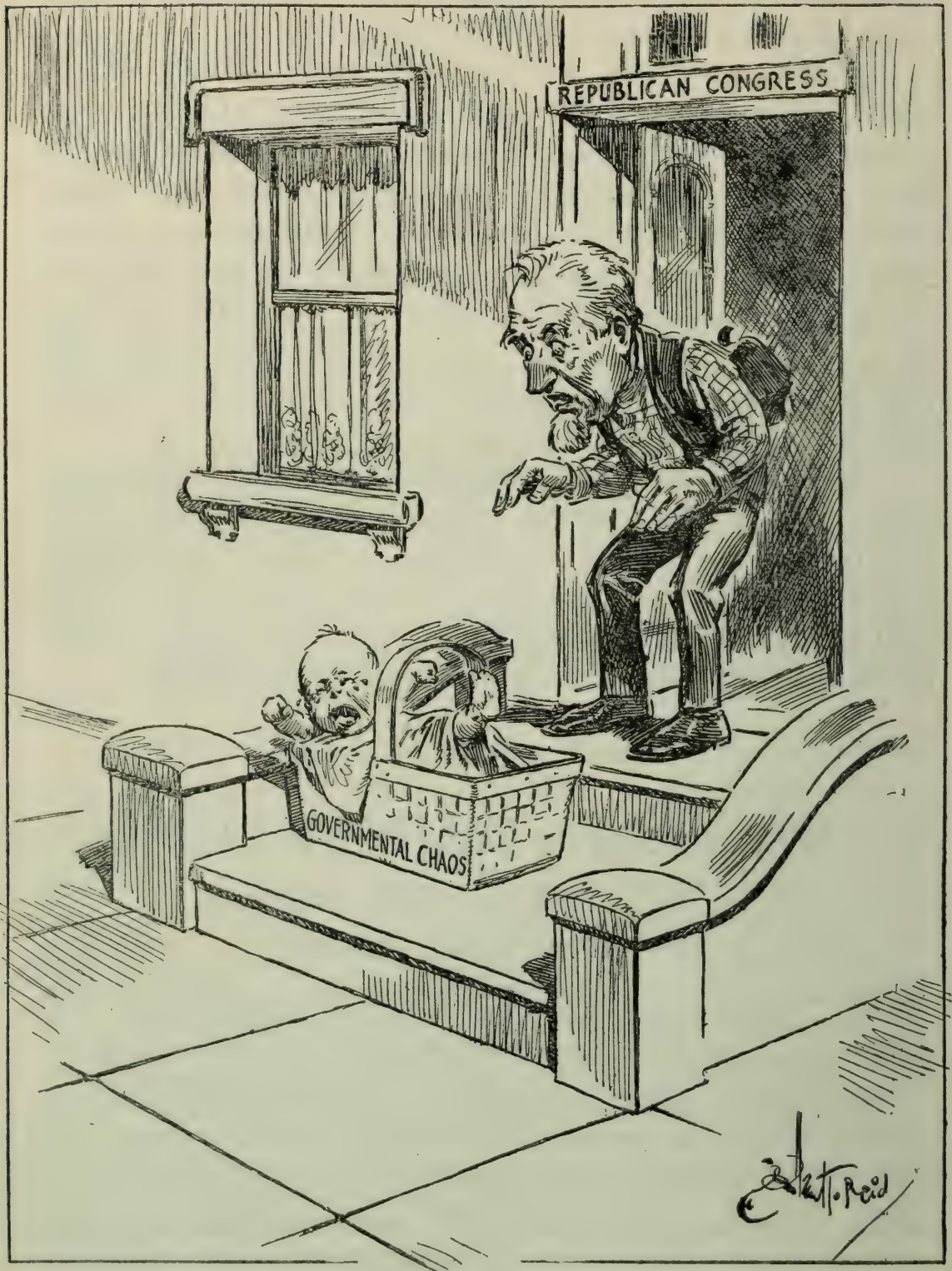
By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

[PRESIDENT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY]

THE unprovoked assault upon Belgium made on August 4, 1914, was a crime against the public order of the whole world. The damage, the suffering, the destruction were borne by Belgium, but the debt is the world's to pay. The amazing brutality and barbarism of the invading German armies surprised and astonished the on-looking world. Almost each succeeding day brought record of a new and vicious crime against human life, against monuments of art and of architecture. The free nations of the world have been in earnest and valiant co-operation to beat back the German armies and to destroy German military power. This end, having been accomplished, free nations should remain in close co-operation to restore to Belgium, so far as lies within human power, that which she lost through her own national virtues of constancy, courage and independence.



## ON THE G. O. P. DOOR STEP



“Passing the Buck” to the G. O. P.

# GOVERNOR GOODRICH'S RECONSTRUCTION PLANS

The National Impulses of Indiana's Governor

By EDWIN WILDMAN

(AUTHOR OF "RECONSTRUCTING AMERICA")

**I**N presenting the significant changes that are going on in our national life it becomes a pleasure to find that our leaders are occasionally conservative and calm, yet sanely progressive and original in their advice. Whenever it is possible to discover among them a man who is living close to real ideals that are practical as well as inspiring, the inclination to reflect his opinions becomes compelling.

In Indiana they have a governor who has succeeded in expressing himself frankly about reconstruction in spite of his office. He is a man who has emulated the war spirit of his State to the complete triumph of American patriotism and courage that have thrived in Indiana since the days of Abraham Lincoln. He is the first administrative head of any State to call a conference of resourceful citizens to discuss the problems of reconstruction. Before this he had demonstrated executive skill, as well as his own national character, when Indiana furnished more volunteers for the regular army at the beginning of the great war than any other State in the Union. It was when victory was won by the Allied arms that the Governor of Indiana seized upon the wisdom of using the patriotic energy still throbbing in the hearts of the people for the supreme motive power to amalgamate the high purposes for which the war had been won. What he did for the war energies of Indiana was in accord with the history of the State. It was to a war governor of Indiana that Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War sent the inspiring message, "Well done, Indiana!"

Those were different problems, however, than ours of today. The period of reconstruction upon which we are



entering is one of world-wide importance, because as the national character of this country demonstrates its force of wisdom so will the wounded countries of the world take heart. Therefore, Governor James P. Goodrich of Indiana appears to be a man of energetic thought as well as executive skill. It was in Indiana during that first notable conference held in any State for the purpose of considering reconstruction that he presented certain views upon the question that are admirable.

He said, for instance:

"Reconstruction is the preservation of our institutions."

"It involves the complex future needs of our citizens."

"It should make America proof against destructive radicalism."

"It should impress the Government with the need of readjusting the business situation of the country."

One reads these signs of the times in all forms elsewhere, but in Indiana they have ripened. The enlightened program of reconstruction which emanates from Indiana balances well with one's best expectations of the whole idea. It not only promises, but it demonstrates what such a program can do in legislative impulse.

#### A HEART-TO-HEART RECONSTRUCTION TALK

NO sooner had the news reached Indiana of the victory of the Allied arms than the Governor's office issued a request that representatives of every section of the social, political, religious, educational and industrial life of the State meet at the Capitol. It was a heart-to-heart talk of readjustment for the purpose of meeting the present and future needs of citizenship. What took place at this meeting was very largely influenced by the Governor's experience as a business administrator. He was able to differentiate keenly between the government way and the business way of conducting administrative work. The first new impression which this conference of reconstruction agreed upon was, that the only business in the United States

in which there seemed to be no demand for skilled workmen was the business of government. It was shown that difficulties were put in the way of municipal and State governments in securing the highest grade of ability to carry out technical functions of administration. The accord with which this idea was received by the men who attended this reconstruction conference was emphasized by their own knowledge. They knew that private corporations found no trouble of this kind, they knew that private employment gave men and women of personal ability a chance to secure permanent employment, and ultimately to achieve power and income. It was the sense of the meeting that one way to secure the highest grade of public service in government administration was to remove the purely administrative and technical offices of government from biased political handling. The improvement was possible only by creating an opportunity in public service for a career by guaranteeing to able men the right to exercise their talents.

#### THE GOVERNOR'S RETRENCHMENT POLICY

HERE emerged from the wisdom of this conference an effort to legislate in the State of Indiana a program of economy and efficiency. The Governor asked for consolidation of various departments, including those of geology, forestry, fish and game, parks and waters and entomology, under a non-partisan conservation commission. The legislature was asked to create separate departments of banking and insurance entirely for economy and efficiency. It was urged that constitutional amendment resolutions should be passed to remove the office of the State superintendent of schools from partisan politics and have the clerk of the Supreme Court appointed by the court itself. It was further requested that by constitutional resolution the budget system of State finance should be established permitting the veto of specific items in appropriation measures. All these measures were adopted by the Legislature.

Beneath these measures one reads the Governor's conviction that what government needs is not radical inter-



ference with its principles, but the application of ordinary principles of common sense to administration. At this conference on reconstruction it was conceded that the tri-partite division of powers between the legislative, judicial and executive departments must not be touched, but that the machinery of the individual departments only needed more official organization.

One of the important problems of reconstruction which developed at this conference was the problem of economy. The question of reducing the many burdens of government had been dealt with when the legislature of Indiana began its session last January. As against a cash balance in all funds of \$2,149,000 in 1916 there was a balance of \$3,700,000 toward the close of 1918, despite the abnormal increase in prices and a decrease of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent in the State tax rate which had been effected in 1917. Having reduced the burden of government the legislature received a plan inspired by Governor Goodrich for the accomplishment of a more equitable distribution of that burden. A constructive revision of the Indiana tax system was submitted, and in the closing days of the session this measure was passed. If this measure is examined closely it will be seen that a State has finally developed a thoroughly just measure.

#### FAIR TREATMENT FOR LABOR

**A**N important phase of the reconstruction program of Indiana naturally related to the interests of labor. Its conclusions were formulated after a careful investigation conducted at the request of the Governor by a representative of the United States Department of Labor. The report showed that women and children in Indiana were still working under unsanitary conditions, exposed to dangerous machinery. It showed the employment with long hours of work of children of school age, and yet, from an economic point of view, these conditions have contributed to the rapidly growing industrialism in Indiana. When the reconstruction conference reached this crisis of their discussions they expressed no regard for the economic conception

advanced by Adam Smith that labor should be treated as a commodity. They agreed with the Governor that any disregard of the physical and mental welfare of the working class was an economic mistake. A law was passed, strengthening the workman's compensation, a shot-firer's measure was passed, an act creating a commission to study the problems of child welfare and social insurance, and there was established a Free State Employment Service.

The Free State Employment Bureau endeavors not only to assist in the problem of employment, but also to investigate the study of methods for promoting co-operation and lessening friction between capital and labor. The labor issue was profoundly studied and discussed at this conference in Indiana. It was based in argument upon the fact that any neglect of the high purpose of the war because of the armistice would be injurious to national strength. The men assembled by the Governor, like himself, foresaw the critical years ahead and looked at them critically. They agreed that there must be no relaxation of constructive action merely because the laurels of victory were ours. No spirit of apathy such as pervaded the nation in the decades following the Civil War should be permitted, they agreed. This apathy of that period has demonstrated the wide difference in our well-being then and now. A great deal of the reconstruction legislation discovered at that notable conference in Indiana was inspiring. Recalling the difference between reconstruction thought after the Civil War and today, Governor Goodrich presented to the conference a concrete bit of evidence in favor of a revised program. He pointed out that after the Civil War we were a nation of boundless wealth and reserve which was at the service of a comparatively small population. He showed that even government waste and extravagance, at that time, could not imperil the robust health of the then youthful nation. Industrial disturbances or social complexities did not then interfere with the virile assurance of that strong young nation. There was an abundance of free land then to furnish an outlet for social discontent.



## POPULATION CONGESTION AND BOLSHEVISM

THE whole fabric and substance of a nation has vastly changed. It was pointed out at this conference that the outlet for social discontent no longer exists in safety through our national life. A rapidly increasing population has already pushed the frontier into the Pacific. That population now surges back upon itself, and America, for the first time in her history, is beginning to feel the effects of social and economic purposes. These men, in their sincere endeavor to foresee the needs of reconstruction, admitted that there were significant and ominous voices heard in congested centers, and they agreed that national apathy would be dangerous. A blind reactionary course, however, would be equally dangerous because it would solidify the forces of destructive radicalism it hoped to prevent. The Governor said to them, on this matter:

“No Bolshevik philosophy was ever urgent in a soil rich with the leaven of political and social justice. Bolshevism lives and moves and has its being in social wretchedness and discontent.”

The new program of reconstruction proposed at this conference in Indiana did not recommend a revolutionary concession to the demands of the radicals. Nor did it propose any reactionary plan. Their advice was made an equitable social and economic policy backed by a just governmental policy. These recommendations were made at a time when men throughout the country, panicstricken with fear of the Bolshevik agitators, could think of nothing but demanding that they be jailed. Indiana's governor, on the contrary, was pleading merely to strengthen the existing system of government that it might more definitely conform to the principles on which it was founded. This conservative thought seems to be the key upon which the entire new program of reconstruction proposed at the conference at Indiana is founded. It is a program saturated in the faith that still quotes Gladstone and Hamilton and Lincoln.

## THE GOVERNOR OPPOSES PATERNALISM

THE Governor of Indiana himself was among the first public men in the United States to present, as part of a program of reconstruction, the demand that the Federal Government withdraw its attitude of paternalism toward business. He regards this as vital to the perpetuity of our constitutional system as to the welfare of American business. This conclusion has been embodied in direct protests from the Capitol in Indiana.

When the Postmaster-General added to the record his recent price fixing for intrastate telephone service, the Indiana Public Service Commission took immediate steps to oppose its enforcement. When Mr. Burleson later ordered the increase in telegraph rates, giving as a reason that the Government could not run this business under the old rate without a loss, although the owners had asserted their ability to do so, Governor Goodrich insisted that this being the case, since the Government could not operate these utilities in peace time without a loss, the Federal Government should return them to the owners who could.

"Aggressive opposition must be maintained throughout all endeavors which seek to transform the free people of our Republic into mere instrumentalities of a materialistic Federal paternalism. An all-powerful bureaucratic nationalism can be built only on the ashes of a Republic," said the Governor in addressing the conference upon this issue.

The reconstruction conference in Indiana called for the re-establishment of a traditional relation between the nation and the States as the *sine qua non* of an effective solution of the far-reaching problems of the readjustment of American business. When the Indiana legislature convened in January a concrete practical program for governmental and economic changes, so far as might be possible through the agency of State government, was presented by the Governor. The program contained measures having for their object the realization of a larger efficiency and responsi-



bility in the State administration, measures for social and economic betterment; and proposals for the establishment of a State highway system, the extension of political suffrage to women in federal election, for a larger Americanization, and altogether for the reduction of the burdens of Government and at the same time provide a higher measure of public service.

#### GOODRICH'S ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY

IN addition to this record of constructive achievement, Governor Goodrich recently displayed his capacity for leadership in his speedy and aggressive action in quelling riots in the coal-fields of Indiana.

As a result of a dispute between the telephone operators and the management of a small telephone exchange at Linton, an Indiana mining town, the lawless element of that and surrounding districts formed a mob and attacked the telephone-exchange building. The building was stoned, and the girls who had replaced the regular operators were threatened with violence. The mob increased and the rioting became more violent. Local police officers notified the Governor of the situation but did not appeal for relief. Within fifteen minutes after this notification, the Governor ordered the mobilization of several companies of the State militia, and trains were in readiness to carry the troops to Linton. The following morning the rioting got beyond the control of the local authorities, and they appealed to the Governor for aid. Before the appeal was sent, however, the Governor had the troops moving to Linton, and within twelve hours after their arrival the mob was dispersed and order was restored. Within the next twenty-four hours a committee appointed by the Governor had brought the telephone company and the operators together and the entire matter had been adjusted.

The stern initiative and aggressive action of Governor Goodrich in suppressing outbreaks of lawlessness can well be followed by those elsewhere who are charged with the responsibility of maintaining order, especially in those centers where foreign and un-American propaganda is inciting violence.

A POLICY OF LAW AND ORDER NOT OPPRESSION

**I**N a statement issued at the time of the Linton dispute, the Governor said:

“Ours is a government of law and not of men and its safety depends upon the faithful observance of the law by everyone. It is the duty of the executive department of the State to uphold the law; not only that we may protect the rights of the citizens now, but that Indiana may furnish an example of sound patriotic conduct for the consideration of any un-American element which may attempt any sinister activities in the future.”

Governor Goodrich's policy is not the policy of oppression, but it is a policy of law and order, and the adjustment and solution of political, economic and social problems by sane progression and orderly methods. He has said that reconstruction does not mean revolution, and that progress does not come from the firebrand but from an enlightened public consciousness expressed through laws of the people's making.

The policies of Indiana's Governor and the reconstruction program of Indiana can be regarded as an enlightened program of constitutional substance, that aims to assist our National strength. Although the actual problems in a broad sense are the same in every State, Indiana seems to lead in the character of common sense.

With the same admirable impulse, the Nation might



duplicate that message sent by Lincoln's Secretary of War to a former governor of the State—

“ Well done, Indiana ! ”

and send it to the Reconstruction Governor, Goodrich.

## IT HAS OCCURRED TO ME THAT—

**P**ESSIMISTS are either very poor or very rich; the rest of us cannot afford to be anything but optimists.

If people told each other only that which they were willing to have repeated, language would die out.

The idlers in life keep the workers busy supporting them.

The man who is fair and just in all things is ranked by the world as a weakling. Hypocrites have the most friends.

Wealth is so-called friendship incorporated.

No great actor ever wrote the part he plays; the man who achieves cannot impart the secret—if he could the park benches would be empty.

Civilization has made joy ephemeral, content impossible, and happiness a thing your neighbor possesses.

All the world is a war—peace is but a recess.

Weakness is the door of the heart; weakness alone opens it.

*JOB'S COMFORTER.*

# WHY IS A LUXURY?

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

**I** MET Smithkins going in town on the train one morning. Smithkins and I commute. We have been missing the same train almost every morning for years.

"Smithkins," I said, just as he had opened his morning paper and settled back to read, "why is a luxury?"

Smithkins rattled his paper in disgust and pretended not to hear. I repeated the question more forcibly. Smithkins looked at me over the top of his paper.

"I suppose that's a brother to the old question, 'Who is water?' or 'Why is a hen?'"

"Haven't you been hit by this luxury tax"? I demanded.

"I've been hit by everything from an express train to matrimony," he snarled, "and of course I've been hit by this fool luxury tax. The answer to your question is 'To raise money.' What did you think the answer was?"

"Is it just?"

"Just what?" asked Smithkins, folding his paper with a groan and slipping it into his pocket.

"Just just," I answered. Smithkins leaned forward and looked at me.

"It's just—"

The conductor slammed the door at that point and I didn't get the other word.

"Look here, do you see these glasses of mine?"

Smithkins grabbed me by the lapel of my coat. I knew he was going to talk and talk, all the way in on the train. Sometimes he's an awful bore, talking like that. But I decided to humor him.

"Yes, I see them. I see the awful face behind them, I see the mole on the face behind them, I see—"

"Do you suppose I wear these glasses for ornament?" he demanded. "Do you suppose they improve my looks?"



"Well, really, Old Man, they couldn't make you look worse, you know—"

"Listen, I wear these glasses because I cannot see to read without them, I have a case of astigmatism—"

"I've put away a case of bacardi—"

"Don't be funny," snapped Smithkins. "I have a bad case of astigmatism. I have to have one of the lenses in my glasses made especially to order, very difficult grinding on them. Now, what do you think our Government has done to me?"

"Done to you? I didn't even know they had the goods on you—"

"They tax me ten per cent extra on my glasses, ten per cent on the high priced lens, because it is a luxury for me to have astigmatism. I should avoid luxury, I should go stumbling about without my glasses, and with a perpetual headache."

"Ah, you are interested in the luxury tax, I perceive," I told Smithkins.

"No, not interested, only disgusted. Now, take yourself, for instance—"

"Bosh, why take me? I'm not a luxury—"

"You are certainly not a necessity," growled Smithkins, who utterly fails whenever he tries to be sarcastic like that.

#### WHEN ICE CREAM IS A NECESSITY

"TAKE your case, I saw you in the drug store last evening with your two little girls, buying them ice cream—"

"Sundaes," I corrected.

"And what did you pay?"

"Twenty-four cents."

"There you are—you poor worm, you're a victim of this luxury tax and don't even know enough to squirm! Those ice-cream concoctions were luxuries—"

"Smithkins," I said, kindly, "if you had two lively

young daughters you would understand your error. To two girls like that, ice cream is an absolute necessity."

"Look at ladies' silk undergarments—"

"Where?" I yelled, nearly getting a crick in my neck.

"Outrageous, simply outrageous, to put this fearful tax on them. Mrs. Smithkins bought some—er—what-nots and things the other day and brought them home, the luxury tax on them alone was something like \$3. The whole bill was around \$33. Do you know what I did?"

"No, but I have a good hunch as to what you said."

"I made Mrs. Smithkins cart that truck right back to the store and buy pink silk stuff, she called it some queer name like 'tripe du shine' or something. Anyway, I told her to buy the stuff and the ribbons and fol-de-rols and patterns and get a good dressmaker over and have those what-nots all made up for summer. By thunder, Old Man, I got ahead of the Government that time!"

Our train had arrived, we scrambled out, he to the ferry, I to the tube. I had to run out into the wilds of Connecticut for several days to try a new show "on the dog," and didn't see Smithkins until the following week. Just as we were settled in our seats on the train I remembered that I had sort of half-promised to write a serious article on our luxury taxes, and the justness of them, why the discriminating tax was preferable to the general consumption tax, the beauties of a horizontal luxury tax. Of course it was foolish of me to make such a promise, because I could not differentiate between a perpendicular and a horizontal luxury. At any rate, I recollected my promise to write such an article—really a deep and thoughtful essay, and I also recollected that my last train-conversation with Smithkins was concerning luxury taxes. I remembered his delicious attempt at describing "what-nots" made of "tripe du shine."

"So, wiseheimer Smithkins here," I said, slapping him on the shoulder and knocking his glasses awry, "found a way to fool the Government in the matter of lingerie taxes, eh? Had experts come in and make 'em at home, eh? Great!"



Smithkins appeared to flush a trifle and he looked at me suspiciously.

"Has your wife been telling you anything?" he demanded.

"No more than she wishes me to know. She still retains her faculties," I assured him. But I grinned and I believe he thought I was in the know, for he became much embarrassed.

"I know darned well a woman can't keep a secret—"

#### IT CAN'T BE DONE

"UNLESS it is about herself," I suggested. He waved me aside. "Mrs. Smithkins has been gabbing to your wife. That's how you know about that fool stunt of mine."

"I know nothing, Smithkins, absolutely nothing," I declared.

"I was always sure of that," he said.

"But I'll find out, so you might as well tell me," I warned.

"Well, when I found there was such a tax on those what-not things, and got Mrs. Smithkins to buy the material and have them made at home by an expert, I thought I was avoiding the luxury tax. What do you think?"

"Some Official Lingerie Inspector from the Secret Service got wise?"

"Mrs. Smithkins had to pay a luxury tax on the material and when she added up the cost of all materials, waste, hire for the expert dressmaker and all, those fluffy-ruffle things that stood me thirty-odd dollars, ready made, cost me sixty bucks, and I had to have my chauffeur go and get the seamstress and deliver her every day, and we gave her her dinners!"

Smithkins glared out of the car window. I tried to appear properly sympathetic.

I could see plainly that Smithkins was in no mood to help me glean a little extra data concerning the righteousness of this luxury tax. But I kept it in mind during the

day and when I did a little shopping I learned much that led me to gradually disassociate myself with the idea of writing a long, scholarly and serious article concerning luxuries and the taxes thereon.

For instance, I learned that at 99 cents a fan is a necessity and not taxed. At \$1 it is a luxury, taxed ten cents. I looked at a \$1 fan. It consisted of a few strips cut from the shinbone of some deceased bovine, something that looked like medicated gauze, three or four spangles about as large as a Lackawanna Railroad cinder designed for the commuter's eye, and several dabs of paint of assorted colors, intended to depict either a bouquet of primroses or a dog fight. I should not care to go on record as making any closer decision.

While in this shop a portly gentleman, with a ruddiness that will take at least a decade of prohibition to eradicate, bought a pair of golf stockings, all wool, price, \$10. He handed the clerk a ten-dollar bill, took the stockings and his departure. After he was well away I said to the clerk, "I suppose it is difficult to keep this luxury tax in mind. I see you forgot and let the old gentleman depart without collecting that extra dollar luxury tax."

"No tax on those stockings," said the clerk.

"Men's hose over \$1 subject to a gouge of ten per centum, young man," I said, rebukingly.

"No tax on \$10 wool golf hose, only on the dollar and over half-hose," he told me, whereupon I wandered over to the haberdashery section and purchased a shirt. The price of that shirt was \$2.99, marked down about five minutes before the luxury tax of 10 per cent on all men's shirts \$3 and over, went into effect.

#### HOW WOMAN "GETS THE WORST OF IT"

WHEN I brought said shirt home that evening and proudly displayed it to friend wife, she said I had been cheated. This reassured me, for what perfectly normal woman will admit that a man can shop with any degree of intelligence?



Being thus reassured that she was quite normal, I explained that it had been marked down to avoid the tax.

"I was telling Mrs. Langley only yesterday that this luxury tax is the most unjust thing imaginable. It's always the same, all through life. Poor, unfortunate woman gets the worst of it," asserted friend wife.

"She certainly does if she decides that she wants the worst of it," I remarked.

"About the taxes on luxuries," she explained, "here a man can buy a good shirt for \$3 and it isn't taxed, but if a woman tries to get a half decent shirt-waist she has to pay a tax because everyone in the whole world knows that a woman cannot get any sort of a waist for less than \$18 or so."

"H-m-m-m!" I remarked.

In other words I was playing safe by keeping my thoughts to myself.

"Here's a waist I bought yesterday, got a splendid bargain on it, only \$20, marked down from \$20.25. And I had to add fifty cents tax to it."

I looked at that waist. As I remember it now—it was so long ago that I saw it, last night or the night before, that I forget details—it was a delicate pink, or perhaps a Nile green or robin's-egg blue. At any rate it was a pretty little thing. I could roll it up and tuck it in my vest pocket. It had no sleeves at all, where the neck ought to have been was an aperture large enough to drive a flivver through, with the top down. Compared to the male specie of shirt it had no more tail than a wren.

I held this waist up beside my shirt. There were long sleeves to my shirt, with reversible cuffs, and a neck that came right up to the basement of the Adam's apple, and tails that were tails. It was all there, serviceable goods, several yards. Friend wife's \$20 — pardon me, \$20.50 — waist seemed to contain a half yard or thereabouts of this light translucent pink or green or blue material. It was decorated with seven little dots of embroidery silk. And as for

quality, quantity, wearability and desirability, my shirt was worth at least nineteen of her waists.

"And by the way," murmured friend wife when I had admired the waist properly, as every wise husband does, "Will you give me \$30, please. You see, I had to take the twenty out of my house money."

I gave her the money. It was so much easier than trying to understand her system of mathematics.

"Now, isn't it true, that the poor women just get the worst of it with these horrid old luxury taxes?" she asked.

"H-m-m-m-m," I replied.

What else could a truthful married man say?

#### WHEN IS A CORSET NOT A CORSET?

HOOPER used to be a happy man. He owns a controlling share of stock in an enormous department store. He has a private office there and used to drop in every few days, talk with his general manager, read a few summaries of sales reports, motor over to the club and call it work.

He was rotund, smiling, gracious, generous, of sweet disposition, beloved by all. To-day he is the antithesis of all that. He hasn't smiled in weeks. When little children see him on his street they run home. His one-time quiet, private office is like the waste-paper salvage department of a Salvation Army shop. I hadn't known of this change, otherwise I should never have got into the lion's den, as it were. Hooper and I used to play a bit of golf. Our club was getting up a little tournament and I wanted to count him in. I dropped into his office.

Usually I found him smoking a cigar and reading a magazine, feet on his desk. This time a worried official tried to shoo me away from his door, but I had *carte blanche* there in the past, consequently I brushed the poor frightened chap aside and stalked in.

"Whoops, my dear Hooper!" It was my usual witty greeting to him, "We need you in the tournament Saturday, don't forget—"

"Get out!" yelled Hooper.



I turned to see who it was he was thus addressing. There was no one else in his office.

"What's the big idea, Hoops, Old Boy?" I demanded.

"Get out," he yelled.

He hadn't looked up. This time he did.

"Oh," he grunted when he saw me.

"What's the big—"

"Corsets!" he shouted.

"Not interested, thanks," I said, and slid into the only chair that wasn't filled with books, government reports, sheets of figures and other truck.

"I am not only interested, but muddled, wild, crazy, disgusted—" he paused and fixed me with an evil stare. "Answer me just one question, just one," he pleaded, hoarsely.

"Shoot!"

"What is a corset?" There was supplication in his voice.

"Why, it's a sort of—uh—contraption, steels and ribs and strings and hooks and things—Oh, hang it all, you know better than I, you sell millions of 'em here—"

"Don't be funny. Answer me, is a corset a garment or is it underwear?"

"A—a—a garment, I think," I stammered.

"But it's worn underneath," he howled.

"Sure, my error, it's underwear," I amended.

"But it doesn't come within the classification of underwear. Look here, if it's underwear we have to charge a luxury tax; if not, we do not have to add a tax. Now, it says here on page 42 of the appendix of the last tariff list—"

I left poor Hooper muttering to himself as he searched government reports, tax lists and other bits of misinformation. At last accounts he had been taken to a sanitarium and it was thought that he would recover.

#### NO MORE BEDROOM FARCES

**I**CE CREAM, I have since discovered, is a taxable luxury in a drug store, but a necessity at a church social, for it

is not taxed there. Plain washing soda at the grocer's is not taxed, but it is taxed if purchased at a drug store. I was trying to figure this out when I bumped into Al Maple, the well-known producer of so many successful bedroom farces.

"I've got the funniest and best bedroom farce ever written," I told him, with my usual modesty.

"I don't doubt it," he said, "but we've got to cut 'em out."

"What's this? A purity wave struck town?"

"Luxury tax. Can't afford to dress our players in the sort of lingerie that theater-goers demand in such scenes. Change the thing, lay the scene in an overall factory and bring me the script." Al Maple snapped out this advice viciously and stalked away.

A pair of number 13-G brogans, containing at least six pounds of real leather, is sold to the workingman at \$6 and no luxury tax, yet such large, roomy, comfortable shoes are really luxurious to the workingman. But a pair No. 3, AA, that contain wooden heels, papier mache soles and about half an ounce of patent leather, in other words a woman's dainty little shoe, costs around \$18. With 80 cents tax, the same being the 10 per cent above the \$10 non-taxable limit. And those tiny shoes will cause some woman to suffer the tortures of such of the damned as are able to think, yet they are called luxuries.

Old fashioned night-cap—wearing apparel, not beverage—is not taxed and is not a luxury. Put fifteen cents worth of pink ribbon and a bit of discarded lace on it and it become a boudoir cap and is taxed accordingly as a luxury.

Smithkins has somewhat recovered from his amusing attempt to have those intimate feminine what-not garments made at home and avoid the luxury tax. He has smiled several times. Last evening I even dared approach the subject of the luxury tax with him.

"Why is a luxury?" I demanded, expecting to see him get sore. Instead he smiled almost like a human.

"A luxury, sir," he said with his best mock-serious style, "is something to hitch a tax to."



"Just as a sentence is something to hitch a preposition to," I said.

"The same," agreed Smithkins, seriously.

Smithkins is not exactly grammatical. He has so much money he can afford to talk as he may please.

"And why is a tax?"

"A tax," answered Smithkins, getting into the spirit of the thing, "is a surgical instrument used for gouging coin out of the pockets of the common people. It is a device to make luxuries of the necessities of life."

Of course I couldn't agree with Smithkins. I can get along with shoes at less than \$10, with caps at less than \$2 per, with pajamas, *et cetera*, at less than \$15.

"People are making an awful fuss over this luxury tax," I remarked, when I reached home, "but it is all right, we must raise the money somewhere."

"If they would only just tax necessities, not luxuries," complained friend wife.

"For instance?"

"Face powder, cold cream, perfumes, cosmetics, headache cures—"

"All luxuries," I told her, "even the headache could only have resulted from the luxury of an overabundance of sweets or cocktails or—or something like that. Our Government must raise money in some manner. It is only just and fair—I for one approve of this luxury tax, and I am going to write a strong, powerful article in support of it!"

"If you do," said my wife, "I won't read it!"

"I am adamant," I declared, "my next article shall be in defence of this eminently just arrangement. We certainly should be taxed for luxuries, we—"

The letter man had arrived and the maid handed me a letter which I opened and read.

I made a few remarks. Friend wife, hands over her ears, fled out of hearing.

The letter was a notification that there was a ten-dollar luxury tax due on my automobile.

# RESTORE BELGIUM

By HON. HENRY LANE WILSON

[FORMER MINISTER TO BELGIUM]

WITH the disappearance of the war clouds Belgium emerges with her territories intact but suffering from grave injuries which justice requires shall be promptly and adequately repaired at the expense of those who inflicted them. Belgium was a peaceable nation relying for her independence upon sacred treaties. She offended no one, but was herself the victim of offense. Because she preferred right and honor she has been punished. Because she has been punished for being right she should be rewarded by the penalization of those who inflicted the wrong. Louvain, with its universities, its churches and its antiquities should be restored as far as possible. The ruin wrought in Malines, Dinant, Liège and Ypres should be cured. The vast loot taken from the banks of Belgium should be restored. The machinery torn from factories should be replaced and the art treasures returned. The farms which have been devastated should be cultivated by German hands. Germany inflicted great wrong on Belgium without provocation. She should be made to pay the penalty in full.

## HAPPINESS

By RUTH MASON RICE

I LOVE to love thee, dear.  
It is my morning ecstasy,  
My beauty in the night.  
It is a sharing presence, always near.  
It is no art—  
With me.  
It's like a mountain spring  
That gushes from the rock, eternally.  
It is my secret source, a thing  
Of rare and undefiled delight.  
It is my heart—  
With thee.





The Web Crept Over Europe as the Mad Spider Spun



# WOMEN OF THE KAISER'S WEB

## HOW BERLIN USED FAMOUS BEAUTIES TO UNDERMINE EUROPE

By H. DeWISSEN

FROM the great red pile of stone, which was the castle of Wilhelm the Mad, at Potsdam, there was spun the web enmeshing the world. Some of the strands were very coarse and brutal appearing, like the strands of a knout; others were very delicate and glossy, like woman's hair. The web crept over Europe as the mad spider spun. Particularly did it fasten itself upon the Balkans, that turbulent land of jagged mountains and rolling plains which lies below the Danube, which is where West begins to meet East. And there were ever stealing from out the web, dainty women—curling tendrils who smiled, who involved and intrigued. While the mad spider in Potsdam spun on and grew distended with plotting and with power. . . .

There was no state of the Balkans too small for the Kaiser to desire. Picture a little mountain kingdom, such as musical comedy has used for backgrounds: a country of aristocrats and of peasants, a middle-class unknown, a land where army officers swaggered about in gorgeous uniforms of pinks, blues and greens; a place where the garments of the peasants, men and women alike, were white and embroidered in colors with patterns of flowers. That was little Montenegro. There, ruled a very clever king, Nicholas I.

He transformed his little strip of land, which looks across the Adriatic Sea at Italy, and north upon Austria, into a kingdom which commanded respect. This was due to its geographical position and to the personality of the old king. Today the king goes from one Paris restaurant to



the other. It is much more pleasant dining among the trees of the Champs Elysée than it is to sit in the throne room at Cetinje for the world is quite mad and a king, good king though he be, cannot return to Montenegro. He is a king without a job. So he orders his filet of sole a la Margery and calls for his pint of Chateaubriand, while, in Montenegro, Bolshevism sweeps up and down the little country leaving ruin in its path.

BEHIND EROS AND DUCHESS JUTTA SKULKED BERLIN

THE king has a son, the Crown Prince Danilo. Like his father, Danilo possessed great ambitions for their little mountain kingdom. Like his father, he wished to live on unostentatiously and discuss with the subjects their wishes of the moment. For old King Nicholas and his son, Danilo, liked to be "democratic"; which is to say, there were days in the week when there came to them all the farmers and goat-herders with grievances, and the king heard them and dispensed relief. Visitors to the palace at Cetinje said that Montenegro was more like one large family than a kingdom. Nicholas honestly did his best for the people; and his people loved him. That was before Wilhelm the Mad considered Montenegro. That was before Duchess Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz came to live in the palace at Cetinje.

From the center of the web in Potsdam the Kaiser feasted his eyes upon Montenegro. He knew that the old king had never looked leniently upon Pan-German intrigue despite attractive inducements. He knew also that for the success of the plan to create a Germany from Scandinavia to Persia, that he, Wilhelm, "by God's grace" must supersede Russian influence in the Balkans and that the wild, restless, liberty-loving country was a barrier across his path. He knew too that the Great Powers would never sanction Germany assuming a guardianship of these Slavish peoples. That was held to be the right of Russia, the old Russia of the Czars. But the Kaiser knew also that it might be pos-

sible to win these little Balkan countries one by one to his side. *Cherchez la femme!*

The old king of Montenegro was ambitious for his daughters. There were six very charming girls. The aged and crafty matchmaker had succeeded in marrying five of them into high positions of European royalty. There remained the beautiful dark-eyed Princess Helene. The Kaiser knew that Helene was very dear to old Nicholas. The idea came to him that could he arrange a match for the Montenegrin king, the first step of the intrigue would be attained. Owing to the peculiar relationship between the Italian Royal family and the Vatican, it was impossible to think of a Catholic wife for the heir to the throne, the Prince of Naples. This condition narrowed down the circle of eligible princesses. Wilhelm suggested to Rome that among the beautiful daughters of Nicholas, of Montenegro, a suitable wife might be found for the Italian Crown Prince. Acting upon the Kaiser's advice, the Prince of Naples journeyed to Cetinje, met the dark-eyed Helene with a result that their betrothal was soon announced. And the spider in Potsdam was pleased.

The Berlin court and the Quirinal had long been on good terms with each other and the Kaiser felt certain of being able to exercise through Rome some influence on the King of Montenegro which would incline him toward German plans in the Balkans. The Italian Crown Prince and Helene came to the Italian throne. The Kaiser promptly asked the new King whether he would undertake the office of mediator in settling the terms of a defensive and offensive alliance between Germany and Montenegro. Being an exceedingly wise and capable man, Victor Emmanuel suavely declined, on the pretext that his father-in-law, the old King of Montenegro, was such an opinionated character that he never dreamed of suggesting anything to him, particularly where politics were concerned. The Kaiser's matchmaking had gone for naught.

The spider spun on. His eye fastened upon Danilo, the young Montenegrin Crown Prince. He invited the prince



to Berlin. Danilo was entertained royally. He came time and again. Invariably the Kaiser invited him to one of the great maneuver fields where he sought to impress the young Montenegrin with the might of the German Army. Unspoken, of course, was the suggestion, "Is it not better to have me as a friend than an enemy?" This all led to the meeting of Danilo with an attractive German Princess, Jutta of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and to her smile and charm Danilo yielded. She went back with him to Montenegro as his bride. At last the Hohenzollern had caught the little kingdom in his web.

Jutta was clever and she made herself liked in Montenegro. From the day she was installed as the Crown Prince's wife in Cetinje, she began to intrigue and to plot, carrying out the instructions of Berlin. She sought to create jealousy between Serbia and Montenegro. She was a thorn in the side of the old King's policies. From a democratic easygoing kingdom, she changed Montenegro into a place of pomp. She widened the gulf between the old king and his people. When war came, she tried to align Montenegro with Bulgaria against Serbia. She was an evil influence. Insidiously she inflamed the people and today, discordant with the reaction of war, susceptible to the spirit of revolt sweeping westward from Russia, Montenegro is fertile Bolshevistic soil. The inflaming of the people by Jutta's acts and pomp have their sequel in old King Nicholas wandering around Paris today, fearful of going back to the land that once loved him. . . .

#### DRAGA, THE DIVORCÉE, CLIMBS TO A THRONE

THERE was Serbia under the Obrenovitches. Before the horrors of the German invasion of Serbia made that sturdy little mountain kingdom an object of pity in the world, its capital, Belgrade, was the laughing-stock of Europe. Belgrade was a colorful place of the gayest "night life," of opera bouffe plots, of absurd revolutions and wars, sizzling with the bubbles in every glass of champagne. The Russian Czar and the Kaiser were bidding for prestige in

Servia. A Slavish people, the Serbs fell naturally under the protection of Russia, but there was that Potsdam dream of an Empire stretching to Persia, and Servia lay in the path. The young King Alexander had just come to the throne in Servia. As a child he had seen his parents at political war with each other. He had seen ministers whose conduct should have been an example to them, resort to perfidious measures in order to harm one another. He was made cynical by watching the trickery of the different political leaders who ruled the country. He had listened to those who told him that in politics the end justified the means and that victory belonged to the side who cheated and lied to the best effect. At eighteen years of age he was thus stripped of every ideal and wholly absorbed in himself and in his personal pursuits. There was a regency in Servia and he could not become King until he became of age.

The eye of the Kaiser fastened upon this young man. The spider of Potsdam spun and brought him under his control. The Kaiser told young Alexander's mother that, were a conspiracy to be made, enabling the boy to seize the throne before he became of age, Berlin would give him recognition. The coup succeeded and in Servia a boy-king was enthroned. The political party in Servia, which believed that the best interests of the country lay in a close understanding with Russia, became alarmed at the Teutonic aspect which the court at Belgrade rapidly took on. There came rivalries, animosities, strife and intrigue and, sick with it all, young Alexander decided to take a vacation. He went to the Riviera. The tentacles of the spider of Berlin followed him there. At the tip of the tentacle was a face that smiled, the lovely Madam Draga Maschin.

She was a divorcée. Clever, insinuating, possessing a magnetic charm, Draga was decidedly attractive. She had a brilliant talent for music; she composed verses. Her voice was soft, pleasant and melodious. She possessed that exceedingly dangerous quality of being able to listen eagerly and sympathetically to the troubles of any man. And she



was ambitious. She was pledged the support of the Kaiser if she could make young Alexander her husband.

Still a boy in years and experience the young King fell rapidly under the fascination of Draga Maschin. She won his confidence and assumed the attitude quite cleverly of a friend, sincerely interested in his troubles, but never dreaming of marriage. She discussed with him the difficulties of his position and then gradually she conveyed to the youth an idea that she loved him for his own sake, not merely because he was a King. He asked her to marry him. The affair was a scandal. Here was the divorced wife of a Servian army officer, a woman with a questionable past, a woman not of the nobility, and young Alexander proposed to install her on the throne of Servia! The Servian capital, when it heard the news, was furious. The young King flew in the face of public opinion and he married Draga.

She, secure in the backing of the Kaiser, in return for which she was to induce the King to eliminate all Russian influence from Servia and make German paramount, went blindly ahead. Her fear of being thought familiar made her affect a ridiculously haughty attitude toward the people with whom she came in contact. She became more and more unpopular and, brooding over this, she did a rash thing. She invited the German Minister to come to the palace and she told him that she was ready to favor the development of the Kaiser's policy in the Balkans. When news of this reached the Servian Foreign Office the old Ministers were furious. A plot was hatched.

One night the conspirators invaded the palace. Frightened at the sound of voices, Draga persuaded her husband to seek a refuge behind a curtain in their bedroom. There they hid for three hours while the palace was searched by assassins. A slight movement behind the curtain betrayed them. She was seized and dragged into the middle of the room. The young King fought to protect her, only to receive a knife in the heart. His body was hurled out of the window into the street. Then the assassins fell upon Draga with knives and her body was also

hurled out of the palace window. The next day a dynasty, the Karageorgevitches, came to rule in Servia. It was a dynasty hostile to German plans. If it had not come, Servia would have been on the side of Germany in this war; the little country would have been enmeshed by Draga in the Kaiser's web.

#### CLEMENTINE, THE NEMESIS OF BULGARIA

NOT a country of the Balkans escaped the plotting of the Kaiser. Likewise in almost every case it was a woman whom the Kaiser used to foment the trouble to win the ruler of the little country to his side. Montenegro had its Duchess Jutta; Servia had its Draga Maschin; and Bulgaria had its Princess Clementine. The world knows the many treacheries of Ferdinand, once Czar of Bulgaria, now another ruler without a job. But it is not generally known that behind Ferdinand the inspiration and the source of the overwhelming ambition which brought about his downfall was a woman, the Princess Clementine, his mother. Ferdinand was a Coburg, closely connected with the Kaiser. When he was invited by Bulgaria to become the ruler of the country, he immediately sought the counsel of his mother. For Ferdinand did not have a drop of Bulgarian blood; his strain was Teutonic. His mother, the Princess Clementine, immediately consulted with the Kaiser. An understanding was reached. Wilhelm would seek to rule Bulgaria through Clementine, who ruled her son.

She was a woman of tremendous ambition and she had brought up Prince Ferdinand with especial care, hoping that some day she would be able to place him among the seats of the mighty. So jealously had she kept him under her influence that he acquired some feminine tastes, a love for fine dresses and jewelry. When she advised him to accept the rule of Bulgaria, she accompanied him to Sofia, the capital of the country to which he was alien, and brought with her all the resources she possessed, all her vast wealth. Backed by this, by her tact, and by the power of the Kaiser, it did not seem that Ferdinand could fail.



The Bulgarians are a primitive people. They have a way of cramming their mouths overfull when they eat. The table manners of the Bulgarian ministers who came to dine with the Princess Clementine were a great shock to her, but she treated them all with the utmost affability. She made friends daily, her tact and charm made the way for her son an easy one.

She was farsighted. She knew the Balkans. She imagined the possibility of the day when peasants wearing white skirts and upturned shoes might rise in revolution. So she conceived and built for her son the palace of Euxinograd, on the seashore, its towers commanding a wide view, its grounds almost fortified. Should trouble come, that palace would be a place of refuge for her beloved son, the eagle-beaked Ferdinand, arch-intriguer of the Balkans. In the harbor near the palace a yacht always rode at anchor. Clementine never took any chances. The means for a quick "getaway" were at hand. Trouble began for Ferdinand. Russia resented him and quite properly, for behind Ferdinand, behind his mother, the Kaiser was pulling the strings.

There was a powerful man in the Bulgarian capital. They called him the "King Maker." He was better known as that than by his name, Stambouloff. There was a certain cruelty in his nature, but he was incapable of deceit. Ferdinand, on the other hand, had been instilled with the doctrine of the Princess Clementine, that the end justified whatever means were used to attain it. The Kaiser whispered from Berlin; the Princess Clementine whispered to Ferdinand. Ferdinand told Stambouloff that it was his intention to contract an alliance with Germany. Stambouloff warned Ferdinand that the Bulgarians were Slavish people, that they inclined their sympathies toward Russia. Dutifully, Ferdinand ran back to his mother with this opinion. But she had her instructions from Berlin. If not an alliance, a secret but absolute understanding must be reached. Ferdinand ran back to Stambouloff and suggested that Bulgaria pretend a policy of union with Russia, but secretly

maintained one with Germany. Stambouloff declared with emphasis that he could not sanction Ferdinand's plan and, possessing a power which had caused him to be known as the "King Maker," he bluntly told Ferdinand that such treacherous plans would not be tolerated in Bulgaria. Shortly after that Stambouloff was unfortunate enough to return home one evening on foot. He was found the next morning in the street covered with knife wounds. The end justifies the means.

The "King Maker" out of the way, Princess Clementine had other plans for her son. He must be married. She arranged for him to marry the Princess Marie Louise of Bourbon-Parme, the eldest of the nineteen children of the exiled Duke de Parme. She was a sweet woman with lovely hazel eyes, very attractive and with a sharply defined sense of right and wrong. Her straightforward character, her contempt for treachery and intrigue got on the nerves of the Princess Clementine and, of course, after that it was only a question of time when she too would go. Ferdinand and his wife became estranged; they spent most of their time apart and once more the Princess Clementine was the only woman to rule in Sophia.

The Princess had a tremendous ambition. The Bulgarian Church was an independent church, allied with neither the Greek nor the Roman Catholic. It was the dream of Princess Clementine to bring about a reunion between the Bulgarian Church and the Vatican and to have her son proclaimed head of the Christian Church in all the Near East. Her dream was that Ferdinand would be proclaimed as such from the altar steps of the Cathedral of St. Sophia in Constantinople. She looked forward to the day when, like a crusader, her son—whose face suggested a vulture's—would ride into Constantinople on a white horse at the head of the Bulgarian Army and be hailed as the head of the Church, the great mosque, once a church, but from the days of Constantine in Turkish hands.

Ferdinand had no ideal; his was no religious passion.



His children were baptized in the Roman Catholic Church. To win the support of Russia, he took his oldest son to Moscow and had him rebaptized there in the Greek Church, and Clementine, the woman who ruled him, approved of this. Did not the end justify the means? Later it would be quite easy, so she thought, after Russia had fulfilled Ferdinand's purposes, to have her grandson rebaptized back into his original faith. After this baptism, Clementine wrote a letter to the Kaiser regretting that she had not been able to have a photograph taken of the baptism of her grandson in the Russian Church, as she would have liked to have sent it to Berlin. She concluded with these words, "I feel sure that your Majesty would have appreciated it with the sense of humor that you possess."

Meanwhile Ferdinand's wife who spent most of the months of the year along the shores of the Riviera, returned to Sofia where she was considerate enough to die and thus relieve the apprehension of the Princess Clementine that Ferdinand's wife might be a detrimental influence to his career. The Princess Clementine, who commuted between Vienna and the Bulgarian capital, now established herself in state in Sofia and quite openly ruled the country. So long as she lived, so long were the ambitions of Ferdinand kept under a cloak. She was careful, exceeding courteous to people she despised. She almost could make her most deadly enemy believe that she had sincerely become a friend. The relations between Ferdinand and Berlin, the obligations, were well concealed; but when the Princess Clementine died, Ferdinand threw caution to the winds. All his actions go directly back to the Princess Clementine. His way was her way. Her spirit ruled him from boyhood and, after she died, it was still the dominating influence behind all his actions. One of the most brilliant and unscrupulous women ever sent down to create havoc in the Balkans, Princess Clementine, was another of the Kaiser's tools and she too cost the man through whom she worked, her own son, his throne.

## SOPHIE, DESPOILER OF GREECE

ANOTHER monarch lost his throne—lost it because the web of Wilhelm was spun around him, because of a woman of the Hohenzollerns. Although King George of Greece had been a Dane and quite hostile by tradition to German aggrandisement the Kaiser was able to bring about with him a certain spirit of friendliness. Indeed, Wilhelm prevailed upon him to send his son, Constantine, the Crown Prince, to be trained in a German military school. Once in Berlin, the heir to the Greek throne was subjected to the plausible Teutonic persuasion, with the result that, his military schooling completed, the Kaiser was able to induce him to remain a while longer in Germany. Constantine was attached to a Prussian regiment of the Guards, garrisoned at Potsdam. Of course, there he met the Princess Sophie of Hohenzollern, an attractive and clever woman, with singular discernment, strong ambition and, for a Hohenzollern, surprising tact. And, as the Kaiser had hoped, Constantine of Greece fell in love with her and asked for her hand. To the dismay of Queen Olga of Greece, they were married—dismay, for the Grecian queen did not relish a Protestant for her daughter-in-law. But with the stakes of the game, Empire, what mattered a religious creed? Sophie Hohenzollern obligingly entered the Greek Catholic Church and her brother, Wilhelm the spider, pretended to be very angry; and grinned.

Gradually, through the winning and gifted Sophie, the Kaiser began to make his power felt in Greece. The King, a wise and cautious man, his ambitions tempered with extreme prudence, was worried over the increasing hold that the Hohenzollerns, through Sophie, were obtaining upon Constantine, heir to the Grecian throne. The king had an abhorrence for what he called "Wilhelm's policy based upon adventure," and he feared the firing of Constantine's ambitions by Berlin, who would fain use him as a catspaw.

There was an ancient prophecy, popular with the Greek population of the Levant, that when a king called Constantine, married to a queen called Sophie, should reign at



Athens, the Cathedral of St. Sofia would once more become a Christian church. Like in Bulgaria there were those in Greece whose dreams were of the Golden Horn. Also, at this time the Kaiser had not been able to buy Turkey to his plans—as he later did—and he was not at all averse to a Constantine, controlled by Sophie, sweeping with his armies into Stamboul. Constantine was yielding to the flattery of Berlin.

The assassination of his father, in the streets of Salonika, sobered him. When the responsibility of the Government was thrust upon Constantine, he realized that his first duty consisted in preserving the patrimony of his own children. He quickly realized the impossibility of satisfying his ambitions, that Berlin through Sophie had whispered into his ear, and he drew somewhat aloof from the Kaiser. Something caused this. In that little café of Brussels where an international spy-band used to foregather and eat coppery oysters and drink the wines from the Moselle, a feverish, boastful band of women and of men, who would balk at nothing for a price, it was once said that the “something” which created a coolness between Constantine and the Kaiser, was this: On the eve of his father’s murder, Constantine received a strange letter which in so many words told him that a great change was impending and that soon he would be able to show the timber of which he was made. Two days later the ageing King was slain in broad daylight in Salonika and the letter became, in Constantine’s eyes, a veritable foreshadowing of sinister truth. If we are to believe the confession made by a German agent in England after the assassination of Franz Ferdinand in 1914, this agent was sent by Berlin to Greece. There, to quote the agent, “To my surprise, King Constantine did not accept my remark that the murderer was a Servian who had been actuated simply by a blind hatred of Austria and her future Emperor. On the contrary, he remarked that the existence of a plot had been proved in quite an irrefutable manner. How, he did not enlighten me, but contented himself by remarking: ‘I don’t like saying too much, and I have not seen the men who

awaited the arrival of the automobile in which the Archduke rode, but I feel certain that there exists a link between them and the misguided Greek who fired at my poor father. More than that, I would not be surprised to find that the same person was responsible for both crimes.' "

And to whom did both George, the King of Greece, and Franz Ferdinand constitute an obstacle? To Wilhelm the Mad, who sat in the heart of the web and spun.

In the light of these things, the attitude of Constantine of Greece during the war may seem surprising. But there was Sophie, a clever, gifted woman, who was Constantine's wife but who was also a Hohenzollern. At the break of war, Constantine was not pro-German. When, in 1915, it seemed for a time that Greece roused by Venizelos would rise and strike Bulgaria, should the Bulgars, as was suspected then, invade Servia, Constantine was in a receptive mood toward the cause of the Entente. Then it was that an ugly story came out of Athens; it was that Sophie had threatened to kill Constantine and herself, were her husband to declare against Germany. He was confined to his bed for weeks; it was whispered that Sophie had violently quarreled with him and that in his side was the wound of a knife. One wonders. It is known that Greece did not go to Servia's aid, that Constantine became terrified as the Teutonic hordes swept down through Servia; that he became "man-afraid-of-his-wife"; that, prophesying Greece would be turned into a vast land, like Belgium, were Constantine to oppose the Hohenzollerns, Sophie came to rule Greece. She it was who incurred for her consort the wrath of the Entente; she it was who blocked Venizelos' plans for a glorious Greece, aligning with the little nations against German conquest; she it was who so turned Constantine's people against him that, like the Kaiser, he lost a throne.

#### MARIE, WHO BRAVED GERMANY'S WRATH

THERE was one other Balkan land around which the Kaiser sought to weave his web—Roumania. There, too, was a woman; but this woman was not of the web, nor



could she be enmeshed in it. On the contrary, she broke strands of the web, which were creeping over the capitol city, gay Bucharest. The woman was the Crown Princess, now Queen Marie. Without possessing a regular type of beauty, she was pretty and fascinating. Most elegant in her carriage and bearing, she had a queenly look which gave her a regal dignity, bereft of either hauteur or pride. A brilliant conversationalist, gentle, piquant as to speech, conscious of her high position, without a trace of vanity, Marie, the Roumanian Crown Princess, produced an impression which did not fail to attract.

As in other Balkan countries, the Hohenzollerns had their clutches upon Roumania. The old King Carol was a Hohenzollern. As a youth he was invited to assume the Princeship of Roumania, then a turbulent principality. Before risking the adventure, Carol asked Bismarck's opinion of it, to be told cynically, "You might try it. It will always constitute for you a pleasant remembrance." King Carol made Roumania, developing its industries and agriculture to an extent that astonished Europe. Also, King Carol was a Pacifist. He loathed military laurels, much preferring the accumulation of wealth, which he was successful in to the extent of fifty million dollars. Liking peace, he soon came at odds with the Kaiser, who ever dangled before his eyes tempting baits, the fruits of conquest. Withal, Carol was a Hohenzollern and true to his blood. So it was that when the Kaiser went to war Carol, although he would not align Roumania on the side of his relative, loving peace, maintained a somewhat friendly neutrality.

All this was not to the liking of the Crown Princess Marie. A woman of decided ideas on right and wrong, a woman secretly detested by the Kaiser, for the English characteristics of her face, Marie believed that the honor of Roumania lay with the Allies. Her influence upon the Crown Prince was powerful. Like her, he felt bound in no way to the Hohenzollerns; indeed, bound only to the cause of right, Marie worked against the influences at court which, in 1915, sought to make Roumania enter the war on the side

of the Germans. She was instrumental, it is said, in discovering several intrigues whose end was this, and in exposing the plotters to the old King who wanted peace. And as Marie and the Crown Prince saw the Kaiser's conquests spreading, they feared the future. What would happen to Roumania? With the cabinet ministers inclined to the Entente, an understanding was reached. Russia pledged aid and, in 1916, Roumania swept into the war, bravely invading Austria.

The old King died. Marie and her consort ascended the throne. Then calamity. The Russian aid did not materialize. Roumania was betrayed. The Germans invaded. With their outnumbered but stubborn little armies Marie and her King fled. Their palace became a hut at the front. Like Albert and Elizabeth of Belgium, they awoke to the roar of the guns. Until peace came, this Balkan woman, alone of them all to brave the Kaiser's wrath, to keep free of his intrigues, kept up heart and the heart of her people to the end. Tireless, ever working with the wounded, braving shell-fire and army hardships, she remained with her consort's troops. And soon, the cables tell us, Roumania's queen will come to America to plead for her devastated country—devastated because she dared the Kaiser's wrath.

## I WONDER

By ARLEEN HACKETT

**F**AR down the road of Yesterday  
At times she comes to me—  
A little girl whom I have known,  
The child I used to be.  
Her wistful eyes that look at me,  
Seem seeking things within—  
I wonder if she tries to see  
The woman, I might have been.



# A LIVE AND LET LIVE RAILROAD POLICY

What the Public May Expect Upon Return to Private  
Ownership

By HOWARD ELLIOTT

PRESIDENT, AND CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, NORTHERN PACIFIC  
RAILWAY]

**I** AM an optimist of the long future of the United States. I believe we are on the eve of the most important fifty years in history and that we shall accomplish wonderful results if we do not sit idly by and let good, hard common sense, and the eternal verities, be shunted to the background and waste valuable time and energy trying futile experiments.

I do not minimize the dangers and difficulties of the immediate future, due in part to the results of the world-wide war. I realize the importance of handling these dangers and difficulties vigorously, promptly, and wisely, if we are to obtain all the benefits of the future. One of these dangers is that the great railway system of the United States may not be protected sufficiently to prevent a financial collapse and so that necessary development will continue. The country, it should be remembered, elected to obtain its transportation through private individuals who did the work and who made enormous investments for that purpose which, under the Constitution and its amendments, and the decisions of the Supreme Court, must be protected. The Government having asked and permitted individuals to do this work, those individuals are entitled to complete protection of their property until the public may decide to buy the properties, paying their fair value, and then having the Government do the work. It is inconceivable that the Government of the United States will confiscate these properties, either directly, by taking them from their owners at less

than their fair value, or indirectly, by depreciating the property through a system of regulation, control and management which has resulted in a maladjustment of income with outgo, which is taking away the earning power of these great properties. Personally, I do not believe it will be done, and that the sober judgment of the American people and the wise statesmanship of Congress will find a way out of the difficulty.

#### RATE ADJUSTMENT AN IMMEDIATE NECESSITY

**D**URING the readjustment of conditions, the rate structure ought to be adjusted to meet the expenses that have increased during the war period. If not, many roads now paying dividends will not be able to continue them, and this will affect the bonds now held by savings banks, and other roads will be unable to meet their fixed charges and will be forced into bankruptcy and the expansion of facilities will be checked, unless large and continuous appropriations are made from the National treasury.

Some of the questions confronting the people of the United States, and upon the wise handling of which depends the peace, prosperity and happiness of all are:

##### The making of a Just Peace.

A decision whether our form of Government shall be so changed that the state is to take the place of the individual in many activities heretofore handled by individual enterprise.

The checking of waste and extravagance in Government operation, National, State, county and municipal, with the accompanying load of taxes, which is so burdensome, by the adoption of what are called "business principles" through a suitable budget system.

A decision on the question of improved relations between that great body of our citizens who work for wages and that equally great body of citizens who have put their savings into enterprises which are the business bulwarks of our country.

The methods to be adopted for owning, managing and developing our system of transportation and communication by rail, water, air, telegraph and telephone.

Transportation and communication have a direct bearing upon, and are interwoven with, the extent to which the state shall take the place of the individual in industrial



affairs, the amount of taxes, and the division of the annual wealth production of the country.

These questions must be considered by those who recommend remedies and by those who must make new laws relating to transportation and communication.

#### OUR RAILROADS PUBLICLY OWNED

WE have the most wonderful transportation machine in the world, a piece of machinery created by private owners and which had, up to December 28, 1917, when the Government took control, furnished better service to the public, at lower rates, and paid the highest wages to employes than that in any civilized country. It represents 260,000 miles of single-track railroad—more than one-third and almost one-half of all the railroads of the world; the securities of which in the hands of the public are more than \$17,000,000,000—almost the national debt of the country,—not owned by a few rich people, but widely scattered among many small holders,—held by insurance companies, savings banks, etc.; operated by more than 2,000,000 employes, or about 8 per cent. of the total voting male population; the largest single industry in the country except agriculture, and the greatest purchaser of iron and steel in the country. This great piece of machinery carries a volume of business per mile of track far greater than that of any other nation in the world.

This is one of the great achievements of the American people and we ought to take the same pride in a successful, prosperous railway system that we take in a successful factory, commercial house, bank, or farm.

I believe that it is just as unwise to make the furnishing of railroad transportation a function of Government as to make the furnishing in peace time of money, credit, coal and steel a function of Government, and that transportation will be given to the people at the lowest cost by admitting that the owning, managing and operating of a railroad is business.

The Railway Executives are trying to develop and suggest a plan that will in the long run conserve and protect the owners of securities of the railways, whether they are individual holders of large or small amounts (and the holders of small amounts greatly predominate; for example, there are 28,478 stockholders of the Northern Pacific, with average holdings of 87 shares, and 24,632 stockholders of the New Haven, with average holdings of 64 shares), or they are insurance companies, trust companies, savings banks, churches, colleges, charitable associations, etc., that will be fair to the army of men who help to furnish the necessary service to the public, fair to the traveling and shipping public; and that will permit the additional growth of the railroad machine to serve the rapidly increasing population of the country; and, at the same time, will furnish the best transportation to the country at reasonable cost.

The railroads were too long left to get along as best they might under the Interstate Commerce law and conflicting State laws,—a system of regulation that was confused, complicated, not responsive quickly to changed conditions, punitive, repressive, and gradually weakening to credit and without providing protection and development to the extent that was necessary.

#### PLAN OF AMERICAN RAILWAY EXECUTIVES

INCE 1912 the Railway Executives have been actively at work on their plan; when the armistice was declared they realized that the problem was more pressing than ever and they formulated suggestions during November and December, 1918, and January, 1919, which were submitted to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, January 9, 1919. Their suggestions represent the crystallized opinion of men who have spent their lives in the business and who represent the earning power of more than 90 per cent of the railroads of the country.

Senator Cummins, who is to be the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce in the next Congress, and who, moreover, is to be a very potent force in



framing the bill to be presented to the next Congress for the rehabilitation of the railroads of the country, has named three fundamental principles which should be accepted in any new legislation:

The return upon the capital invested in railway securities should be made certain through Government undertaking.

The railways should be consolidated into comparatively few systems, and by few I mean not more than eighteen.

The railways should be operated by private corporations, organized under an Act of Congress.

I hope that Senator Cummins may find it consistent with his wide knowledge of the railroad problem now confronting the country, to accept the following additional principles to those to which he has given utterance:

The owners of the railroads must assent to Federal control, but they should also have Federal protection and encouragement.

The great labor organizations must assent to some orderly way of settling disagreements over wages and working conditions so that the railroads will continue to serve the public pending the adjustment of disputes.

The Government in its policy of regulation must be more responsive to changing conditions and there must be protection of the railroad business as well as regulation, and there must be no "twilight zone" between national and state authority.

The Railway Executives do not claim that their plan is perfect, or that it should not be changed or amended, but they do believe that the suggestions they laid before the last Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce provide a means for carrying out the principles above suggested.

#### PRIVATE OWNERSHIP UNDER FEDERAL CONTROL

**A** SUMMARY of their suggestions is:

Ownership, management and operation by private owners rather than by the Government.

Regulation as to all essential matters, including rates, both State and Interstate, to be by the Federal Government, which shall control in case of conflict with States.

Establishment of a Department of Transportation, with a Secretary, who shall be a member of the President's Cabinet.

Placing in the Department of Transportation various executive duties, such as the enforcement of the Safety Appliance Act, the Hours of Service Law, etc., and relieving the Interstate Commerce Commission of all such duties, except those relating to Accounts and Valuation, thus making it a

quasi-judicial body with ample time to deal with the great questions of discrimination, relations, and reasonableness of rates, etc.

State commissions to be retained with powers of local regulations except as to rates and securities. Regional Interstate Commerce Commissions to be created upon which will be a representative from each State in a region. This will enable prompt action by local tribunals near to each State and community for local matters. More important matters, national in scope, to be handled by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Secretary of Transportation. The jurisdiction of the several bodies to be carefully defined and harmonized.

The rates, both State and Interstate, established by the Director General to remain in effect until changed by lawful process. The establishment by Congress of the rule that rates shall be adequate to attract to the railroad business the capital needed to give the public the facilities and service they demand. Also requiring that, when it is in the public interest to have increased rates in order to have adequate facilities and service, the influence of the Administration, through the Secretary of Transportation, shall be used to that end. The carriers to initiate rates subject to suspension by the Secretary of Transportation and to review by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission to have the power upon complaint to fix minimum as well as maximum rates.

Amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act so as to permit mergers, combinations and other agreements that will mean conservation of capital and service and elimination of waste. Such agreements, however, to become effective only when in the public interest and when approved by Federal authority.

Prohibition of lock-outs and strikes until investigation and report so that public opinion can have a chance to express itself. Provision for an impartial board made up of an equal number of representatives of the public, of the employers and of the employes to report to the Secretary of Transportation upon the merits of any controversy which the parties are unable to adjust.

Exclusive Federal supervision and approval of all securities issued by railroads. The funding for a term of years of railroad obligations now due to the United States.

Federal incorporation.

The power to rest with the Federal Government, when it is clearly to the general interest of the public, to:

Arrange for the distribution and re-routing of business so as to prevent congestion and blockades.

Arrange for fair distribution of cars between roads, regions and shippers.

Arrange for the joint use of terminals when owning roads fail to agree.

Prevent waste and extravagance in construction of new roads, branches, expensive terminals, and duplicate facilities.



Arrange a unification of the roads into a continental system in a national emergency, such as war.

The Railway Executives believe that with these principles embodied in suitable laws and with harmonious machinery for administering them, all the benefits possible under Government ownership or operation, or both, can be obtained and the obvious dangers of such Government ownership and operation avoided.

#### A FAIR RETURN UPON INVESTMENT NECESSARY

**I** CANNOT believe the people of the United States will be unwilling, when they understand the situation, to permit a fair return upon a fair value of the property that is devoted to the public use. Such return is absolutely necessary if we are to avoid disaster.

A most important element in arriving at a satisfactory return upon the property is the amount paid for wages, and the working conditions of the large body of employes. Wages are taking directly more than 50 per cent of every dollar of revenues, and indirectly, through materials purchased, a good deal more than that. To arrive, therefore, at any satisfactory net income, wages must be considered in connection with rates.

The Labor Question is, of course, one of the most serious and difficult confronting the whole world, the railroads in particular, and there must be a broad view of it and a spirit of "give and take" by all classes of people. All good citizens desire to see wages and living conditions improve, but there is a limit to what commerce and industry can pay and survive. It is surely better to have reasonable wages and continuous employment than to force wages so high that industry languishes, for then the wage-earners themselves will suffer most of all.

The man who puts a dollar of his savings into the transportation business does so knowing that his dollar is subject to the power of the Government to make the rules and regulations governing the business. The man who decides to earn his dollar by working for the railroads should be will-

ing to submit to reasonable wages, rules and regulations, just as much as does the man who puts his dollar already earned. It is to the public interest to have the dollar invested regulated reasonably, and it is equally in the public interest that the dollar paid for service and the conditions of service should be regulated reasonably. In a complex civilization like ours in the United States, and with great concentrated populations to be served with food, fuel, shelter, light, etc., there must be continuous service by the transportation agencies, just as much as a continuous supply of water.

#### FEDERAL ADJUDICATION OF LABOR DISPUTES

TO bring this about there must be some method devised for fair and reasonable Federal supervision and regulation of wages and working conditions, and such regulation should eventually receive the final approval from the same power that is finally responsible for the rates of fare and freight charged by the transportation agencies, so that the question of income with which to pay will be considered at the same time and by the same final deciding power as the outgo to be paid. Just as the Government should have the power to veto the wasteful use of the railroad dollar to be invested upon which the public will be asked to pay a return through rates, so should the Government have power to supervise wages and conditions of service, which ultimately are paid for by the public through these same rates.

With the preservation of private ownership and management in individual systems of railroads there will be a better *esprit de corps* among the great army of railroad employes than if all became employes of the Government.

And if employes can once be satisfied that a fair and impartial tribunal is in existence to hear important complaints that cannot be settled promptly on the "home road" between employe and employer, there should be no need of strikes, which are simply a form of war. The world has just lost millions of men and billions of treasure in a struggle whether force rather than justice and reason were to settle the affairs of the world.



Surely the United States, the most enlightened and progressive nation in the world can, if it takes up the question seriously, work out some plan for adjusting industrial disputes that will carry out the doctrine of "live and let live" and save the waste, loss, sorrow and anguish that come to thousands of innocent people, a large proportion of whom are working people, who have no part or voice in the controversy or its settlement.

#### CONSOLIDATION OF RAILROADS DESIRABLE

THE Railway Executives agree with Senator Cummins that there should be further consolidation of the railroads into a number of systems. They do not, however, believe in the so-called "Regional Plan" under which all of the railroads in a given territory are to be merged into one system.

Capital may be timid, but it was bold enough in the last fifty and more years to create our great American railway system. It will be willing to go on with the work if it can be assured that the policy of the Government will be to sustain the railroads in the legitimate conduct of their business and allow reasonable liberty of action instead of repressing and hampering that work. The credit of the roads will come back when people understand that Congress has laid down the rule that a reasonable rate is also an adequate rate, sufficient to reflect changed costs, increased wages, and a fair return upon the property; when Congress insists that some reasonable method of adjudicating controversies over wages and working conditions shall be written into the law of the land; and when the nation insists that it is the duty of a President to preserve, protect and expand the transportation facilities of the country, as well as agriculture, banks, manufactures, commerce, or other forms of individual activity.

The Railway Executives have no right to speak for other forms of transportation, but it is in their minds that a Secretary of Transportation, or a Federal Board, would supervise all forms of transportation and work to bring

about the greatest development and co-operation between railroads, inland waterways, coastwise vessels, and our new Mercantile Marine Fleet, with a minimum of duplicate investment, and bring to the attention of the President and Congress the national needs for an adequate system of transportation.

FURNISHING OF TRANSPORTATION IS BUSINESS

THE American people elected to have their transportation furnished by private individuals, subject to governmental regulation rather than by the Government itself. The experience of the last sixteen months has confirmed them in that opinion. The people having made that decision, the furnishing of Transportation is Business, and must be conducted as such.

The individuals who engage in it must be permitted, as those in other forms of business are permitted, to charge enough for what they sell, namely, Transportation, to pay all expenses, taxes, and other charges, including a fair return on the value of the property devoted to the public use, and sufficient to attract new capital to increase the facilities necessary for the public welfare.

Regulation by the Government is necessary and desirable, but it should not attempt management and operation of the business, but should be confined to those steps necessary to prevent unjust discrimination, extortion, or excessive profits; to provide for good service and the safety of the public; and for suitable living and working conditions for the employees. Regulation, in addition to correcting and preventing abuses, should also protect the property owner and the credit of the companies and see that facilities are expended in time to meet the constant growth of the country. It should also provide means for continuous service to the public when differences of opinion arise as to wages and working conditions.

As the Railway System is national in its work and scope, regulation by the Federal Government must be



supreme and not be weakened or set aside by State regulation.

Continuous amalgamation of various railroads into a number of larger systems must be permitted so that the whole country will be well served and there will still be the spur of self-interest and competition all the time so as to produce development and good service.

The income of the roads should be adjusted within a reasonable time to meet the necessary outgo, and until that readjustment can be brought about the Government should protect the financial situation, not for the purpose solely of making a return to individual holders of securities, but to prevent a financial collapse that will affect the whole country.

Until the valuation work can be completed, it might be assumed tentatively, and without prejudice as to the final valuation, that the standard return, now being paid by the Government, is a fair return on the property, and that, pending the final valuation, the Government shall not reduce rates until, under normal conditions as to volume of business, the income exceeds the standard return.

It is better for the country to have the roads sustained by means of the rates charged for transporting passengers, freight, mail and express rather than to make up the deficiency, large or small, by appropriations from the National or State treasuries.

If these statements are sound, as I believe they are, a law can be drawn that will give effect to them. It should be the Nation's Bill, reflecting all conditions, and there should be no politics in it.

# HE LEFT ME DREAMS

By J. CORSON MILLER

IN MEMORY OF J. W. H., A DESPATCH-BEARER IN THE RAINBOW DIVISION  
KILLED IN ACTION IN FRANCE

**H**E left me dreams—bright, starry shafts, unbroken—  
Rose-decked and sweet, as sign-posts down the years;  
A wreath of gallant memories for a token  
To 'twine within the tribute of my tears.  
His songs were sheafs of triumph, proud, unbending—  
A glory unforgettable, to trace  
Upon my life—my children's lives—nor ending,  
But, like Dawn's sacred flame, forever blending  
With Honor, sprung from Love's high dwelling-place.

The sunset's ruddy kiss, the Moon's brave wonder,  
In merry messages he sent to me;  
His words were silver bells amid the thunder  
Of Death-commissioned guns across the sea.  
He sent me Faith and Hope, and smiles immortal,  
And thoughts that flung stern challenges to Wrong;  
A Knight—he fought, and stormed the Tyrant's portal,  
His deeds, like seeds, shall flower into song.

The Night's cool whisper when the Dawn is 'waking,  
And ghostly hands unclasp, yet clasp again,  
He heard; and drank, like wine, for spirit's slaking,  
The melancholy music of the Rain.  
He left no gold, he sent no earthly treasure,  
His sacrifice is hidden deep from fame:  
Forswearing joys of home, and peace, and pleasure,  
He left me Love in Friendship's hallowed name.





Business as (un)Usual at the Old Stand



# WHEN MIDDLETOWN WENT DRY

Once Very Wet, Not an Elbow Crooked for Six  
Months

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

**W**HEN a miner wants to know the run of gold in a vein he takes a lump of quartz to the Government assay office. From the results of that single lump he can pretty well determine whether or not the prospect is worth operating. The physician who seeks to determine whether or not his patient has a malignant disease isolates a drop of blood or a bit of sputum and takes it to the chemist for analysis.

The story of the segment is indicative of the whole body, whether the test is put to Nature or human nature. In that spirit I went to Middletown—gone dry, now, these six months. The snug little upper New York State town may not be entirely typical in our polyglot boarding-house, but it is typical of a large part of American America, the backbone part where lives the real 100-per-cent American community. I was referred to Middletown by the Anti-Saloon League as a good example of a wet town gone dry. I took counsel with the Anti-Saloon League because I wanted to survey a town that represented to them a typical example. Later I might ask the Liquor interests to cite me an example of the menace of prohibition.

This then is the disinterested record of my Middletown quest of personal investigation. It is particularly interesting and significant, too, as Middletown is not so far from the wet belt but that its thirsty citizens may obtain goods by a not too long journey to neighboring towns—even to New York, if they wish. However, Middletown is bone dry and, except a slight percentage of its citizens, it



has accepted the self-imposed exclusion of liquor and lived up to the letter of the law. Middletown has 20,000 inhabitants. It has three banks, some manufacturing on a small scale, many good retail stores, a well-paved, well-lighted place surrounded by a thrifty agricultural community. Briefly it is a town like thousands throughout the United States, the clean, alert, progressive, small town which is the backbone of our nation.

#### NO "DRUNKS" IN SIGHT

**M**Y first night in Middletown, I walked up and down the streets seeking inebriates; not one to be seen! I went into a saloon. The exterior was as it had been, when the town was wet. The big plate-glass windows still bore the legend "Café. The look of the place was exactly the same; one merely missed the empty beer-barrels outside. Pushing through a swinging door I found myself in the bar-room—the same old bar-room with mirrors, a brass rail, the counter where the free lunch had reposed. But what a change! Gone were the rows of bottles. There, where "Green River" and "Old Crow" had stood side by side were boxes of chocolates, almonds and taffy. A bartender who surely must have learned his art in the Wet days, so deftly did he plant his fists on the bar and ask, "What's yer pleasure?" came to serve me. I told him ginger-ale, and the hands that had long dispensed "Red Eye," put before me a soft drink.

The bartender was not very happy. He said that he sold soft drinks and candy and put up lunches. He added that he was the proprietor of the place. He assured me that he was scarcely making enough to earn a living; and subsequently noticing the number of customers he had at different hours of the day, I came to believe him. From a real-estate man I learned that since Middletown had gone Dry the rent of the building that housed this saloon has been reduced 50 per cent. Somebody besides the saloon-keeper had his income smashed by Prohibition.

## GIN-MILLS TURNED TO BETTER USES

THERE were thirty-two saloons in Middletown when it went Dry last October. To-day all but one saloon has been rented, that one being a quite dilapidated place. Most of the saloons have been put to other uses. The saloon that tried to convert itself into a soft-drink bar, but retained the old "gin-mill look," was an anachronism and was not prosperous. I found though that other saloons had been rented for other purposes, and were now housing going little businesses. One had become a wholesale produce store. Another was selling leather goods, another automobile supplies. One hotel that had existed only through the business done at its bar had been transformed into a glove manufactory employing two hundred women. One place that had a bad reputation in the Wet days, a Sunday afternoon "Speak Easy," was now a very dainty little millinery shop! Another saloon was taken over by the women of Middletown. There they installed an Exchange, selling home-made pies, cakes, candies and needlework. And like all the other new retail businesses housed in saloons this was prosperous. What had been a big wide-fronted saloon was now a retail store selling furniture for children, cribs, baby carriages, swings.

It occurred to me that this might be somewhat significant. Perhaps now, because of money diverted from the bars, the "kiddies" of Middletown were getting a "better deal." I subsequently verified this. I saw homes where the children in the days of the Wet régime had never been properly clothed, had never had enough of the proper food and who had gone through early childhood without the living conditions that the father's income warranted. But now with booze gone, new clean baby carriages were being bought for babies. New, clean cribs were being installed in homes, little swings, rocking horses, and all the other bits of furniture of which John Barleycorn deprives many children, were being sold in greater quantities since Middletown went Dry. Yes, that store in what had been a saloon now selling children's furniture was decidedly significant.



## THE SALOON OWNERS' GRIEVANCE

**B**UT, the owners of these former saloons were suffering. The saloon-keepers had been able to afford much higher rents than could their successors. An example: in the Wet days there was a building which housed a restaurant and a saloon. It was valued at \$25,000; to-day, the bar gone, the building has depreciated 50 per cent. I saw a hotel for which four months before the town went Dry the proprietor turned down an offer of \$50,000. To-day he could not get \$20,000 for his property, the hotel is closed. That man who spent his life in that one business is wondering what he is going to do to earn a living. He is wondering about the fifty per cent of his life earnings now gone the way of property depreciating, because the town voted Dry. That man has a grievance and he lets everyone know it. Likewise the owners of the thirty-two saloons have grievances. Who is going to make good the depreciation in their property?

I talked to the owner in the largest hotel in Middletown. The building represented an investment of \$140,000 in cash; he would sell it to-day, if he could, and pocket a loss of \$40,000 in cash. The first three months of this year he ran ahead four thousand dollars on his room business, but even so, because of the loss of income from the bar, his total receipts for these three months showed a loss of \$3,000 compared to the corresponding period of the year before. He used to take in at his bar around \$100 a day. When the town went Dry he tried operating it as a soft-drink bar. His experience is interesting in view of the statements, which emanate from Dry towns now and then, to the effect that more business is done by hotels serving soft drinks than hard. The fact of the Middletown man's experience with the soft-drink bar is that he took in from \$2 to \$3 a day. He stuck to his guns hoping for that day when the bibbers of Middletown would line up two deep clamoring for grape juice and lemonade. But they did not come. To-day his bar is a tailor shop.

This hotel man expressed the viewpoint of all owners

of saloon and hotel property in Middletown when he said, "We were engaged in a business legalized by the Government. The voters abruptly decided to make that business illegal. In it we invested the earnings of our lifetime, Prohibition has depreciated our property from 40 per cent to 50 per cent. Who is going to make that loss good to us?" Who, indeed?

The Dry crusaders tell us that the consumption of alcohol by the human system is unnatural. But in Middletown one was impressed with the biologic truth that in the gastric organs nature surely created in the human being a perfect still for making alcohol. The consumption of candy in Middletown since the day the town went Dry has increased 60 per cent. The fermentation of sugar in the body is the substitute for the alcohol of booze. Laborers, mechanics, farm workers, men who never bought candy are going into the candy stores of Middletown two and three times a week buying a pound of candy each time. There was a mechanic, who shortly after the town went Dry bought twice a week a pound of the most expensive chocolates. He insisted upon a grade that was very sweet and rich and the price of \$2.00 a pound was no obstacle. He felt that he *had* to have that candy. His system demanded it.

One Saturday night this mechanic told the proprietor of the candy store, "I suppose you are wondering, about me buying candy. Before this town went dry, I used to spend \$8 to \$9 a week on whiskey. When Prohibition came, I found I had to have something, I wanted something sweet. This candy only costs me \$4 a week. That saves me about \$5 a week over the old whiskey deal. I take the candy home and the wife and kids get in on it too."

#### CRIME SHOWS NO DECREASE

HAVING read in the Dry propaganda that 50 per cent of all crime is due to John Barleycorn, I was prepared to find, in this town which had gone Dry, a possible 50 per cent decrease in crime. I first talked with some policemen in the



street. They told me that since Middletown had gone Dry they had never seen so many "Saturday night drunks." Investigation showed that a minority of the labor population made an exodus every Saturday, after being paid, to a neighboring town that was Wet. There, because they were unable to drink in Middletown during the week, they drank on the occasion of this one weekly opportunity to great excess and brought back with them astonishing "loads." That was a phase of the question, however, that would disappear with July 1st, when this neighboring town also went Dry. But then would the drinking cease? Not so long as the secret supplies of liquor held out, for there were men in Dry Middletown who did not have to pilgrimage to the adjoining Wet town to get their "hooker." In secret, they gulped the fiery stuff behind closed doors. I found no trace, however, of any home stills, any moonshining.

Talking to the Chief of Police I found to my surprise that Prohibition had not made the slightest change in the work of his department. Instead of there being a decrease in the number of arrests under Prohibition, the number was about the same. In December of 1917, when Middletown was Wet, there were 16 arrests; a year later when it was Dry there were 17. In January of 1918 with the town Wet there were 17 arrests; a year later, with it Dry, there were 19. Indeed, instead of a decrease, Prohibition showed an increase in the number of persons who had broken the law; but the increase was so slight that it was meaningless. However, during the six months that Middletown was Dry there were only ten cases of non-support, of husbands failing to provide for their families. This was a favorable showing compared to the Wet days. It indicated that under Prohibition the home got a better deal.

This boon of Prohibition was further emphasized upon me by a tour of the grocery stores and the meat markets. All except one butcher, whom I later learned was a rabid Wet, reported greatly increased business. One of the big Chicago packing-houses which had an agency in Middletown showed me an increase of 18 per cent since the town

went Dry. People were buying more meat. Talks with retailers and with families confirmed the fact that money which formerly went for booze was now being diverted, in part, to the table. Children and grown-ups were getting better food.

#### THE HOME AND FAMILY BETTER OFF NOW

MANY workingmen in Middletown upon receiving their Saturday pay in the Wet Days walked in a straight line to the saloon. Over \$150,000 used to go over the bars of Middletown every year. The workingman who left his job with \$25 in his pocket went home with \$20; the saloon had the other five. Instead of being based upon \$25, the budget of the workingmen's family was based upon \$20. The table, household furnishings, clothing, suffered correspondingly. To-day with the town Dry the family budget has gained in these cases about 20 per cent. This money is now going into the home instead of over the bars.

Everything indicated that not only were the retailers who supplied the table doing an increased business, but that shoe stores, clothiers, dry-goods stores, indeed every retail store was prospering as never before in Wet days.

There was a jeweler, who said, "I have been in business for a quarter of a century but I have never had trade like this. Plated jewelry simply will not sell. 'We want gold or silver' is the universal demand of customers. Everybody wants the best and does not seem to care what it costs."

A clothier said, "People have come in to our store determined to buy. 'Have you got such and such an article?' one man asked. When we replied 'No,' he answered, 'Well, what have you got?' I want to buy something. And he did."

The head of a big furniture store said, "Everybody seems to have money, and wants to buy the very best of everything."

#### BUSINESS UNDER PROHIBITION BOOMS

THE proprietor of a large dry-goods store, carrying low-priced goods, said, "If this town could vote Dry a second time, and it would have the same effect that the first vot-



ing Dry had, I would have to double the size of this store. My business for the last month is \$10,000 larger than any month I ever had. And from the time Middletown went Dry, my business has increased greatly month by month."

A good part of that \$150,000 which used to go over the bars every year is now being collected by the proprietors of retail stores. It is *not* going into the savings banks. The situation in Middletown indicates that Prohibition does not necessarily mean increased thrift in a community. It means that people have more money to spend on living expenses and that they spend it. On July 1, 1918, three months before Prohibition went into effect, the local savings bank had 13,079 depositors totaling \$5,860,652.40. On January 1, 1919, three months after Prohibition the bank had 13,140 depositors totaling \$5,960,210.50. To-day, seven months after Prohibition, the bank has over \$6,000,000.00 in deposits. On the surface this might lead to the conclusion that under Prohibition the savings-bank deposits of a town increase. An analysis of the bank's deposits before Middletown went Dry, however, shows that there was a steady increase year by year and that this increase under Prohibition is not above normal.

The business of Middletown banks handling checking accounts does, however, show an increase. This is to a large extent traceable to the increased business of the retailers who carry their checking accounts in these banks. It is a banking gain due to Prohibition.

It was impressed upon me in Middletown, in another way, that most of the people who find increased money in their pockets, because John Barleycorn is no longer getting it, do not save this money but spend it. For example: the business of restaurants has increased. One little ham-and-egg place showed \$900 more a month on its books than it had when the town was Wet.

As the local labor leader told me, "You know what a workingman is with his money. He goes into one of these stores. A man sells him a suit of clothes for \$40. The retailer tells him frankly, 'This suit isn't any better than the

suit you paid \$30 for last year, but prices have gone up.' "The workingman's reply is: 'What's the difference I've got more money now.'"

When Middletown went Dry, the \$150,000 a year that John Barleycorn used to get was not saved; it was simply diverted into other channels. Life insurance got some of it. The local insurance agents told me that they never had such a business. People who could never afford—because of booze—to take out life insurance were now protecting their families with policies.

Middletown was not a war center. It did not have industries that necessitated the importation of labor. It did not have "war prosperity." The fact that the community's prosperity is due to Prohibition was emphasized by the fact that with the end of the war, labor conditions changed for the worse. One factory that used to work ten hours, six days a week, is now working eight hours, five days a week. Another factory that used to have a ten-hour day now has an eight. The loss to the workingman's income is corresponding, yet he has plenty of money to spend in the retail stores. The answer is that the saloons are no longer collecting \$150,000 a year.

#### A "DRY" TOWN NOT AN UNHAPPY ONE

AS Middletown reflects Prohibition, it does not mean that a town going Dry means a town becoming unhappy. There were no indications of the "No beer; no work!" propaganda having succeeded there. Prohibition was a bitter fight in Middletown, old friendships were split. Because the daughter of a meat man campaigned for the Drys a hotel-keeper broke off business relations with the meat man—a relation that had existed for ten years. Families that used to be intimate are now formally polite to each other. There are "sore heads" in Middletown. This is due to one thing, to that phase of Prohibition that is injustice. As a



man told me, "I don't need drink. The person who *must* have it is not normal. If it is for the good of the whole community that we have Prohibition, I am for it, but I do not think it a square deal that I should lose thousands of dollars because of Prohibition. That business represents the work of my lifetime; in it was invested all my savings. The town goes Dry and I find that the property represented by my savings is now worth one half of what it was. If the community decides that Prohibition is better for it, I am willing to bow to the will of the many to give up my business, but I am not willing to lose 50 per cent of my savings with the XVIIIth Amendment. The Government has neglected to make any allowance for the depreciation of property such as mine."

That is the one jarring note in Prohibition in Middletown. The owners of hotels and of saloons from which they are not able to get as large rentals from the businesses now occupying them as they were from saloon-keepers are "sore." A minority of the labor element is also bitterly opposed to Prohibition. The majority of the workingmen, however, have shrugged their shoulders at it and adjusted themselves quite easily to the new condition of spending their money in retail stores instead of in bar-rooms. The farm workers in the habit of coming to Middletown on Saturday nights and getting drunk in the Wet days are coming just the same and hanging around their old haunts smoking cigars and exchanging gossip instead.

Of course there is drinking. I saw a man in the dining-room of a hotel take a flask out of his pocket and pour whiskey into a glass of milk. Early in the morning there were empty bottles in the washroom of the hotel. The proprietor told me that since Middletown was Dry he had never found so many bottles left in rooms by guests. This represents the old toppers, the incurables, who have got to have their nip and who will risk arrest to carry it on their persons. Their number is few.

There is one newspaper in Middletown and the records of its business offers serve as a fairly good barometer of

the town's prosperity since it went Dry. In April of 1919 this newspaper carried 2,584 more lines of display advertising than it did in April of the previous year when Middletown was Wet. Fifty per cent of this increase was due to unusual conditions, Liberty Loan advertising and the like, but the other fifty per cent was directly traceable to the increased business of the town because it had gone Dry. Despite a rate raise of 37 per cent on classified advertising, there was an increase in April 1919 over the previous April that was Wet. This increase was from 2,976 small ads to 4,464. These figures of the newspaper office are a true indication of the increase of prosperity in Middletown under Prohibition.

What will Prohibition do to your town? In Middletown for the decrease in the value of saloon and hotel property which in many cases approaches 50 per cent there was a general increase in other property values, business and residential, of from 15 to 20 per cent. There is not a vacant store in Middletown to-day. When the town was Wet there were empty stores. In Middletown you'll find as you will find in many towns when the whole nation goes Dry, something to drink; but compared to what was drunk in the Wet days it is trivial; also it is secretive. In Middletown the coming of Prohibition did not mean the coming of the drug evil—this a favorite cry of the Wet propaganda. In half a year not a drug case has appeared in town. Prohibition directly benefited the business of the town retailers. Prohibition had not the slightest effect upon crime—a favorite cry of the Dry propaganda.

Unmistakably Prohibition in Middletown meant a "better deal" for the home, for the wife and "kids." It meant better housed, better clothed, better fed men, women and children. It meant men who stayed home more in the evening. Those men who can't stay home go now and play pool or sit around the soft-drink saloon and smoke. Prohibition created in Middletown no seething discontent among the labor class. Socialism, a negligible factor there, made no new converts because the town went Dry. Perhaps the



people of Middletown always were happy, but save for the property owners who have suffered financial loss because of Prohibition, I did not find a grouch in town. Going Dry had done the town only good and had made increased happiness.

## CHANGE

By INEZ MACDOUGALL

**Y**ESTER-MORN, the lark sang gay,  
The heavens smiled, the earth was fair;  
The odorous wind breathed joyous words—  
For Love was there!  
Today, bird song takes sadder note,  
The grass is wet with tears of dawn;  
The murmuring winds condolence waft—  
Since Love is gone!

# HOW I BECAME A FILM VAMPIRE

The Self-Revelations of a Moving-Picture Star

By THEDA BARA

Theda Bara is the most celebrated exponent of emotional eroticism on the films. Her acting in stories that reveal the power of the wicked Vampire—women over men—has been conceded to be the most realistic performances of their kind. There are those who admire the sensuousness of her work, others, her ability as an actress, others the strange fascination of her eyes. She has been a mysterious personality in private life. This is the first true story of that life, written at the turning point of her career when she has decided to Vamp no more. Her reason for this, her impulses and emotional work, her real origin are here told for the first time.

**A**LWAYS I have been a Charlatan, a register of human emotions. It may be because all intense feeling is pretense, since no one can explain the contrariness of life. Women have all but died for the love of a man, and all but died from hatred of him. There are degrees of Charlatanism and I have reached the third degree, the investigation of the facts.

Here are a few of the important ones.

I—Through inherited instincts a pretty woman soon discovers her good points, the points that intensify her success. In this way she begins a study of an exact science called Sex-appeal. No one warns her that it is a false appeal, on the contrary she is encouraged to develop the habitual intrigues of her good points.



2—The good little girl is just as bad as the bad little girl is good—so why moralize.

3—We were born to deceive, it is the way of a woman and a man.

As I said before there are degrees of pretense even in the expert skill of a vampire. Kipling's warning in "The Vampire" is too assertive. It is not in the mood of a true poet, because poetry defines the ideal. Swinburne's interpretation of pagan beauty in "Laus Veneris" is better poetry. No vampire would ever challenge Kipling. Though he may have inspired the verb "to vamp," he has only pointed at the Vampire, identified her type, whereas Swinburne has talked with her, established her age-old origin in Venus. Venus is still a highly respected goddess, although she is the Vampire of Adonis, if we agree with Shakespeare.

Today I regret the profligacy of my emotions. Not because they have deserted me, but because I have seen them in the sunlight of the spirit. Women deceive themselves too, quite as much as they deceive others; for in imagination they defy all conventions. Why this should be is one of the secrets of the Sphinx. Perhaps the vulgarities of the truth are offensive to their sensitive souls, or, perhaps a woman is the only truthful living type. Who can measure accurately the divine distance between what women try to be, and what they are intended to be?

For myself, I am convinced that I came from a long distance, tumbled into life from some whirlwind of predestined emotion. Ever since I can remember I have had great pretenses about me, in secret. With the humility of Buddhism I have had faith in my destiny. Theosophy has had no place in my beliefs. I have always been suspicious of reincarnation because the reincarnated always claim such august ancestry as Napoleon, Cæsar, Byron, Shelly, Socrates, Cleopatra, and so on. I have believed in myself and my destiny religiously. What I have done, what I have lived, suffered, overcome, has been predestined for me.

## MY IDEAL OF EMOTIONAL SPLENDOR, DUSE

MY ideal of emotional splendor has been Duse, the peasant woman with her glow of divinity in tragic clay. The pallor of crucifixion is on her face, hers is the bloodless cheek of chaste renunciation. So great an artist as Sarah Bernhardt may thrill me, but, when at seventy a woman can blush as I have seen her, she has not realized the emancipation of passion. In the indefinite light of a dawn that years have not lifted, such a woman sees with the eternal indistinctness of youth. Duse has eyes that, remembering the sunrise, the noonday, and the sunset of her emotions, see the night. In a way, I am symbolizing my own strange perceptions in these impressions of Duse. They are not without the reservation which shall appear in all that I may say, however, that I am a Charlatan too. That is my sense of humor, the saving grace of baffling experiences.

What difference does it make where I was born? The house, the street, the town, are far behind me. They say that I was born in Chicago, in New York, in Cairo, even a cyclone cellar. To satisfy ideal curiosity I myself chose the African desert as my professional birth-place. To set at rest those who were mentally disturbed as to the exact spot, one of my American agents, with a pardonable sense of humor, insisted that I was born near the Pyramids; a camel's length to be more exact. For years my emotional display has been accredited to my Arab blood. Such is the fame of Charlatanism that dark hair and eyes have been interpreted as positive proof that I was nursed on camel's milk in a chief's tent, with my baby face turned to the East. Why deny an intrigue of such delicate satire? Somewhere, in the forgotten spaces through which my soul passed, I may have been kin to a Bedouin. Who knows, who cares, but I myself?

It happens, however, that among the scraps of memories that I find scattered on loose, closely-written pages, hidden away from the eager eye of irresponsible scribblers, I have preserved some personal recollections of my childhood.



## THE INSPIRING VALUES OF MUSIC

THEY are merely scraps, but they may serve to describe the relation of the child to the woman. I always wanted the center of the stage, even when I was a baby. And I wanted an audience. And yet, I was rather poorly equipped, for I could not even carry a tune. It was in trying to master this deficiency that I exercised my will power for the first time. I was about six years old. To my mother's house at that time came a mother and her child, a girl blessed with a tiny, tinkling-sweet voice that could, without any effort on her part, produce a sort of melody. She was extraordinarily shy, and always had to be coaxed to sing. I never had to be coaxed, I wanted to do everything without learning. How I raged in my heart when she sang—and how I listened! Never since, in all the problems of my emotional work have I ever had the same violent and burning desire to conquer something that eluded me. It must have been a tremendous will that I put forth in my work. I am certain that with an equal amount of will any ordinary man could move mountains.

One day, when she was visiting us, she was begged, coaxed to sing, and there was the usual sulking and fussing and hanging back. That was my moment. I rushed headlong into the breach.

"I'll sing it," I declared. My mother gasped and flushed and started to protest, but before she could stop me I was singing. In fact, I never stopped till I sang it through—in tune. It seems like a trivial incident, but it was an event in those processes of evolution by which I have overcome many obstacles. I doubt if I have ever since accomplished anything with such determination, and with such success. To this day my mother has never recovered from her astonishment.

Beyond the force of will with which this feat was performed, music has developed into inspiring values, but I have never become a musician. My chief accomplishment when I was a child was to recite. Yes, I could recite. My mother encouraged me patiently and devotedly in this, teaching me

the words of a recitation long before I could read. My favorite selection at the age of six was "The Dirty Faced Brat." Why my imagination should have seized upon this sordid poetic theme, I don't know. Its appeal was to the charitable heart. It was about a little boy who, by some disaster that was not explained, was starving, and who had the good sense to go out and shovel snow to keep the wolf from the door. To my innocent mind it was both melodramatic and sentimental. It inspired all my fervor. I would throw myself into the thing with dramatic intensity. What a delight it was to me when I found that I could make people cry. I cried with them and gloated over my power. This discovery was another event in the transition of my career. It is absurd to imagine that children cannot feel with all the intensity of grown-ups. The philosophy that comes into our lives later, I am sure, destroys much of the impulse of the child emotion. When I recited "The Dirty Faced Brat," I am sure that my emotions were as varied and keen as they had ever been. Only, they were untarnished by the rust and wear of experience.

#### MY CAREER DAWNS

**I** ALWAYS had the instincts of an actress. The difficulty sometimes in my childhood ambition was to get an audience. I needed advertising, no one knew what an actress I was. So one day brother, in a splendid impulse of gratitude to me for having rescued him from a boy scrape, promoted my first public appearance. With the practical but skeptical outlook of the masculine nature, my brother agreed to give me a test. He arranged a performance for me in the barn of "Old Man Dyker." Old man Dyker's theatre was not within the fire laws, but the ventilation was almost as good as the average motion-picture theatre. It was also about as decorative. The price of admission was five pins, but that would not have been enough to attract so large an audience, even with the talent announced. So Buddie, my brother, realized that there should be some other interest than merely a star performer to draw the crowd. So, it was announced that



at the end of the performance, the entire audience would be served with lemonade and cookies. Those cookies were famous in the neighborhood, they were made by the cooking star of the country, "Our Lily." Lily was a Swede, beautiful and efficient, a sort of domestic vampire who went wrong subsequently. When the audience was collected in the barn, Buddie, with his sleeves rolled up, was prepared to deal summarily with any offender who dared to leave before the performance was over. Furthermore he was ticket-collector, the most determined manager I ever had.

I gave the entire entertainment alone. I sang, I danced, I recited, and how happy I was to make this exhibition for myself. No star has ever enjoyed such absolute dominion as I had that day. It was the dawn of my career. Even then I knew that hundreds of thousands of people would some day come to see me as an actress. Of course, the audiences that came afterward have been more sophisticated. My first audience was tempted by the pitcher of lemonade that stood conspicuously where they could see it as they came in. The temptations of the audiences that have come to see me since, may not have been so mild. Buddie will never admit that the lemonade had anything to do with the success of my first public appearance. He insists that only the terrific sight of the bared arms of this angry pugilist of seven years, guarding the door, made my success certain. He still claims his part of the success of that event.

"Well, Sis," he said, "I kept them in, didn't I?" I still remember his look of insolent pride which I have often seen since on the face of the strong, but never so sincerely as I saw it in Buddie's bronzed little face.

#### I EVINCE MIMETIC POWERS

LATER in life I could not experience anything about the abomination of self-consciousness ever present and dominating. Did my mother faint, one part of me performed its restorative agency (aromatic spirits of ammonia, twenty drops in a little water, etc.) the other part mentally tabulating all the while the symptoms of her facial expression,

labored breathing, and so on for future reproduction. I called myself a cold, cruel, insensate brute,—I hated myself for being a machine, a senseless human camera, but I couldn't get away from it. It had become a fixture,—so much so that in the heat of temper I would suddenly stop, transfixed, to examine my attitude, to consciously sense the condition of my body, impelled quickly to a mirror to survey my features, still distorted from my recent outburst, and all with the same idea: "I may have a chance to use this in some part." Many a time I have found myself on a street car imitating the expression on a horse's face. This is not to be laughed at. If you would see a real expression of tragedy observe some poor horse who has too long borne too heavy a load; you will see all the suffering of human life mirrored in that poor beast's sorrow-laden eyes. We are all mute before the earthly desolation, the soul-sorrow of dumb beasts.

As a child, I loved fiercely, ardently. I would have murdered anyone who hurt my mother's feelings. My mother was perhaps the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. She had waves of soft, rich titian hair. Her skin was like rose satin, her eyes were never sad, like mine. She was vivacious, brilliant; people stared at her in the street. Her marriage to my father was a true romance. She was French, descended from the Bourbons.

I was born in the suburbs of a town in the Middle West. It was a comfortable home with porches, a garden with great trees in it, and a stable in which the ponies were kept which my sister and I rode. I was a golden-haired, blue-eyed little girl. The subsequent change to dark hair and eyes had nothing to do with the desert, however. My sister, who is nineteen today, is a perfect blonde. Up to the age of fifteen I spent the usual days at school, public school, then a year with a private tutor, and then a term at a girl's university in a Middle Western town. My greatest success at school was in recitation. I remember the old schoolmaster. He remains in my memory as a whimsical, remote old man whose chief features were his spectacles. He would look slowly, sternly over the class-room till he caught me in his eye, fastened me



in the focus of his glasses. Then he would remove them slowly and address me formally. It was always the same question, the same time of bored *b flat*:

“ Well, my dear, what shall it be today? ”

I always gave the same recitation, “ Which shall it be? ” I was always sure of 100% for reciting it, so I never changed the selection. There was a dry, humorous twinkle in the old schoolmaster’s eyes whenever he asked me the same formal question, and received the same reply. While I learned rapidly, I forgot just as quickly everything I learned. My mind could absorb an impression completely, but I never held the impression long. What education I received must have seeped into my soul and nourished the invisible roots of my being, somehow. My private tutor was a young man who taught me French and German, that is, until one day I slapped his face and so put an end to his solemn duties.

#### MY LIFE AN ILLOGICAL SCRAMBLE

TAKE it all in all I received a good all-round education, such as any American girl in moderate circumstances would receive. Being asked at the University to choose a special course, I shut my eyes and selected logic. I really had no particular leaning towards it, but I happened to pick it out. It was a bitter dose for a young emotional girl, but I have no doubt it was good for me. What knowledge I managed to absorb from this study may have influenced my life. I am not sure if I am a logical being or not. However, I remember my mother tying a wet cloth round my head one night and giving me a black brew called coffee to keep me awake while I swallowed my logic. I passed my examination and forgot all about the books. For a long time afterward my life was an illogical scramble for something I could not quite grasp.

At first I was sure that music was to be my career, so did my elders. I was taken to operas and symphony concerts. They were perplexing amusements because they gave me very little real pleasure. I do remember the beautiful sleep I had during a performance of “ Parsifal.” Most of the

Wagnerian operas which I had to attend made me sleepy. However, I used to do my piano exercises industriously, but always with a book hidden out of sight tucked away in front of me. Till the book was finished I faithfully practiced my scale.

Through all the usual little obligations and home duties of an average school girl, I was dreaming about fairies. I believed in fairies, I still believe in them. I knew that whatever you wanted, if you wished hard enough for it, the fairies would give it to you. My sister and I used to collaborate on fairy stories of our own. The big trees in our garden were filled with gnomes and I used to talk to them just as if they were really there. Like many children I lived in a world of incomprehensible imagination. My chief aim was as vague as the fairy stories I wrote. Unconsciously, perhaps, I was developing what very wise people call—constructive thought. The big places that I was to reach in my life would come to me, of that I was sure. I didn't care about the middle distances, the difficulties, the ways with which I was to arrive. I really didn't know what they would be. My self-confidence was almost prophetic.

There came a period in my life as a young girl when, due to business difficulties of my father, we were moving about a great deal. We traveled from place to place, living an unsettled life so far as home conditions were possible. In this way I was thrown very much upon my own resources of imagination, because we never stayed long enough anywhere to make the usual friends that girls have. I read a great deal. From books I constructed a youth of my own. Much that I read passed out of my mind, but recollections of those books which were necessary to my heart and mind still remain with me. My destiny was built for me by the unseen forces that drifted to the gateway of my imagination.

#### FULFILLING MY DESTINY

**F**INALLY I made up my mind to become an actress. I was about eighteen, the most important milestone in a woman's life. It is there she stops and reads the signs of



the future. It is the crossroad which decides her whole career. After much opposition my father gave me my fare to New York. So I came out of the West into the White Lights. I arrived in New York alone and it was the wonderful place to me that it has been, and ever will be, to the Western girl who sees it for the first time. Thousands of girls have come to New York just as I did, not stage-struck, but determined to start on the trail of independence. I went to a little hotel down near Washington Square. I was a little frightened, but the glow of the night lights, the glitter of the buildings, the splendor of that universal volume of fiction called New York, filled me with excitement and delight. After I had been in New York a little while, I was joined by an old family servant. The most startling thing in New York, to her, was a hansom cab. She never solved the mystery of how a man could drive in the air. She used to call them, "tarpezes." She was just a devoted companion but far from stimulating.

I had my experiences going around to dramatic agents looking for an engagement in a profession I knew nothing about. At last I was engaged for a small part in a road company at a salary of \$25.00 a week. I should like to blot this experience out, for it is full of disappointment and discomfort. I wanted to be an actress, to be sure, but I didn't want to be an actress at the expense of unpleasant associations. However, I stuck to this engagement till the manager found a girl who was willing to play the part for \$18.00 a week. I absolutely declined to have my salary cut. In this respect I was a real actress. I came back to New York and in a little while my mother and sister joined me.

#### IN THE BEAUTIFUL TWILIGHT OF LOVE

THERE followed a year or two of weird incomprehensible experiences which are too intimate for the public eye. They concerned the usual emotional surprises that are the mystery of youth. They were perhaps romantic. They flourished for a time in that beautiful twilight called love. A Greek drama, which was never produced, led me

to Europe. I found myself in England, in rather poor health. I became a member of one of those travelling, open-air companies that gave very poor Shakespearian performances. The company was just as obscure as I was. However, my fairies stayed with me, retained their hopeful impulses, and sustained me. For a time I was quite ill, and I returned to New York a slender, pale, sad-eyed girl. If I had had any ambition to interpret the vampire character I couldn't have looked it by any stretch of imagination.

With my mother and sister, I found myself living in a small apartment in New York. Our money was getting very low. We didn't exactly starve, but the rent problem was heartbreaking. I used to say to my mother that she might pawn some of the beautiful things she had. The very mention of the word pawn-shop was as horrifying to her as if we had spoken of the morgue. There was an insurance of about \$2,000 on the clothes we had in that apartment. That was our only safeguard.

One day I was going along the street and a man came up and spoke to me. He was very polite, very apologetic. He told me he was an agent for Moving Pictures. He said to me that he thought I would photograph well for the movies, he thought I had good eyes. He gave me his card and address and told me he could get me a salary of \$175.00 a week. I drew myself up haughtily and told him that I wouldn't go into the movies for a million dollars. I despised them, nothing would ever induce me to become a moving-picture actress. I went back to my apartment and my mother thoroughly approved of my artistic mettle. A great change has come over me since then, and I will explain why, later.

#### A FIRE—THEN THE FILMS

**I**T WAS not long after this that I met Mr. Frank Powell who was then director for the Fox Films Amusement Co. He said I looked interesting, and asked me to watch the picture which he was making. I did so and went home. For a long time I heard nothing more about this. For a year, in



fact, and if it hadn't been for our insurance I should not have survived that year as well as I did. It seemed to me that the fairies interfered in my favor again. A fire which happened ten doors away from our apartment reached us, by the most miraculous incident. The flames leaped along a cornice from the store in through the windows of our apartment and burned everything in it. My mother and sister and I barely escaped with our lives. I had my first experience in the problem of collecting insurance. The man I had to see was a horrid little person, but I used all the art of feminine persuasion upon him. I had to. My mother was taken ill with pneumonia from the exposure, and we needed the money. I finally succeeded in getting \$900.00 from him, and on that \$900.00 we lived one winter. I remember bringing the check home to my mother, crying copiously because it wasn't more, and saying to her at the time, "If I could only have cried like this to the insurance man, I should have got more money."

Are not all women Charlatans when it comes to a crisis in which they must act quickly? One day I received a telephone message from Mr. Powell asking me to call at the office. He offered me the leading rôle in "A Fool There Was" at \$150.00 a week. I was sufficiently chastened almost to accept until he told me that I should have to wear a one-piece bathing suit in one of the scenes. This seemed to me so horrible that I demurred. I told my mother and she thought I was wrong. I remember putting on a sort of one-piece bathing suit which belonged to my brother and standing before the mirror in my bedroom in it. Slight incidents often lead to serious consequences. My embarrassment then, as I looked at myself in the mirror, seemed to finally end my future in moving pictures. The woman in me rebelled. As I look back at this slender crossroad of my destiny, I cannot help thinking of the inevitable command fate has over us. I had to accept the engagement in "A Fool There Was." I had to wear the one-piece bathing-suit in Florida where the picture was made—but, through error, it was cut out of the film. Like the painter whose picture of "Beatrice and Dante" became fa-

mous only for the rail around the altar, I became famous for the Vampire-woman I am not.

I shall never forget the terrible experience of my first scene. I had to wear a make-up in the public street, and I felt like a lost soul. The scene was taken on the steamship pier. There must have been 2,000 people standing around looking at me. The whole world seemed to have turned into human eyes. I drove up in a taxi, had to get out and walk aboard the steamship. The scene represented the moment when the man whom this woman had ruined came up to her, a tramp. I trembled, I shook, I all but died right there on the dock. But I didn't, and why I didn't, and how I became a moving-picture star, is perhaps the best part of my life story.

(To Be Continued.)



# UNCLE SAM TO BOOST BUSINESS

What the Department of Commerce Hopes For

By Hon. WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

[SECRETARY OF COMMERCE]

**A**S far and fast as we may we must set our commerce free from all restrictions and look toward a great and growing domestic and foreign trade. Business men, whether public or private, must, however, consider actual facts in planning both the time and the extent of their trade efforts.

Facts are stubborn things. Impatience alone will not remove them; earnest and patient effort may do so. Some trade restrictions arising from blockade are involved in the substance of the armistice itself and can only be met by concurrent action, and must also, when relaxed, be relaxed for those who have been our foes as well as for ourselves and our associates. Others are matters of contract but also require concurrent action so that we cannot move by ourselves. These, too, involve the time and the extent when restrictions shall be removed from our enemies. The movement, however, on all sides is happily toward freedom of action.

There are those who seem to think that the commerce of the United States has two distinct parts which have little in common. They speak of foreign commerce and of domestic commerce as separate and even at times as almost antagonistic. Some urge the Department of Commerce to give less thought to foreign trade and more to domestic trade and it has been criticised for so far ignoring the greater and caring so much for the less. Apart, however, from the fact that it operates under law and by appropriations which are laws and may not be diverted from their scope to another purpose, however good, the criticism involves a basic mis-

apprehension. Foreign commerce and domestic commerce are not two and separate but one and the same, though under different phases. The distinction between them is superficial; their union is real.

No foreign order can come to this country without involving some, perhaps many, transactions in domestic trade. Wages paid for work on goods sold abroad are expended in domestic business. Materials manufactured for foreign sales come from domestic producers. The foreign commercial field is the friend and supporter of the domestic commercial field. One cannot as a matter of economic fact promote domestic commerce without in so doing promoting foreign commerce. One cannot in truth promote foreign commerce without thereby aiding domestic commerce. Nations do not, indeed cannot, live unto themselves alone any more than men can and do. The man or the nation that is self-centered fails of his high calling. We may not in foreign trade or in domestic policy be keepers merely of ourselves. Experience and economics as well as ethics answer affirmatively the question "Are nations their brothers' keepers?"

#### OUR WAR PROBLEMS NOT ENDED

**I**T was characteristic of American energy that when the President announced the close of active military operations through the signing of the armistice many in our land jumped to the conclusion that the war was over and that all that was necessary was to take up the threads, go ahead and readjust quickly, get busy, get results. A program of readjustment was suggested and we were to push ahead with business as usual. These ardent spirits, whose energy is not to be abused, for it is that which has created America and won the war, forgot however certain facts which made their ardor unpractical. In the sense of military operations the war was over; in the sense of war problems, war limitations, war difficulties, war responsibilities, it was not over and is not over yet.

Take the problem of food, strictly a war result and a war problem; it is more pressing today than ever, more



restrictive in its effect upon the pulse of commerce because of its demands on ships. It does not, indeed, come to our breakfast table and say as it did, "Eat less that others may have to eat," because following wise leadership the country has produced enough for ourselves and to spare for others. But this very abundance presses hard upon the tools we have available to do the work of transporting and distributing, and the very volume of this abundance calls for special efforts in financing.

Consider well the problem of credits. We are the great unexhausted reservoir of finance, but if we are at one and the same time to finance a great revival of trade at home and a large part of the necessary reconstruction abroad, may there not be a question whether this tool of trade will not be overstrained to do all the work required of it? The apostles of hurry should remember that conditions seem to be such that we who would trade must also furnish the means to pay the bills, and this not for ourselves alone but for others as well. This is a new problem, a war problem, a novel responsibility but very real. Our brethren overseas are doing their best to care for themselves. We cannot but admire the fine spirit of self-help in which France takes up her terrible problem. She plans—and we respect her the more for it, if that were possible—to do all she can for herself and out of her own resources to make good her losses so far as she is able. This is what every self-respecting man or nation would do and we have in our own land admired our cities when in time of calamity they have tried to the utmost to work out their own salvation. So may we not wisely think of our old friend the French Republic as a friend who knows our heart is hers, and the work of our hands and the contents of our purses are at her disposal to be given and taken in brotherly kindness but in no sense to be forced upon her.

#### HOW UNCLE SAM PROMOTES TRADE

WE must remember also that the possible problems of force are not wholly gone. Germany seems in chaos; Russia we know is so. Who will say today what is the future

of Bolshevism? We must consider also that the newly-born nations which have been created amid the storm of war are but barely born. Their exact boundaries are in some cases yet undefined, their organization far from complete. They are not now able to buy largely. They need time and definition and formal welcoming into the family of nations and the establishing of credits before they can become large markets. The status of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Armenia hangs in a still uncertain balance. In planning for commerce with these countries we shall do well to recall that "All things come to him who will but wait." Meanwhile the actual work of reconstruction goes ahead. We have ourselves taken into civil life 700,000 of our soldiers and the process proceeds at the rate of about 10,000 daily. There is as yet no serious unemployment. It exists in certain places for local and understood reasons but on the whole there is still a shortage of labor and business houses are advertising for help.

Nevertheless it is important that we have, both now and in the future, work to do for labor and for factory and that we look wherever we may for markets at home and abroad in which we can serve alike our fellow citizens and our foreign customers. It is for this purpose that the Department of Commerce exists. Its organization at home and abroad is complete. It will need the motive power of sufficient appropriations. Without these it will be all but helpless. It has asked Congress for much larger sums than have ever been given to it in the past and it hopes and believes that it will secure favorable consideration for its requests. There are three forms its commercial activities are expected to take: The promotive abroad, the scientific at home, the co-operative at home. The first two are now being greatly expanded. The third is new, a valuable legacy from the War Industries Board.

Our promotive work lies in the hands of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. This service maintains a foreign force of its own and works in close co-operation with the Consular Service. The two combined provide in every important country a three-fold force which may be termed



a general fixed force, a local fixed force, and a traveling force. The first consists of the commercial attaches, officers of the Department of Commerce, with a general outlook upon the commerce of the nation to which they are assigned. They have nothing but commercial duties to perform. They aid and are helped by the presiding officers of the Consular Service with whom it is our earnest purpose they should co-operate and they are also the commercial assistants to our Ministers and Ambassadors who have repeatedly acknowledged the value of their services.

What I have called the local fixed force comprises the consuls, under the Department of State. They are settled at local points with fixed areas. In these they perform many other duties besides commercial ones. They are thus necessarily limited in area to their district, in scope by the legal requirements to give other matters than commerce much of their time and thought. The work done by these officers is of fine and increasing value. They are an important and productive element in the foreign commercial force of the Government. The traveling force, composed of trade commissioners, take special subjects or lines of business and, being familiar with them at home, study them in different countries or in groups of countries abroad, report upon them while in the field, and on their return make both oral and written reports which reach alike individuals, business houses, and the general public.

#### A FREE COMMERCIAL SERVICE THAT COVERS THE EARTH

**T**HIS three-fold foreign service is matched by a domestic one which covers the entire country with seven district offices and seven co-operating offices through chambers of commerce and is aided by a continued series of publications, one of them daily, which both by countries and by subjects make the information available to all who desire it. It is a matter of constant occurrence that business houses and organizations at much expense seek abroad information which is available for them without cost and on demand in Washington. Every effort is made, short of direct advertising

which is not permitted, to inform the business public that today there are organizations doing for pay some of that work which we freely do and the business world does not as yet avail itself as it might of our service. The demands, however, press us hard and we are enlarging our force and facilities to meet them. Broadly, the fact is that this free commercial service covers the whole earth and is so flexible that it can cover the widest needs of American commerce; its extent depends solely upon the funds provided. We have been complimented by having the organization and effectiveness of this service commended by our foreign competitors and followed by them in their own work.

The scientific world on behalf of commerce and industries centers in the Bureau of Standards, with certain interesting specific instances in the Bureau of Fisheries. Of this latter we may briefly say that it has aided the development of a new leather supply from aquatic sources through which the shark, the ray, and other unused fishes have become of economic value. It sustains the pearl-button industry by maintaining the supply of raw material and has created in this country the industry of dressing, dyeing, and finishing seal furs and other fur skins. The Bureau of Standards offers to the industries of America that scientific support which Germany has given hers but which we have hitherto lacked. Its great research laboratories are finely equipped and its experienced staff is competent and eager to aid industry. It seems commonplace to say that the basis of industry is accurate knowledge but this truism, as it seems, has not been true as a whole of the industries of America in the sense of their having accurate scientific research into their own affairs available for them. When chemistry entered the steel business so-called practical men objected and the man of science has not always been welcome in American factories, with some fine exceptions. Our industries are coming to see their need of scientific research. Some of them know from experience how fruitful it is. The Bureau of Standards, released from its intense war activities, offers an opportunity of helpfulness in this direction, having built and



equipped great laboratories with that largely in view, and welcomes an opportunity to co-operate with the technical men of the industrial world in mutual helpfulness.

The co-operative service consists of two branches—that which is called directly the Industrial Co-operation Service and the Waste Reclamation Service. These are valuable legacies from the War Industries Board intended to continue under peace conditions much of what was well done during war. Their purpose is to standardize on the commercial side as the Bureau of Standards does on the scientific side, to do away with wasteful and hurtful trade practices, to eliminate unnecessary sizes, styles, and varieties of goods, to learn and strengthen industrial weaknesses. Its purpose is flexible and is as wide as the needs of industry. It has no compulsory powers but operates through common counsel. It is in touch with business organizations and has at its command the advice of the gentlemen who were the heads of the various divisions of the War Industries Board during the war and represented great industries therein. The Waste Reclamation Service, a sister legacy from the War Industries Board, has had great success in the salvaging of wasted materials and our plan is to continue that work in co-operation with numerous national societies and with the officers of municipalities all through the land. It would not be outside reason to think that the continued operation of this single service may readily return to the country many times annually the entire cost of the whole Department of Commerce and the same is true of the Industrial Co-operation Service.

The Department of Commerce is prepared, if it shall receive the support of Congress, to sustain our commerce and industry both in the domestic and the foreign field, providing both a scientific and a commercial service at home co-operating with the great commercial service abroad. It is, we venture to think, a unique governmental organization, better equipped with men and apparatus than anything of its kind in the world.





“ When Cupid Goes A-Profiteering ”



# THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

What is a Breach of Promise?—Cupid's Indemnity

By DELANCEY KNOX

**W**HAT is the value of a woman's heart? Juries and learned justices have pondered the question in perplexity. The ablest lawyers of America have roused the emotions of prosaic juries to the end of soothing the aching heart of a plaintive fair with the cash balm of mere man. Some broken hearts have been valued by the court as high as \$75,000; others have been valued at only one cent; and others have been held to have no value at all. Breach of promise has brought some of the most prominent men and women of the United States into court. What constitutes a breach of promise? When can the little god of love justifiably demand indemnity or reparation?

Lawyers say that breach of promise must be based upon a promise to marry, and that it must be shown to the court that the woman has been injured spiritually or materially because of the man's failure to fulfill his pledge. Sometimes the promise may not be clean cut. There are cases on record where the courts have decided that by implication the promise was made. There are other cases wherein the promise was definite, but no actual injury, due to its failure, could be shown. A cynic has said that the chances for a woman winning a breach of promise suit are directly proportional to the degree of pathos, innocence and winsomeness that she is able to impress upon the jury in court.

What constitutes breach of promise? When is a woman so wronged that a transfer of cold cash to her pocketbook is justifiable as a balm? On this point lawyers differ. Some hold that the injury done to a woman's feelings, her emotions, to the psychological phase of her being is sufficient. Others hold that proof of an economic injury done her by the man's breach of promise must be established. Others say that it all

depends upon the characters of the litigants and of the jury.

A young man and a young woman agree to be married. A brief space of time, a month or two, elapses and the man believes he has discerned in the girl some phase of character, not necessarily bad, but which in the intimacy of married life would create incompatibility. Were that jilted girl to sue for breach of promise she would have a hard time winning. *But*, were that young man and his fiancée to remain betrothed for a considerable time, were the girl to isolate herself from other men, were she to put aside all chances of marriage, remaining faithful to her sweetheart, were this state of affairs to continue for several years and *then* were the man to decide he would not be married, that would make a breach of promise suit which almost any lawyer could win.

In the first case, no real injury was done the girl unless it could be shown that the jilting had wrecked her life, made her morose, possibly been responsible for a nervous breakdown, indeed embittered her to such an extent that the man had actually *injured* her life. And to prove a psychological condition to the satisfaction of the court is extremely difficult. In the second case, the girl in the eyes of the court would have been done a decided injury. She would have given the youth of her life to this man, placed it in escrow to him, as it were, and his breaking of the love pact would have resulted in decided loss to her both spiritual and material.

#### VARYING QUOTATIONS FOR HEARTS

LITIGATION and settlement of psycho-amatory claims in and out of court make it possible to assemble figures and attempt from them to arrive at some approximation, in the judgment of the law, of the worth of a woman's heart. It would seem from a study of cases and awards that juries make nice distinctions between broken hearts, cracked hearts and dented hearts. It is a matter of record that a stenographer was awarded \$100,000 from her aged employer. She devoted her youth to him, on promise of marriage. The award was based upon economic injury done the girl. Another girl sued a New York business man, a dealer in novel-



ties, claiming \$10,000. Her side of the story was that one night he asked her if she looked upon their engagement seriously. "I was stunned for a few moments. Then I burst out into tears and told him that I had already prepared my wedding dress." The man's side of the story was that she had broken the engagement herself because she objected to his drinking beer. In the light of the beer now being made the lady's objection seemed well taken. The case went up to the Supreme Court of New York State, where the jury decided that the girl's heart had not been broken, but it had at least been cracked; so they awarded her, not \$10,000, but \$1,200.

The heart of a grandmother is apparently supposed to be of a somewhat tougher fibre, well proofed against breaking and cracking but apt to be dented. The lady in the case lived in Hackensack and was seventy years old. She sued an old gentleman three years older than herself for \$20,000 for breach of promise. She said he had called her "Sis" and "Dearie," and sometimes "His little girlie," and had promised to marry her. She exhibited to the court a wedding ring which she said the ancient *Romeo* had given her. She also stated that because of his promise to marry her she had bought four black silk petticoats, a brown travelling dress and a grey silk wedding gown. The jury, in handing down an award of \$350, took the cost of these articles into consideration. The difference between their value and \$350 was the amatory value of a seventy-year-old heart.

#### HUGS AND KISSES BY MAIL

**M**OST breach of promise suits, are based upon gushy, mushy love letters. It is one of the amazingly interesting paradoxes of life that some of the cleverest people write the most astonishingly indiscreet and absurd letters to women. The boy in school, very young, writes on a slate, "Susy Smith is a Peach," furtively shows it to her around a corner of the desk and then wipes it out. The man, alas, has not as much sense as the boy! The man not only fails to erase what he writes, but places it in the mail. With other letters it then reposes in some lady's boudoir, carefully tied

with ribbon, a charge of high explosive beside which TNT is as a spring zephyr. And men in every walk of life, of the highest intelligence, write these letters. You doubt this?

“My Precious:—I have been out of town for some time and came in this morning for the opening of the university where I had to do stunts, as you may observe by the papers. You were so heavenly last night. I can scarcely wait until Monday. I kiss your little hands and adore you.”

The writer of that note was one of the most brilliant professors of one of the largest Eastern universities. Or—

“My Own Bruce (a pet name for a rising young soprano):—I am sending you one hundred million of kisses, hugs and pettings, you great, glorious bossie.”

The man who wrote that was one of the most clever and daring organizers of enterprises in America. His brain possessed power that induced the support of thousands of dollars; yet it declined to foresee breach of promise. Or—

“Dearest:—If a tray of pearls with imitations also were all mixed up, and each pearl and imitation represented a woman, there would be one pearl with the most beautiful lustre and skin and evenness—and that pearl would be you, Bessie. I am so sorry you are having trouble with those darling eyes. I wish I could kiss them well.”

The woman who received that letter was an actress, a very clever dancer. The man who wrote it was one of the most sophisticated men in America, a millionaire many times over. A man who had travelled far and wide, he had been well schooled by meeting all types of people. He had observed friends of his in all sorts of feminine entanglements; he was the type which is called “wise”; yet he wrote of kissing



“darling eyes” and was one day sued for breach of promise. Or—

“Dear Ruzzie Lamb:—Oh, very much have I kissed your little lines lately, and I have not failed to be at the wireless station to receive and send ‘Ikies’—ks. Your Brunhilde fond and true.

Boo-hoo-hoo  
Because I miss you.

“Hellie Lamb.”

“Hellie Lamb” was a wealthy young lady of Westchester County and she wrote to “Ruzzie Lamb,” a young man of New York City. The woman did the gushy writing, courted breach of promise, but then a man never sued for heart damages. But for once the worm turned. “Hellie Lamb,” or Helen, promised to marry “Ruzzie Lamb,” or Russell—so he thought. Helen wearied of Russell; there were no more letters and, of course, never a wedding. Russell brought suit for breach of promise. A male dared to go into court and demand cash for a broken heart! Of course, he received no award, despite the very amorous letters that the young lady wrote him. All of which would seem to indicate that in the eyes of the jury men have no damaged hearts.

Why do highly educated men write seemingly foolish and childish love letters? This mania which every so often finds its way into the newspapers can only be explained by a theory that the writers are enjoying a second youth. There must be that in most men, a spirit which, like *Peter Pan's*, never allows him to grow up. The same spirit that causes the boy to carve his sweetheart's initials on the trees or to chalk her name with many flattering adjectives upon the pavement, rarely dies upon his attaining manhood. It may be smothered by business; but it is apt perilously to reawaken and once more inspire fervid, even burning tributes to the feminine.

## WHY MEN WRITE LOVE LETTERS—JACK LONDON'S

**I**T would seem that there are two kinds of mental states from which the fevered love letter springs. One is the state of the man who has lost the gravity and seriousness of early manhood and has become like a happy, careless, irresponsible boy. The other is the state of mind of the man who never grows up. Education and learning cannot and do not efface instincts of nature. Hence the love letter. It is only the very rare mentality which can detach itself from its own self and laugh at it. The person possessing such a mentality never writes letters that would bring him into a breach of promise suit. Such a man was the late Jack London. He once wrote a series of letters on love to a brilliant Russian Jewess. These were afterwards collected and published as a book. They were not written for publication. He and she both exchanged letters, expositizing what they thought of love. The woman's idea of it, as she wrote it, was: "My love begins in my biologic self, grows with my growth, takes its hues from visioned sunsets in cornflower skies, its grace from swaying rivers of grain seen in dreams. It is for me what it is for fish and fowl, beast and vegetable. It is my passion for perpetuation, but it is also something as different from this as I am different from beast and vegetable. My love is blind, unreasoning and compelling, and for that I trust it."

To this Jack London replied: "Love is a disorder of mind and body, and is produced by passion under the stimulus of imagination."

But merely writing that opinion of love got Jack London into trouble. For, when these letters were published the first Mrs. Jack London thought that they revealed a frankly material viewpoint of her husband upon the subject of love, and his views, so expressed, influenced her to procure a divorce. The moral of which is, never write your thoughts on love.

Jack London's collaborator on the letters upon love, the Russian girl, subsequently married and she had the interesting experience of sitting in court while a little French girl



sued her millionaire husband for breach of promise, \$100,000. There was read in court a letter that the French girl wrote the Russian girl's husband before he was married. "As long as you are near me, life and everything else was smiling. Good-bye forever. Devoted until death. The paper is a little damp. You can feel the tears. Bertha."

When this love letter, written to her husband, was read in court, Jack London's former collaborator smiled, nudged her husband and shrugged her shoulders. Apparently this type of love letter did not satisfy the fastidious requirements of the young Russian woman; it lacked the calm elevation of thought which characterized her own letters to Jack London. And, because her new millionaire husband was able to show the court, by the French girl's letters to him, that she alone had sought marriage, her suit for \$100,000 failed.

#### A CHECK FOR "ONE THOUSAND KISSES"

A WIDOWER ought to know better, particularly when the woman in the case was a widow. She, who lived in Newark, N. J., Mrs. M—I—, brought suit for breach of promise against Mr. E—K—. She said that her bereavement had not been long when she was besieged by suitors of whom Mr. K— was the most ardent. He wrote her eighty-one letters of the type foreshadowing trouble; also he was quite an original swain, for he sent her a check. It seems that the widow tried to cash this check. It was drawn on a Federal bank, and it was for "one thousand kisses," payable to her. Mr. K— signed it. The fact that she presented this check at the bank was made much of by Mr. K's lawyer, who claimed that her act indicated that she did not regard his suit seriously. As evidence it was offered by the defence that a teller in the bank had written on the back of the check, "Bank cannot honor. Maker will have to pay in person." Apparently the teller was not of a charitable disposition; or had once skated the edges of a breach of promise himself. The widow then tried to collect the check from the maker, Mr. K—, but Mr. K.'s resources were not at the time equal to a "thousand kisses"—nor one kiss.

The widow brought suit for breach of promise, claiming that all her other suitors had taken flight in the face of Mr. K's tireless campaign for her hand, and that she was left high and dry. Also, the wretch married another woman! The widow demanded \$20,000 damages; the court awarded her \$2,500. Which would seem to indicate a nice point in the minds of the jury. The widow's economic future was unquestionably injured in their minds, this in view of the many suitors attendant upon her, who had fled before Mr. K's wooing. By the law of probabilities, it is possible that one of these suitors might have caused the widow to buy a grey silk wedding dress were it not for the amorous intrusion of Mr. K—. But, she had not given to Mr. K—the years of her youth, nor had her life been wrecked by his courtship. She had possessed marital happiness once and it is a rash person who would twice ask the gods for connubial bliss. Hence a deduction, allowed for her previous marriage, a grading down of the amount for which she sued, \$20,000, to a paltry \$2,500.

The widow in that case had eighty-one love letters and collected \$2,500 upon them. Thus, about \$30 would seem to be about the average market price for a mature writing on the slate of "I love you, Jo." This value on an amorous letter was also established by the Supreme Court of New York. A Chicago girl, Miss C., sued a Boston man, Mr. T., for \$3,000 due on a note. She stated that this note was given her in consideration of \$740 loaned him by her, turquoise earrings, a bar diamond pin and seventy love letters of his which she returned. She estimated the seventy love letters to be worth about \$2,000, which would be almost \$30 each. Follows a love letter, judged on that basis at about \$30:

"My Dear Kitten: You don't know how anxious I am to take you in my arms once more and have one of our sweet kisses, etc."

There are young ladies who have been known to possess men's letters and to scorn courts. There is a wealthy New



York hotel man who wrote to a light young lady who lived in the hotel he owned:

"I am a cross, crabbed, ugly old cove, and such a nice letter from a pretty girl has turned my head." (But the man was very, very wise, for he continued): "In the first place, you know I am a divorced man, forbidden to marry; second, any man who has failed to retain the love of the woman who was desperately in love with him would count it a crime to try matrimony on a girl the second time. In the third place, I am too old, so all I can do is to be polite and some day come across a widow or a divorcee who has had all the matrimonial experiences she wants for life and we will just be good friends," etc.

The man's letters were all written in the same vein. The girl had no grounds whatever for breach of promise; but love letters are worth money. Some of the letters would not look particularly well, in view of his position in life, were they to be given to the newspapers. So the girl decided to sell his letters to him. He was not interested in buying them back so the girl became enraged and shot him in one of his old legs. After that, and upon the notoriety of it, the girl received an engagement in vaudeville. All of which would seem to indicate that even if a man writes a girl, "I am a crabbed old cove," it has its financial possibilities for her.

It is not often that physicians write love letters to trained nurses, but there is a prominent New York physician, Dr. X., who did. He wrote a pretty nurse two hundred letters, which she produced in a \$50,000 suit for breach of promise. She did not win the suit, and the reason for her losing was that through the physician's letters there was ever present an undertone of resignation to an unspoken but quite obvious opinion that they could never be married. The type of letter the physician wrote the nurse has not a high value in the eyes of the law:

"Little Girl:—All the sweetness of the world is embodied in you. You know I know this. You are in-

finitely happier than I am, even though I do make you miserable. You have your work, people love you and you are a success. Womanlike and like in the novels, you want the other."

This note, analyzed, indicates that the physician was not ruthless. The physician knew the girl was in love with him. Some fairy of kindness in his nature whispered to him to write something which he knew would please her—a tendency which inevitably brings trouble. His sentence, "All the sweetness in the world is embodied in you," would indicate that desire to please her. Immediately, however, his pen lets her know by implication that he is not in love with her, viz., his sentence, "You have your work," etc. That type of letter which is ardent at the beginning and which then takes on a mood of resignation has no great value in a breach of promise suit. A jury opines, as a rule, that the person who received such a letter, unless she be a mental defect, knows that the suggestion of love in it is meaningless.

#### BUSINESS MEN NOT IMMUNE TO LOVE BROILS

ONE might think that artists, opera singers, people of the theatre, authors, would be involved in breach of promise more than business men. One might think that because of the nature of the work of artistic professions, rousing the imagination as it does, an artist would perhaps be quicker to imagine in a woman he meets the "dream face." One might think that an artist would be swift to attribute to a woman all the virtues of the world; and the desire for expression overcoming him, he would then put these thoughts down on paper, in letters. One might then imagine the artist discovering that the woman to whom his imagination has credited all virtues, of course, does not possess them, indeed the contrary. Comes coolness, then breach of promise.

But the records of breach of promise cases show that "the professions" are not alone susceptible to breach of promise. The hardest headed business men have often made themselves in their letters to appear to be the most glorious



fools. A New York broker, skilled in "wash sales," at "cutting fractions of points," wrote some astonishing letters to a woman whom he always addressed as "Boo'ful Baby." In a moment of sanity one day at the young lady's apartment he saw his letters all nicely tied up. Why do women save letters,—for romantic reveries, or for breach of promise? The broker decided he had better possess his old letters and he purloined them. Then being a most romantic fool, instead of immediately destroying them, he saved them to read! The woman missed the letters, guessed who had taken them, went to his apartment and got them back in his absence. He never saw them again until they were produced in court. There they cost him \$8,000 breach of promise, the court deciding that the unusual intimacy in their relations, which permitted each to have access to the other's personal belongings—viz., the love letters—indicated—or should have—contemplated a marital state.

There is in America a grand opera star who a few years ago faced a \$50,000 suit for breach of promise. In the early days, before his golden voice was inducing thousands of dollars from an adoring American public, he walked the streets of a city of his native land. Chancing into a glove store, he saw there a charming dark beauty of southern Europe. The singer was captivated and the next day he sent her as a present a handsome watch. The little salesgirl when she brought breach of promise against the singer, declared that they soon became betrothed. She had been poorly educated and said that at his suggestion she took up the study of French and in other ways sought to equip herself so that she might meet as an equal the persons who moved in the society of her singer husband-to-be. She declared that she accompanied him with a chaperon wherever his engagements took him, and that he never sang so beautifully as when she was there. The singer went to Berlin and the girl, accompanied by her father, went to visit him there. She claimed that she was introduced to his fellow-artists as his fiancée and that he gave a great banquet in her honor before she left to return to her southern home. Then his letters to her followed the inevitable laws of

all breach of promise case letters. They became lukewarm, tepid, cool, cold. His final letter to her was, "My Bohemian life is not fitted to bring us together. I have now had time to reflect and I want to part good friends. I shall always retain a pleasant impression of you and am disposed to make good any loss you have suffered by leaving your employment. We should both be unhappy, so let us each regain our liberty."

She threatened breach of promise. The singer's lawyers made the point that because he had treated her so generously during the two years of their engagement, given her family money for her education, given them funds for clothing her in a lavish way, footed the bills for chaperons, travelling expenses, that in court she could collect no damages. Still, the attorney said that the singer had authorized him to give her a sum sufficient to set her up in business so that her economic future would be assured. She responded with a demand for \$50,000, insisting that her feelings had been damaged. Rather than have a breach of promise suit drag through the courts the singer's lawyer offered a settlement to the girl of \$12,000.

#### THE CAUSE OF MOST BREACH OF PROMISE SUITS

**L**OVE letters cause nearly all breach of promise suits. Like high explosive shells which fall without detonating love letters descend into Milady's boudoir. Most of the explosions never take place. The public hears only about a few which do. In most packages of ribbon-tied letters lying in Milady's treasure chest there is potential breach of promise. Some day the woman hears that the sweetheart of days gone by has married. If she is indifferent or in love herself at the moment, he is safe. If a sudden pang of jealousy possesses her, if she feels she has been scorned, then comes fury; then breach of promise, then a frenzied attempt in court.

Most breach of promise suits are brought by women for sheer profit. Those which are done for vengeance are few. No woman if she has a vestige of pride would air in a court



of law the fact that she had been jilted by some man; no woman with foresight would lay herself open to the slurring attacks in public of the man's lawyer. Most breach of promise suits are begun by women in an absolutely cold-cash collecting mood. The woman who sues in that mood loses more than she can ever gain from a jury's award. Also at best it is a gamble, for no lawyer can tell just what the action of the jury will be. No woman can begin suit for \$50,000 knowing with reasonable surety whether she is going to collect \$50,000, or be awarded \$2,000, or end the suit with nothing but regrets. Juries have placed a value on a woman's heart which runs all the way from \$100,000 to one cent.

## ALL THAT A MAN NEED KNOW

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

**A** LARK sang in the linden tree,  
Interpreting the dawn to me;  
A brooklet loitering through the grass,  
Lilted a song of things that pass—  
Of cities and creeds, and men and kings  
Who plum the seas with pudding strings,  
And where the velvet hills fold down  
To shield the valley from the town,  
A blossom, with its golden glow,  
Taught me all that a man need know.

# PSYCHOLOGY IN WOMAN'S DRESS

By BERTHA HOLLEY

IF the term *psychology* means for us only the complicated mental mechanics of the schoolmen, then there is no psychology of dress. As an artist, I doubt whether in the old-fashioned acceptance of the word, there is any psychology at all. The artist and the schoolman face opposite ways. The professorial type knows mind only as capable of impression, and he has made psychology the record of impression, and the impression of impression, until, although the *ology* increased, the *psyche* faded away. But the artist knows mind as capable of expression—as requiring expression—and in the creative joy of the *psyche* he has thrown *ology* into the waste-basket.

The psychology of dress, therefore, is part of the psychology of artistic creation. As long as a woman believes that her first duty is to conform to a rigid standard of appearance imposed from the outside, she is more gown than woman. Most people, unfortunately, carry on their mental processes from impression rather than expression. To the artist, they seem like images in a glass—reflections and not realities. Take away the glass and the person simply disappears. Their religion is, Mirror My God to Thee!

But there is a definite, important psychology of the wardrobe for the woman who realizes that dress is not a mere protection against wind and rain and cold, nor a mere passive badge denoting wealth or class, but an extension of her very personality. I wish every woman would memorize that phrase. And having memorized it, I wish that women would appreciate how fundamental is “expression through appearance.” A gown is to the physical presence what convictions and moods are to the mind. The intelligent woman disdains to borrow her opinions—I feel that



many women today dislike the idea of borrowing their clothes. To the sensitive person, that is exactly what conventional dresses are—borrowed, second-hand clothes.

A woman's wardrobe should be as responsive to her moods as a piano to the musician's touch. If, as the old Puritans believed, any garment but the deadly dull is a sin, then nature would have given us all a fur coat or feathers, and the problem would be settled. But nature left us to our own resources. We have to make our own clothes just as we have to make our own homes. We have architects to design congenial homes, so we must have artists to design expressive gowns.

For society is on the continual search for distinction. As long as fashion created a definite distinction, even though merely of class and not type, to be fashionable brought a certain satisfaction like that of self-expression, though on a low plane. But the search for distinction has been compelled to take a new path, as the way of fashion was overrun by machine production. The turn of the path is here, in the *psychology* of dress. And that psychology has nothing to do with dusty books, for the key to the mystery of self-expression is in the artist's sense of beauty.

The modern artist should be creating not beautiful pictures of conventionalized women, but beautiful women. He should begin to realize that art is sterile except as it expresses other selves besides his own. And speaking of beauty, here is a strange fact: your conventional "pretty" woman takes a back seat in comparison with a so-called plain woman whose wardrobe has artistic distinction. There is a tremendous power in color and line rightly applied to the human figure. It is not a distinction given from the outside, like a title, for the essence of color and line in dress is that it corresponds to a strictly personal and therefore unique *datum*. Every woman has a latent charm only brought out by her own colors and lines. When this charm is evoked by the artist, we no longer use the arbitrary divi-

sion "pretty and "plain," for we are dealing with a new and vital element, *personality*. It has been my experience as an artist whose medium is this mysterious element of personality, that the woman once finding herself in the matter of dress has thereby gained access to an unsuspected psychological power. In one of the most important relationships of life she has turned from self-repression to self-expression. And self-expression, O ye learned ones! is identical with self-development.



# THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

## *Plays of the Departing Season*

THE poet's Spring song is of budding trees, murmuring brooks and golden sunshine. The managers, however, have little use for such properties of Nature unless the script of the new play demands an out-of-doors "set"—and then they complain because of the cost of the necessary picture. The words of the song of the theatre is more apt to be, "What will next season be like?" and "Do I dare make a production in May?" "How long before we have hot weather?"

Those managers who wished to rush in late productions have been aided by the weather this Spring. It has been cold, and the theatres, which usually find their business falling off about the first of April, have been profitably crowded. New productions might have been financial successes, but, unfortunately, the quality of the late plays has not been up to the standard.

Consider "Dark Rosaleen." Only David Belasco could have made a success out of this play. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland, with several lines that have pleased the free-Ireland followers, because those so inclined believe the play will act as propaganda. The plot hinges on a horse-race, which could not be called novel, for horse-racing has been the motif of more than one extremely successful play. However the play is rich in atmosphere, that subtle atmosphere that Mr. Belasco sends across the footlights into the brains of his audience. He does it by his accurate stage pictures, and, in this case, by the excellence of the characterization offered by the players in minor parts. In the large cast there are a number of people who do or say little, but who make a remarkable background for the story. Perhaps the greatest point in favor of the play is that it allows Eileen Huban

to appear in a production that is worthy of her talent. Miss Huban is the young woman who flashed into an acting success in a play that was a failure, and has since then been waiting for a part that would allow her to show all of her capabilities. She carries the part of *Moya* with ease, and helps materially to make "Dark Rosaleen" an interesting play, even if it brings little of real value to the departing season.

Another young woman who carries the weight of a late season production is Martha Hedman, who is featured in "Three for Diana." It is a light comedy, adapted from the Italian, and, unfortunately, not particularly well written. The speeches are talky, often pages in length, and necessarily push aside any possibility of action. The story is of the loves of *Diana*, who has had two husbands, and is about to have a third. Of course, such a plan is objected to by several members of her immediate circle of family and friends, and equally, of course, the objections are overruled, and the play ends happily. It is very slight. Miss Hedman is giving the same type of delightful performance that made the nurse in "The Boomerang" a treat, but even she cannot make the play a success. John Holiday, who has gained a reputation as a capable leading man for his several characterizations this season, plays opposite Miss Hedman. He is a pleasing actor, and will undoubtedly find another part in the immediate future.

"Our Pleasant Sins" is still another play that will not last long, in spite of the fact that it has a small and very clever cast. Like "Three for Diana," the story of the play is disclosed by dialogue with very little action. It is the old tale of the man who has been unfaithful, and the wife who forgives him and finally takes him back,—after the situation has been made to serve for the excuse of an evening at the theatre. Pauline Lord plays the wife, and it is to be hoped that some day this capable actress will have the opportunity to appear in a good play, with a "true to life" rôle. Forrest Winant is her husband. He makes the character an average man caught in a not unusual situation. Henrietta Crossman plays the sister of the hero, lending her usually intelligent



and altogether delightful personality to the part. Whenever Miss Crossman had anything to say or do that could be lifted from the ordinary—she lifted it, but most of the time she had to be contented to play a thankless, almost useless part. Even then she managed to crowd individuality into the rôle. Vincent Serraro has the other part in the play. It offers no tax to his ability. With a real play these people might delight audiences for years. They will probably be at liberty before the first of June.

### *A Funny Farce*

“**I** LOVE YOU” was a relief after most of the Spring openings. It has a note of novelty in the plot, is filled with fun, and is well played. The play tells of a man who does not believe in love, and contends that he can take two people, any two people, and by placing them in what he considers an ideal lovers’ situation, make them become engaged. The first pair selected are an electrician who comes to fix the lights, and a serious-minded young woman who is at a house-party. Of course, there is an ideal moonlight setting, and a sofa is arranged to try the experiment, and, of course, things go wrong to the extent of situations that are necessary for a successful farce. The second act is very funny, and leaves just enough explanation to make a third act happy ending. The play has a minus star cast, but is well acted.

### *Summer Shows*

**M**R. C. B. DILLINGHAM has mastered the art of adding deft touches to all of his musical productions that lift them far out of the realm of the ordinary, and insures a delightful evening. In some circles he would be called a producer of “class”—which means, when translated, that he knows how to choose tasteful scenery, a cast of people who can sing and dance, and a chorus of beautiful girls who can act as if they always wore gowns from the Fifth Avenue shops. Then, too, Mr. Dillingham never goes altogether wrong on book, libretto, or music.

All this is apropos of the fact that Mr. Dillingham has a summer show, "She's a Good Fellow." The book and libretto in this case are from the pen of Anne Caldwell, who has done most of Fred Stone's musical plays as well as numerous others of great success. The story is not extraordinary, for it tells of a young man masquerading as a girl to be near the lady of his love. However, it is told with a crisp freshness that delights and amuses. While the element of novelty may be lacking, the element of entertainment is always present. Joseph Santley has the rôle of the young man who masquerades to be near his sweetheart, while Ivy Sawyer, who is Mrs. Santley in real life, plays the girl in the case. They are both pleasing players and have a nice clean method of offering lines or dancing. Anne Orr is pretty and clever, while Olin Howland, a tall, lean personage with acrobatic feet, is funny at all times. The rest of the cast has "Produced by Dillingham" stamped on their abilities. That means excellence.

A second new musical play, with book of lyrics by Anne Caldwell, has been called "The Lady in Red." This time the story is of an artist who dreams of a beautiful girl, paints her in the semi-nude, and wins a prize with the picture. The girl of his dreams happens to be a wealthy young society woman, who has likewise dreamed of the artist. When she finds that he is responsible for the painting her love fades, and she spurns him in true comic-opera fashion. To be revenged, he sells the picture to a soap-man for advertising purposes and the rest of the play is given over to the added understandings and misunderstandings that are necessary before the final curtain falls. So much for the story. Fortunately it involves a pretty actress, *Kitty St. Clair*, brings in her fiancé,—a vampire who wants to paint the soap-man as Apollo, and several young ladies of looks, who fill minor parts. These people, who have little part in the disclosing of the story, furnish the high lights of the evening. Adele Rowland, who is, to my mind, the most entertaining comedienne on the American stage, plays *Kitty*. Miss Rowland never makes any effort when she sings, dances, or makes amusing



remarks in her amusing way. She dresses handsomely, but never garishly, and wins her featured place on the program without any doubts. Second to Miss Rowland is Franklin Adrell, as the soap-man. He manages to be funny on several occasions, fun minus burlesque slap-stick. Ruth McTammany is the lady in red. She has been much heralded, but perhaps she was nervous on her first night. At any rate, she was not over-pleasing. The rest of the people in the cast are adequate, especially the four young ladies who play the minor rôles. They all make a background for Miss Rowland, and, with her help, "The Lady in Red" will probably last as a "summer show."

"Toot Sweet" is a pleasing vaudeville entertainment produced by William Morrissey, and featuring Elizabeth Brice. It is billed as a revue, and as such it parades before the audience a series of specialties such as were given to the boys in France by the Over There Theatre Players. That is the excuse for the entertainment. Both Mr. Morrissey and Miss Brice were among those who gave up fat salary checks to go over troubled waters that American doughboys might have a chance to laugh at "home talent." Practically all the members of the company are "Over There" volunteers. "Toot Sweet" is not spectacular, astounding in its songs or humor, but it is good fun, and one may sit back in a comfortable chair and thoroughly appreciate what these players and their songs and antics must have meant under the shadows of the Argonne.

## A SHELF OF BOOKS

**I**T has often been said that there was one great book for every epic of history. It would seem impossible for bruised, pain-racked, but unconquered Belgium to inspire a greater book than Brand Whitlock's "Belgium, a Personal Narrative." (2 Vols., D. Appleton Co.) Mr. Whitlock's advantage over the majority of those who have written of the brave little country is that he was in Belgium as a neutral Minister, and, as such, saw history being made in all quarters of the land. Then, too, he had a likable personality, men and women of Belgium responded to his sympathy for their country, and told him intimate bits of history—the Germans gave him glimpses of their Empire, and how it was to be built—and, above all, Mr. Whitlock is a man of literature. That fact, probably more than any other, is responsible for the excellence of his work. His pen is never overswayed by his emotions. His artistry demanded that he write things as he saw them, and in doing so he has given a graphic picture that stirs the emotions of the reader far more than any ranting preachment could do. The most dramatic incident of his story is, of course, the case of Edith Cavell. Martyrdom has ever held a strange fascination for all readers, and Mr. Whitlock has set forth the case as he knew it to be—set it forth as a lawyer would prepare a brief. One learns that the little English nurse had small chance. She was undoubtedly guilty of what she was accused, but she paid the penalty that the others did not pay because she was British. It is really a terrible passage—circulated as propaganda, it will have its effect. Years from now, when the war horror has been healed by time, and memory recalls suffering from which the pain has been distilled, men and women will undoubtedly read this book and value it as a history. The volumes are really handsome, printed on the finest of paper in splendid type, far superior to the average book-making of to-day.



Why is it that the play has never become truly popular as reading matter here in the United States? Many plays are as dramatic as short stories, and the picture leaps into life and color, as the imagination is carried through the action of the story. At least, this is so of "The Moon of the Caribbees, and Six Other Plays," by Eugene O'Neil (Boni & Liveright). They are one-act plays of the sea, most of them having been performed by amateur organizations, and at least one, "In the Zone," offered as part of vaudeville bills. "Bound East for Cardiff" and "The Rope" are two of the best plays, but they all lift the reader from the four walls of convention, out to rolling sea, and into the lives of men who go down in ships.

The fact that "Wild Bird Guests," by Ernest Harold Baynes (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is not a new book does not in the least hinder with its interest. It is the type of book to be reviewed one season or the next. It will always be timely and find friends. It is an account, by the man who has done more than any other person in the country to establish protective bird clubs, of the wild birds that have come to live about that bird-loving colony, at Meriden, New Hampshire. By those who have an interest in the feathered folk, and it might be mentioned that the people are slowly awakening to the fact that Bird Conservation is a national necessity when regarded in the light of food production, this volume will be treasured.

Whistling Dan came wandering out from the desert and brought with him a Western story, "The Untamed," by Max Brand (G. P. Putnam's Sons), that is unusually well written and has several elements of novelty, not easy when one realizes that "Western" stories have been exceedingly popular for years, and that our most talented writers have turned their attention to the wild and woolly. This story is of an untamed man, his untamed horse, and his savage dog. Of course, there is a girl, and a set of villains. The novel—truly extraordinary—end of the story is a relief from the ordinary, and must not be disclosed.

Several of Mary Roberts Rinehart's stories have been

collected into a volume, and published under the really descriptive title "Love Stories" (George Doran Co.) They are just that, and many of them will be familiar, but they are worth reading a second or even a third time.

Father Duffy, famous and much-loved by the 165th Regiment, and popular with all men in uniform, will write a book of his war experiences that will be published by George H. Doran Co. in the late summer.

Another war book that is promised for early publication is Commander Evangeline Booth's "Story of the Salvation Army," which will come from the Lippincott Company. The place that this organization held throughout the war is too well known to need comment, and an authoritative history of the work will be welcome, both for contemporary reading, and for the files.



# The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

*(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped.)*

## Business Is Business

**W**HY not auction off the Post Office Department to private ownership? The profits of this huge business, if privately run on business methods, would go a great way toward payment of our vast national debt. A post office department run under government license and appropriate regulation would develop responsibility and efficiency now impossible as a political prize.

Time was when government employment was a strike preventative. That period has ceased to be. Strikers have no hesitancy in batting government pay schedules and abandoning ship at a moment's notice. In fact strikes taking advantage of temporary necessities of the Administration, against government schedules of pay, are more successful than strikes against privately owned concerns. We have built up a huge operating machine at Washington in a period of war activities. These functions are in the hands of men who arrived there either through patriotism or political preference. The government boards of control are not guided by the laws of business. They are imbued with theoretical dreams of a some-time perfect state—"permanent solution" at the cost of the present generation. If the perfect state were obtainable in business, government and politics, it would come, not by radical reversal of established methods but, as has been continuously proven in precedent, by gradual evolution. Mr. Hines, under duress higher up, is willing to let go of the railroads but clings to mandatory regulation of combination as an essential to better service. He would bunch the strong and weak systems together, obviously to the weakening of the strong.

Is it not sufficient that the government should arbitrate upon rates and service, without interfering with the physical and economic structures? American business has shown

its ability to develop and handle its own affairs without government ownership, whereas our changing political government, necessarily a spoils system, has not concerned itself closely with strict business principles—it has, in the past, left the functions of construction, transportation and physical control in the hands of those who by their achievements have demonstrated their ability to carry on.

Only lately have our idealists, so-called, messed into our big industries, mixed into our great packing businesses, our shipping construction, our railroads and wires, and in each instance to the detriment and threatened ruin of those private businesses, and in each case lessened, not improved, public service.

The American people do not want Socialism at Washington—do not want unbusinesslike bureaus managing established big business, butting into private affairs of our business life as a nation. The public and business welcome proper rules and regulations of all business, wherever it touches great public service—but not confiscatory ownership, with its sure sequence of injustice to personal initiative and subsequent bad management and poor service, from which there is no appeal and no effective protest.

### What Is an Honest Man?

“**W**HAT is the Honest Man?” inquires that irritating person whose chair is always uneasy, that man who conscientiously objects to the world we live in. The answer may not improve his ease, but it should stimulate his spirit. To begin with, the honest man is a changed man. He has shed the outer skin, so to speak, because his environment has altered. His previous attachment to the body politic of life has broadened to a wider scope for honor exercises. He has ceased to be the egoist of a great art, or a great fortune. He is in the fluid impulse of reconstruction. That word is being abused, because it means more than most men can grasp. To each man it has expressed a different ideal, a prospect shaded from public scrutiny by his private ambitions. In reality it is a seed that took root in the shell-holes,



the mangled lives, the hatreds and violence of war. It has taken root in the scarred soil to perpetuate the eternal promise of redemption to the human race. It is the seed of nourishing fruit, not only for thought but for deed. It is the present hope, the future nourishment of the Honest Man. Before the war he knew nothing of it. All he had heard of in the course of his duty to his fellow men was that if he paid his debts, dispensed a fair percentage of charity, kept certain moral laws of traditional propriety, he could be respected.

To-day, the Honest Man is a link buckled into the great invisible chain of moral reconstruction. The great leaders of finance, no matter how they became such, have changed the tale of national inertia into national sacrifice of their financial greed. Hundreds of millions of dollars earned in the face of envy and suspicion and private hatred have been poured into the hopper of national reconstruction. Those men, whose names have been the target of abuse and criticism for their vast wealth, have yielded to the pressure of the new influence. We salute them with a renewed impulse of impersonal honor; we realize that they are Honest Men in their adoption of the new principle of honesty. They have reached a self-analysis that we must all undergo, they have ceased to be egoists. There is no future for the Honest Man who clings to the egotism of his former standards. He must twist his joints, stiffened through local pride and private ambition, into the rank and file of a new discipline which has come upon us—the discipline of renunciation. We must pay our taxes with pride, we must be patriots, we must economize to build up the pride of international honor. If your chair is uneasy it is because you have not conformed to the new standards of the Honest Man.

### Listen to Congress!

**T**HE man who goes to Washington to take his seat in Congress to-day must be a man of iron, because he will encounter the greatest enemy of statesmanship—public opinion. It is a monstrous menace just now, in the confused

state of world affairs, divided as it is between ideal expectations and better realities. Never in the history of the world was so great a nation confronted with the responsibility of parliamentary wisdom as the American people are now. It is too late to discuss the internal vanities and jealousies of political influence, we are too far from shore to turn back home. We must go on in the diplomatic ship on which we have embarked. Our compass is a bit askew. Some of us are not sure whether to map our course by the old chart of the Constitution, or the older chart of European diplomacy. We are already in mid-channel, and the old captain Congress is our safety. We must look to Congress for a safe trip, a smooth harbor in which to anchor our national future. The Government has made a success of the war, but it is the sixty-sixth Congress that will confirm that success. Therefore let's sustain our fundamental ideals and our national dignity with the strength of our own voice—which will be heard in the most important Congressional session of all American history.

### Putting Tacks in Uncle Sam's Chair

SOMEONE put a tack in our swinging chair and we want to warn others, who may be as unprepared as we were, to meet the shock. There are a lot of mischievous human beings who will do this sort of thing in the coming somnolence of the summer season. A man who will put a tack in the chair of an unsuspecting citizen—should be punished! He seems to prefer the solid citizen for his torture to the no-account wastrel like himself. It is this sort of instinct that breeds crime. The bombs that were recently sent through the mail to prominent men were sent by men who would rather put a tack in your seat than do an honest day's work. Catch a mischievous youth in time; and you will spare the community much pain. Bolshevism, humanitarian cults, cubists, radicals, faddists, emotional proletarians, are always putting tacks in the chairs of Uncle Sam—there is a remedy and it is not in the religion of tolerance. Some of the space given to proclamations and posters might be used in Warn-



ings and Punishments awaiting mischievous boarders within our too open national house.

### The Next Cause of War

**I**F the next war is to be a class war, Richelieu's famous declaration, that half the population can always be hired to murder the other half, should be borne in mind. Principles do not perish in the devastation wrought by war, but the history of warfare reveals the important fact that the side that has the most gold wins; for gold will hire men. These are cold facts, and, as Major-General Wood has said, "War will go on."

The world has witnessed all kinds of wars, wars for plunder and rapine; wars of religion; wars of personal ambition; wars of commerce; so, by a process of elimination, the Class War has odds in its favor.

We cannot prevent class wars by covenants. Covenants suggest honorable relations of peoples of the same class. Covenants are not kept by those who want something the covenant denies them. There are two classes of people in the world; those who hire and those who are hired. They are always at issue upon questions of rights and schedules of pay. Their points of view and habit of thought are at variance. They see from different angles. It is a fallacious idea that they will lie down or work together in complete harmony. They never have and they never will. The ideal socialistic state is not in the terrestrial scheme of things—it is contrary to all established precedents of the economic law—of the law of supply and demand.

The commercial world is approaching the labor world with the right hand of business fellowship. Conditions are improving between the hirer and the hired; but their interests can never be wholly the same. The individual hirer will always be found who seeks more, and the great body of the hired will always strive for more pay; thus the elements of clash will continue to exist; for the absurd doctrines of Bolshevism are unsound and are breaking in the middle, the point of contact, between the producer and the

manufacturer, as has been evidenced in Russia. The Soviet councils have been unable to buy, of the producers' unions, the raw materials to supply industry at a price that is satisfactory to the schedule for the pay of labor set by the Soviets' council.

Class War is Revolution. If we are to face Revolution in the next decade or in the next fifty years there are only two forces that can combat or defer it—education of the masses and war strength of governments. Both measures are vital to peace.

### The Gateway to Home Again

TO THOSE who abide in New York, these stirring after-war days, there is sweet music in the ever resonant hum from the incoming transport. Each day brings back another cargo of our fighting boys. Vibrating over the great city, the reiterant song of the ship's siren announces its approach to port. Across the sky a great plane, drumming the ether, sways out over the river in greeting. Down at the pier, eager faces, dew-wet eyes, palpitating hearts, await the lowering of the gang-plank. The boys are coming back, these valiant, red-blooded American youths who went forth and offered their all on the altar of the Nation's honor. New York is vibrant with them these days. They are everywhere, on the thoroughfares, in the welcome-huts, in the restaurants, at the theatres,—lonesome, serious-eyed, homesick boys, some of them; others, happy and joyous, with a sweetheart clinging on their arms, a little mother walking by their sides, a big brother come to New York to greet them. The welcoming hand of the great city goes out to meet them, and God-speed them homeward. It isn't much Father Knickerbocker can do, but the few days of their visits have been made pleasant in a hundred ways. The welcome back is New York's part today and the boys will remember the first sight of home from the glimpse of the city's skyline, the hand that greets them back, the doors that open at their coming and the smiles that bid them eat, laugh and be merry,—these war heroes, the great city's honored guests.



### Can We Unmobilize?

WHEN a soldier returns from war, he hangs his khaki in the closet, his helmet on a nail, kicks his boots off, and goes back to working clothes.

The habiliments of war are cast off. He is ready to take up the real job of putting his own house in order; that is, if he is a good citizen and has any responsibilities. He doesn't go strutting around in uniform and give his time to big talks about the new world we live in. He gets right back on the job and puts pep into regular work and looks after the pennies. He wants to make good at home and put war ideas on the shelf for rainy evenings and club meetings.

There are a lot of civilian soldiers, political soldiers, and "soldiers" in the old slang sense, who want to continue things for the good of their own pocketbook, personal ambitions, or political continuance. How are we to unmobilize them? First we've got to unmobilize a lot of over-night laws, orders, and regulations of war-time purpose, but still hang-overs in and around the house, very nauseating to democracy at home. After we hit on the head some deadletter autocracy at Washington, we must clean house and adjust our system there to the normal life and daily business affairs of everybody. We have been inundated with rules and regulations, penalties and "verbotens" enough to satisfy even the early Imperialistic period of the rule of the Hohenzollerns.

We are enmeshed in a network of war intrigue. We don't know who's who, or who owns what. We don't know what we can manufacture or what we can export or import, buy or sell, and at what price until we consult our lawyer, who consults Washington or the tax-collector—and they don't know. We don't know what is a luxury or what the tax is—if it is a luxury.

Perhaps the 66th Congress will unmobilize us.







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